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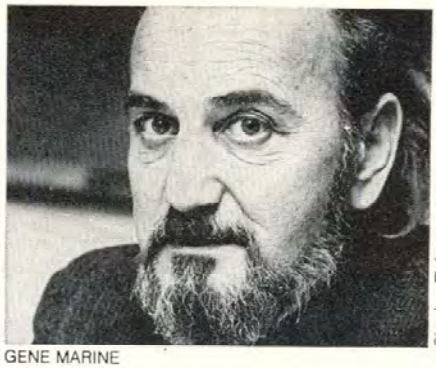

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HOUSECALL

At Christmastime, inflation hits doubly hard. As recently as JFK's administration, Americans thought our economic system was still working. The formula solution: reduce the money supply; then interest rates go up, money gets harder to borrow, supply and demand and taxes drop. Unemployment rises, people spend less, prices go down, and inflation fizzles out. But it's not like that anymore, as **Gene Marine**, *Ramparts* magazine's most famous investigative reporter, found when he toured the country for *Penthouse*, asking "How to Beat Inflation" (page 78). Businessmen today know that if the government reduces the money supply, it's only a temporary move. They don't want to get caught short; so they *don't* lower prices. We get high prices and tight money all at the same time. The solution: convert to solar power and grain alcohol as energy sources. And vote for more responsible congressmen.

Adolf Hitler was a lover. He was as faithful to Eva Braun, his longtime mistress, as he would have been to a wife. **Glenn Infield**'s portrait of the 16-year-long love affair of Ms. Braun and Hitler, "The Secret Life of Adolf Hitler" (page 86), excerpted from his soon-to-be-published book *Hitler's Secret Life* (Stein and Day), contradicts the usual portraits of the Führer as a sexual impotent who achieved "orgasm" only when he knew the *Luftwaffe* and *Wehrmacht* were bombing and shelling Nazi Germany's enemies. But Hitler was discreet. Ms. Braun was a virtual secret in Germany until she was found dead with her lover in their bombed-out bunker.

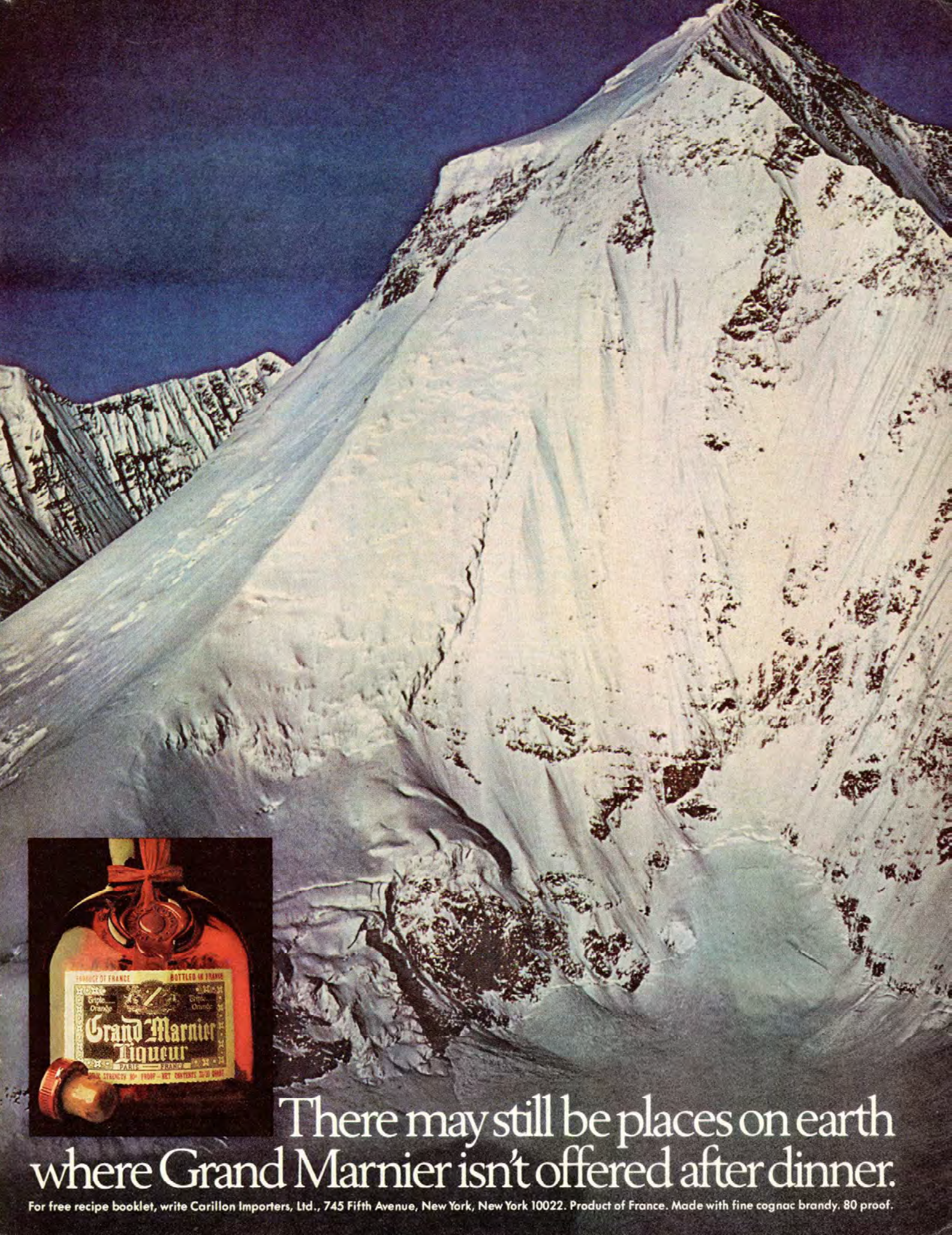
America, unfortunately, is starting to look like a giant Going-out-of-Business Sale. At Daytona Beach, Fla., for example, you will see 23 miles of baked cars, flaking paint, spreading oil spots, squealing radios. Or those Golden Arches and their lovely odors of frying grease in the Midwest. Or the Potemkin-village shopping malls of Southern California . . . or . . . In "The Sleazing of America" (page 108) **Craig Karpel** suggests a radical solution for the grim face that America is presenting to the rest of the world these days: tear it all down!

Disco is no longer just entertainment; it's a way of life. You could, if you chose to, cross the country by simply going from one light show to another, whirling under the cocaine eyes of Studio 54's fabled creatures on Monday night, brazening through the tough antihetero bias at Alphie's in Chicago on Wednesday, measuring your tan against the Egyptian-garbed professional beach-dwellers at Studio 51 in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., on Friday, and finishing up trying to dance Bianca down at Studio One in Los Angeles on Saturday. The country's most relentless disco observer, **Bob Weiner** (author of the forthcoming autobiography *Wherever I Go I Get into Trouble*), actually did what we're suggesting in "Disco Odyssey" (page 164) and lived to write about it. Weiner visited 94 discos in 17 cities in 20 days. At the moment he's recovering in the South of France.

"Renaissance Tennis Star" (page 160) Guillermo Vilas is 26, rich, smart, handsome, Argentine, and sixth-ranked by the United States Tennis Association's tennis computer. In 1977, when he was virtually unbeatable, Vilas won 57 clay-court matches in a row, including 44 consecutive tournament victories; he won the French Open and the U.S. Open; he earned three-quarters of a million dollars from tournament play alone and plenty more for endorsements and appearances. He became a kind of Mick Jagger of sports—long-haired, surrounded by beautiful women, transported hither and yon by Concordes and Maseratis. He even writes poetry. Is it any wonder that Jimmy Connors and Bjorn Borg wept? **Marjorie Rosen**, who has just completed a novel and written a horror movie that have nothing at all to do with tennis, had a much nicer reaction.

Everybody knows that Forty-second Street in Manhattan is not Disneyland, but who would suspect that, in addition to hustlers, thieves, addicts, pimps, and crazies of all descriptions, the place actually boasts a gang of runaway boys who, for a fee, will commit any crime—from petty larceny to murder? In "Trigger" (page 200), excerpted from the novel *Nightmare* by **Richard Owen**, we meet the most vicious member of the gang, a nine-year-old hit man who can't be stopped, not by police, not even by the Fagin who employs him.

And last of all there's our Pet of the Year Runner-Up, a girl so beautiful, with so many votes in the annual Pet of the Year reader contest, that we couldn't just let her go unpublished. Last month you met the Pet of the Year, but for a Christmas bonus, *Penthouse* has decided to give its loyal readers a double treat: on page 176 you'll see what all the excitement's about, and on page 133 you'll find our detachable 1980 desk calendar, with enough Pet beauty to ensure a happy holiday season *and* a very merry additional 11 months.



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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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DECEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Field day

I have been reading your magazine off and on now for several years and, frankly, thought the letters you publish were a crock—until the experience my roommate and I had.

I share an apartment with two friends, and the three of us attend a small midwestern college. We acquired tickets to a Big Ten game and looked forward to an enjoyable afternoon of football. At the last minute, Chip had to cancel out, and Gary and I decided, "Fuck him, we'll go without him!"

During the drive to the game, the two of us jokingly discussed the possibility of encountering two lovely, unattached coeds. We laughed this off as near impossible since we knew no one on the campus. We arrived at the stadium, and much to our delight we found not two but *three* of the most beautiful girls we had ever seen seated right in front of us!

The game began, and we soon found ourselves more interested in the actions of the girls than in the action on the field. Every time they stood up to cheer, we got a fantastic view of their magnificent asses. Their pants were so tight that they appeared to be painted on. Their cheering became more frenzied the closer their team came to scoring. Gary said to me, "God, Bill, at least we aren't the only ones thinking of scoring!" The girls heard him, and two of them giggled to themselves while the third looked back at us with a shy, embarrassed smile. I apologized for the remark, and we offered them a drink—we had come well supplied. Jean, Stacey, and Marsha accepted, and as the game progressed and we continued conversing, I noticed their gazes shifting from our faces to our now bulging crotches. We were all feeling the alcohol by now, and the girls were being extremely friendly.

After the game, Marsha invited us to her dorm room, where the three of them were staying for the weekend. Although we suspected what they had in mind, we had no idea what awaited us.

The minute we were all in her private room, Marsha closed and locked the door "to insure our privacy," she said. By this time our cocks were so hard that Gary and I were afraid our zippers would bust. Jean took him and Stacey took me to the twin beds in the room while Marsha looked on longingly. Gary said, "Isn't Marsha going to feel left out?" They replied simultaneously, "We share everything." Marsha added, "I'll wait my turn."

Stacey was a buxom blonde with a Farrah haircut. She began unbuttoning my shirt with one hand while her other hand slipped into my pants and began massaging my now throbbing rod. As I rolled Stacey onto her back, I saw Jean lower her face to Gary's crotch. By now Stacey had freed my swollen shaft, and we were engaged in some heavy French kissing, our tongues darting in and out as I massaged her beautifully shaped breasts. She began easing my pants off, and I worked my hand down to her golden triangle, caressing it and finally probing into her moist, soft cave.

She moaned softly, grasping my cock as I slid her pants down. Becoming more aroused now, she led my cock into her, and I began thrusting away, savoring every moment. Her love juices began flowing, and we came simultaneously.

Afterward, I looked up to see Jean standing over us with a big smile on her face. Jean was a slim girl with waist-length hair. "Give Stacey a rest. It's my turn now," she said.

I glanced over to see Gary deftly removing Marsha's pants as they lay down on her bed, and then I nodded at Jean. As she massaged my limp member, she asked me if I liked oral sex. Embarrassed, I told her I had never tried it before. Her smile grew wider, and soon she was sucking and licking my stiffening cock. Her darting tongue caressed my staff until I exploded into her mouth, sending my whole wad down her throat.

She asked me to reciprocate. Being inexperienced, I found this to be a new delight and probed her pulsating pussy with my tongue. Jean moaned and became more aroused as I licked her succulent cunt. As my tongue stabbed and jabbed inside her, she became more excited until she finally arched back in orgasmic pleasure.

Marsha was the best looking of the three, a stacked brownette with one of the tightest asses and best set of tits I have ever seen. She also turned out to be the best fuck. While Gary was amusing himself with Stacey, Marsha and I joined crotches in a union of sexual bliss. I came twice in her gorgeous, tight cunt in the next hour, shifting positions to maximize our pleasure.

As we had previous, unalterable plans for later in the evening, Gary and I were forced to leave our private Garden of Eden much earlier than we would have liked, but not without getting addresses and phone numbers. When we reached

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home, we told Chip of our experiences. He didn't believe us at first, but since then he has met the girls, and now none of the girls has to wait her turn.—*Name and address withheld*

Big medicine

My eyes bulged and balls tingled when an Indian policewoman was shown into my office. In the four weeks since I had graduated with a professional degree and moved to the Southwest to live and work on the reservation, I had not even dreamed such beauty and seductiveness existed there.

She stood in the doorway and offered a dazzling smile. Her eyes sparkled as my stare devoured the enticing freckles spread over her pert nose and the black, braided hair that came over her left shoulder, descended over her breast next to a deep cleavage exposed by three undone buttons of her uniform, and flowed down past her slim waist to hang at midthigh, even lower than the pistol slung on her right hip. I beckoned her to enter and be seated. Her large tits bounced pertly, and her hips swayed as she glided in and sat down.

She spoke in a husky voice. I learned that her name was Star and that she wanted me to accompany her to the home of a family about ten miles away in the back country. She wanted me to help her take custody of a child who was severely abused by his parents. I acceded readily, more because I wanted to prolong contact with her than because that was one of the duties of my job.

As I followed her swaying hips, my cock began to throb. I imagined putting it between those swinging cheeks and nearly came right there but was saved by the task of climbing into her police jeep.

We drove along dirt roads across the desert plateau. The sun beat down, and as we discussed the weather I noticed her sweat-dampened shirt was clinging to her shapely tits. She glanced at my bulging crotch, and her nipples hardened. We both laughed at the same time, like kids playing hookie. We talked more. She was 21, single, and had recently graduated from the police academy. I was 28, single, and the first Anglo man that made her tingle from just looking at me.

At that inopportune moment, we arrived at our destination. Luckily, no one was home. As we stood in front of the door, I reached over and pulled her to me. She came willingly and ground her tits into my chest. She parted her lips. Her tongue darted out, and I kissed her. Then she pulled away and said, "Wait—let's go to my house. It's just a few miles." I reluctantly agreed, hating to postpone the inevitable, but we climbed back in the jeep and drove to her place. It was about 4:30 and nearly the end of the workday anyway; so we were not greatly derelict in our duties.

Star showed me into a one-room house that she shared with her 18-year-old sister, Rainbow. Rainbow stood before a stove, stark naked. When I walked in, she grinned and said, simply, "Hello there. It's hot." Her hair hung down to her ass cheeks, unbraided. Her tits were smaller than Star's and firmer. As I ogled Rainbow, her nipples jutted out and she swayed her hips back and forth invitingly, spreading her legs a little. Her mound was finely enveloped in black pubic hair.

Meanwhile, Star had stripped off her uniform. Her sweat made her brown skin gleam. I looked from Star to Rainbow, back and forth, and whistled appreciatively as my constricted cock threatened to burst my pants.

Star took my hand and led me over to one side of the room where furs and blankets were comfortably placed in a sleeping area. Her tongue licked her lips as she undid the buttons of my shirt, eased it off, then unbuckled my belt, and slid my pants down over my hips. My cock stood at rapt attention.

Rainbow came over and offered me a drink. As I drank the slightly bitter liquid, she rubbed a blood red powder over my cock and balls, saying, "These herbs will make us more sensitive and potent." My balls and cock tingled exquisitely, and my cock grew even longer to an unprecedented eight inches. Rainbow and Star also drank the liquid, and then they rubbed the red powder into each other's cunts, ass holes, and tits. Star moaned as Rainbow rubbed the powder into her cunt, gyrating it against Rainbow's hand. Her juices mixed with the powder and trickled down her thighs like blood. Rainbow began a stroking motion, with three fingers sliding in and out of Star's dripping cunt, and Star screamed with pleasure as she bucked on that pleasurable hand until she came and sank down to the furs, momentarily sated. While I was watching this spectacle, my hand unconsciously started to stroke my cock, and just after Star came, I did, too, shooting streams of come all over Rainbow, who was standing before me with tits jutted out and legs spread, masturbating herself furiously. My orgasm seemed eternal, and my come sprayed her tits, face, stomach, and cunt. I moaned and collapsed, and then Rainbow came also and sank beside me, moaning.

Even after I came, my cock stayed hard. Maybe it was the powder and that drink, or maybe just the sight of the two man-hungry sisters sprawled beside me, with the combined powder and sweat and come smeared like blood over their tits, asses, taut bellies, and dripping cunts.

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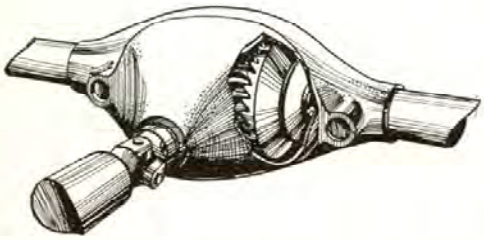

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HIGH GROUND CLEARANCE The Cherokee Chief's exceptional ground clearance lets you climb up and over most any obstacle,confidently. An important advantage for the true off-roader.

INTEGRAL STEEL ROOF For additional loading capacity, the Cherokee Chief has an integral steel roof with optional roof rack. The competition's roof is fiberglass.

LOWER ENTRY AND LOADING HEIGHT Since the Cherokee Chief has 4-wheel drive that's built in, not added on, it actually sits lower than vehicles available in both 2-wheel and 4-wheel drive. A real benefit when you're loading heavy gear or climbing in and out.

Star made a pretty picture, lying on her back with legs spread, tits still heaving with her panting breath, mouth open with tongue lolling, eyes half lidded, "blood" smeared here and there. I got on my knees and straddled her face so that the tip of my cock rested lightly on her parted lips. Her eyes opened wider, and she sucked my cock into her mouth. I began to stroke in and out as she inclined her head to a better angle. My cock slid in and out of her throat. Then I felt a new sensation—Rainbow was behind me, licking my balls and ass hole. As I stroked in and out of Star's throat, Rainbow alternately sucked my balls and pushed her tongue up my ass. I stroked faster and faster, screamed with pleasure, and spurted into Star's throat. She hungrily swallowed the jism. Rainbow tongued my ass, and I withdrew from Star's mouth, shooting gobs of come over her face and hair. Star had a dreamy expression on her face as come dribbled out of her "bloody" mouth.

Again, my cock stayed hard. My balls ached with fullness as if I hadn't come twice already. I wondered what would be next and didn't have long to wait to find out. Star rose from the furs and obtained a gourd with a long, curved neck; then she stood over Rainbow and me, licking the tip of the gourd. The neck was about ten inches long and about an inch and a half thick. She coated it with saliva, while doing a swaying, gyrating dance, legs spread and cunt gaping.

Then Rainbow got up, pulling me up with her by the hand. She backed her dripping ass up to my cock and bent over to touch the floor near her feet, with her legs slightly spread. Needing no further invitation, I inserted my dripping cockhead in her ass hole and stroked until it was embedded to the hilt. Rainbow moaned and gasped as I slid in and out.

Meanwhile, Star continued her dance. As she gyrated erotically, she slid the saliva-covered gourd into and up her cunt and then pushed it in and out, picking up speed. She began a wailing Indian chant as froth built up around her dripping cunt. Then she let go of the gourd with her hands and held it in with cunt muscles alone while she continued to gyrate. She grasped a breast with either hand and squeezed, the nipples poking out between her fingers, and increased the tempo of the chant.

I stroked faster and faster in Rainbow's ass. She continued to moan and ground her ass against my cock. I cupped one of her tits with one hand and stroked her clit with the other. Star cupped her tits and shook them at me, advancing gradually until her tits were at my face. She straddled Rainbow's lower back and ground the gourd protruding from her cunt against my stomach, as I licked and bit first one nipple, then the other. Star continued to chant until the chant became a very long, and drawn-out scream. Rainbow screamed at the same time, gyrating her ass against me and her cunt against my hand. Then I screamed, too, and came in Rainbow's ass. I spurted and spurted. Star and Rainbow had one orgasm after another, more and more frenzied. I came and came and came, and it seemed as if it would never end.

I must have blacked out, for the next thing I knew, it was dark. I was on my back and one soft, warm, dripping cunt enveloped my straining cock and the other perched sweetly over my lips. I dug in, and soon we all came together again, seemingly on and on forever.

When I awoke at dawn, Star and Rainbow were moaning and licking each other to another orgasm. I had lost count, to be truthful. My cock, amazingly, was hard and not even sore. Rainbow noticed it and obligingly took it in her mouth and sucked me off.

Alas, it was a workday, and Star and I had to leave. We all walked outside naked and plunged into the cool stream behind the house. After frolicking awhile, we cleaned each other of a long night's accumulation of come, sweat, and aphrodisiac "blood."

The cool water made my cock go limp for the first time since I had arrived the day before. We went back inside. Star donned her uniform and I my clothes. Rainbow bid us good-bye, standing naked in the door. I wondered if she ever wore clothes. Then Star drove me home. I brushed my teeth, changed, and went to work but didn't get much done that day. However, Star and I did remove the abused child from his home, as we had set out to do.

Since then I have met Star and Rainbow frequently, together and separately, to indulge in various sexual escapades. Though I've tried valiantly to get them to give me the red powder and liquid herbs, or at least show me what plants they are made from, they equally valiantly have refused. I can only use the herbs with Star or Rainbow. They've made me see stars and rainbows many a time, but they guard those aphrodisiacs with a passion.
—Name and address withheld

Erotic acrobat

I am a 20-year-old male attending college in Ohio. As a result of my tennis ability, I've traveled throughout the United States, Europe, and the Caribbean. This fast-paced life-style has given me opportunities to enjoy many women. No woman, however, can compare with the lady that I was involved with during fall quarter.

I met Jo the first day of class, and immediately decided to seduce her. I was even more determined when I overheard her saying that she had a boyfriend back in New York and that no one in Ohio could interest her.

We played cat-and-mouse games for two weeks, and then one night nature took its course. Jo came over about eight o'clock with the intention of studying. I

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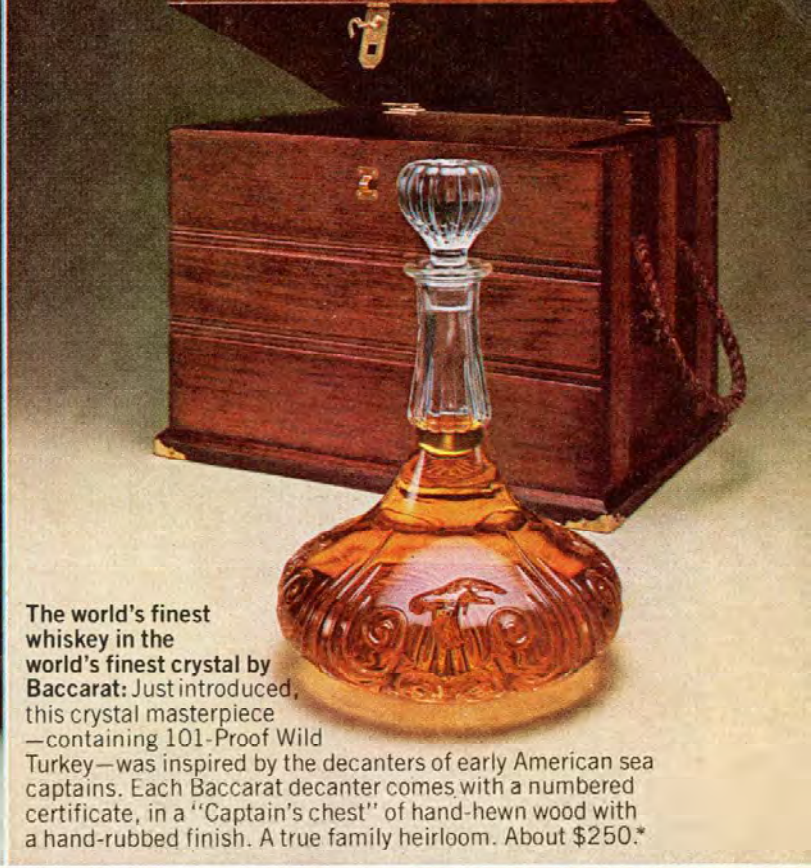

The world's finest whiskey in the world's finest crystal by Baccarat: Just introduced, this crystal masterpiece —containing 101-Proof Wild Turkey—was inspired by the decanters of early American sea captains. Each Baccarat decanter comes with a numbered certificate, in a "Captain's chest" of hand-hewn wood with a hand-rubbed finish. A true family heirloom. About $250.*

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The Wild Turkey is one of the heaviest birds capable of flight. Yet it is unusually fast. The male bird has been clocked at speeds as high as 55 miles per hour.

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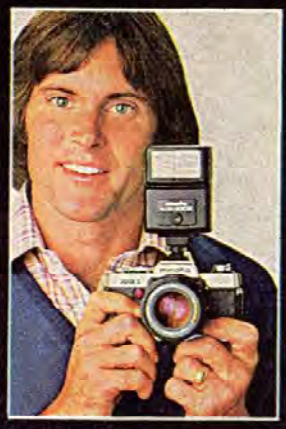
"The XG-1 gives you Minolta's Continuous Automatic Exposure System."



The Minolta XG-1 is Bruce Jenner's camera. Because it's compact, lightweight, and measures light in a way that makes action photography just about foolproof.

Because even if your subject is moving from sunlight to shadow, Minolta's Continuous Automatic Exposure System changes the exposure for you. Automatically.

That means you can concentrate on the action. The XG-1 does just about everything else.

You can add to your range of creative ideas by adding a Minolta Auto Winder or Auto Electroflash. Or any of the more than 40 computer designed Minolta lenses.

As for value, the XG-1 is the least expensive automatic 35mm SLR Minolta has ever made.

All this means, with the XG-1 you can take the pictures you never thought you could take. At a price you never thought you could afford.

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XG-1
The automatic choice for value.

remember how sexy she looked in a tan cashmere sweater, tight jeans, and spiked heels. Jo is the kind of girl who doesn't need makeup to be beautiful. She has a dark complexion, long, velvety brown hair, and a willowy five-foot-five body. Her breasts are perfectly formed, with large, chocolate-brown nipples.

After studying halfheartedly for a while, I turned the lights down and put on some soft music. I began caressing her neck, and my hand found its way under the soft sweater to her stiffening nipples. The atmosphere was extremely sensual, and clothing began to fall to the floor. She touched me in ways no woman had ever touched me before. Her hands and mouth sent ripples of pleasure tingling through my body. I explored every inch of her deliciously smooth skin; and when I reached her labia, I was truly amazed. The lips were enormous, and her clit was floating in a sea of erotic juices. I tongued the outer lips slowly and delicately. She moaned softly as I began to tease the top of her clit. As I varied the pace and pressure, the moans came quicker and with more intensity. I took her up and down on an orgasmic roller-coaster ride of pleasure. Going down on Jo was so enjoyable that I could have eaten her for hours.

She later slid down between my legs, and her mouth worked like magic. She moved up and down my shaft, flicked her tongue around the tip, and then went back to the base. She licked and fondled my balls until I thought that they would explode.

When the time came and I entered her silky, smooth warmth, the experience transcended my wildest fantasies. For the first time since my early high-school experiences, I came almost immediately. It was one of the most intense orgasms of my life. I was so aroused that I quickly regained an erection and our incredible lovemaking continued.

I kissed her neck, face, and ears while my fingers traversed her entire anatomy. I varied the pace and depth of my thrusts, teasing her with the tip of the shaft and then gradually driving deeper and deeper until we both came in a rush of passion and ecstasy.

As we lay in each other's arms, sweating and exhausted, I glanced at the clock and saw that the hour was after midnight. We had been enjoying each other for four hours!

As we got to know each other better, our already beautiful lovemaking became even more pleasurable. We engaged in some of the most erotic sexual gymnastics of my life, exploring countless positions and techniques.—*Name and address withheld*

Prom king

I had an experience a month ago I would like to share with your readers. I'm an 18 year-old student at a high school in southern Ontario. It all started the night of the school formal. Karen, my girl friend of

three months, and I were going to the formal and needed transportation. So I borrowed my brother's van. The van has wall-to-wall carpeting and paneled walls and a beautiful, plush bed in the back.

My girl friend and I are very much in love, but she is scared to go to bed because she doesn't want to get pregnant when she is so young. But when I picked her up that night, which was also my birthday, she was acting very sexy. As we drove to the formal, she kept reaching over and rubbing my crotch, and I could tell right then the last place Karen wanted to go was the formal. So we stopped on a small side road and got into the back of the van.

We quickly took off our clothes. Since I had never been to bed with her before, I didn't know what to expect. I moved over beside her and started to kiss her and caress the most beautiful set of 35D tits you have ever seen. Karen started to shiver with excitement. I then moved my hand down across her soft stomach to a very deep brown pussy, which was soon dripping wet as I fingered her. She then took my hard eight-inch cock in her grasp and ran her hand up and down my cock very slowly. Then she cupped my balls in her hand and moved her head toward my cock, gently kissing the end, and took in the whole length. All of a sudden I shot my wad down her throat. She handled it like a true pro, swallowing every drop of my come. When we moved into the 69 position and I tasted her sweet love juice, I almost flipped.

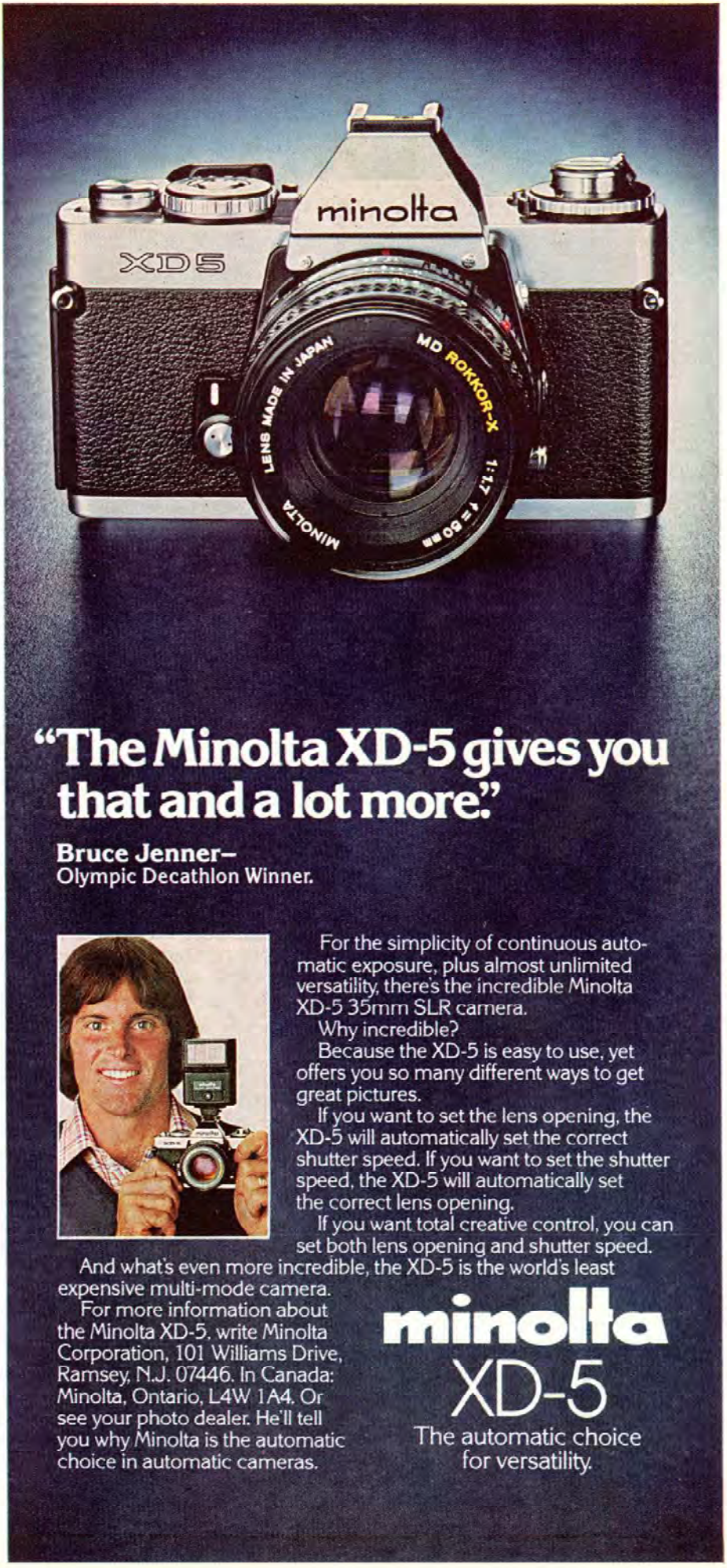
We then changed position, and Karen lay on the edge of the bed with her legs spread apart. I moved around and eased my cock into her beautiful but very tight bush. We started off slowly, but when we got a fluent motion going, I started to pump a little faster and harder. We both started to moan as we approached orgasm. After a good, long fuck, we both collapsed in each other's arms and slept till early next morning. We got dressed and drove to a breakfast party a friend was having. Everybody asked where we were, and we just smiled.—*Name and address withheld*

Lust resort

I had to write after reading the article on tossing in the January *Penthouse*. I am an 18-year-old college student with blond hair and a muscular body.

Last summer, I worked at a shore resort as a beach inspector. One day in July, near quitting time, I was walking my last rounds when I noticed this blonde babe checking me out from a bench in a hamburger stand. I recognized her face, as I had passed by her earlier in the day when she was languidly stretched out on her towel. I had noticed that she was wearing a very revealing green bikini that contrasted beautifully with her dark, tanned skin and sun-bleached, blonde hair.

I said to myself, "What the hell, knock off fifteen minutes early." So I went into



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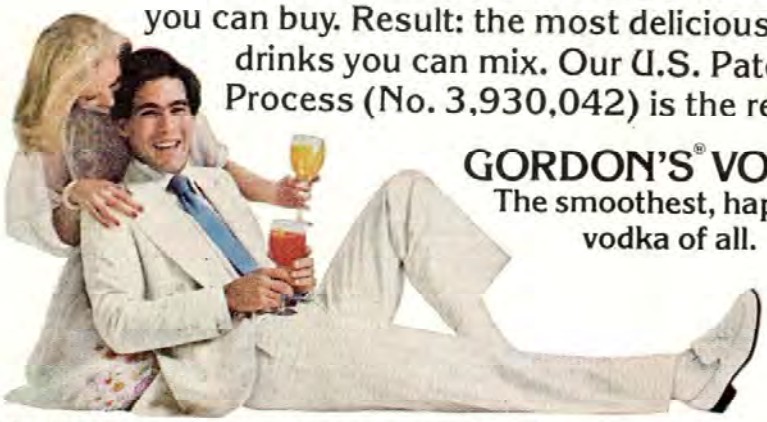

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the stand, bought something so that my plans weren't too obvious, and started exchanging pleasantries with her as I sat on the bench, munching out.

After a while, I asked Marisue if she wanted to go swimming at my house. She said yes; so we took off in my car. The entire time we were swimming I kept checking her out through the cool, clear pool water. Marisue's nipples were swelled from the cold water as they pushed against the material of her bikini top. I couldn't help noticing that her brownish-blonde pubes were peeking out from the edges of her bathing suit.

As we got out of the pool I asked Marisue if she wanted to hit the bars that night. She readily agreed.

That night, we were getting drunk as fucks while we wended our way from bar to bar. Eventually, we wound up in this dive that had a great jazz and disco band.

During the night, I gradually became aware that Marisue was a dick tease through and through. I decided that I would teach her a lesson. As I started treating her like a pile of shit, her reaction went from utter disbelief to absolute haughtiness. I kept up my attack, though, and soon I sensed that she might be liking the bad treatment I was giving her.

I told Marisue I wanted to leave, but she moaned and groaned that she wanted to stay. I said she was going to have to do something extremely raunchy before I'd stay even two seconds longer.

Just then the band started playing a slow song off of Steely Dan's *Aja* album. Marisue dragged me out on the floor. We were dancing close in front of the stage when I suddenly felt her hand rubbing my cock through my pants. I warned her she was going to have to get raunchier than that if she wanted me to stick around. The next thing I knew my pants were being unbuttoned as Marisue's silky hand grasped my rock-hard wang. By now the members of the band had spied our intimate fertility rites and were flubbing the lyrics.

With tremendous effort they concentrated on the job at hand while Marisue gave me the handjob of my life. As she moaned softly in my ear, I pushed aside the material of her silk running shorts and Danskin and fingered her dripping cunt with my thumb and forefinger till her knees were shaking.

Her hand was bringing me to a climax when I decided I'd humiliate her thoroughly. I didn't tell her that I was going to come—and shot my white-hot load all over her Danskin-covered stomach without even giving her a chance to get off. Marisue was really pissed, for while I was zipping up, the guys in the band were laughing their heads off at her. I strolled over to the bar and downed a beer while she cried in shame over her predicament. Everyone could see my cream splattered on her front as she ran into the bathroom.

I left her there at the bar and found out the next day from an ex-girl friend that Marisue had tried desperately to wipe the mess off her stomach.

Little did I know that I had tossed someone for my first time. This bitch really deserved it, and to this day I have no regrets, even though I got a bad reputation among the girls at the beach.—*Name and address withheld*

Poker face-off

I am a single girl of 19 and am a junior at the regional campus of a major midwestern college. I am five feet nine inches, with legs—often commented upon—as long as my six-foot-two-inch boyfriend's and a Marilyn Monroe figure of 38-26-38. I am writing to tell you of a fantastic sexual dream come true that occurred a few months ago.

I broke up a few months ago, after a very unfulfilling sex life with a boyfriend of a year and a half. This particular afternoon I was feeling very down in the dumps about my lack of sex since the split. Then a young man, whom I'll call Dave, suggested that the best way to get rid of my blues was for him and his roommate, Bob, to come over and play cards with my roommate, Karen, and me. I agreed, and we set a time for that evening.

Well, they both arrived on time, and I was immediately taken with Bob. We never did play cards, but we did not do anything else, either. After all four of us shared a couple of bottles of wine until early in the morning, I got up and went to bed. Bob was already comfortable on the floor with a pillow and blanket. Karen had fallen asleep an hour before, and I offered to set up the fold-out couch for Dave, which he readily accepted. I said my good-nights with everyone comfortably settled in the living room.

I headed into my bedroom. I was undressing and just pulling off my jeans when I heard a knock on my door. It was Bob, asking if he could sleep on my other bed. I answered yes, expecting my blues to disappear. No such luck. But I did wake up to find Bob in my bed, asking if I minded. I answered, "Definitely not."

Bob wrapped his arms around me, and we started to kiss. He then started to rub my now erect nipples and caress my ample breasts. He started licking my nipples and slowly worked his way down my tummy to my now aching cunt. Bob slowly licked and tickled my clit with his tongue, and I exploded in a tremendous orgasm.

Having thoroughly enjoyed myself, I rolled Bob over and gave him a licking and sucking session worthy of the dean of F.U. (Fellatio University). I slowly worked my way down from his nipples to his prick. It was already hard with anticipation. My lips encircled its circumcised

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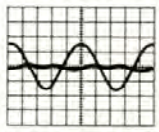

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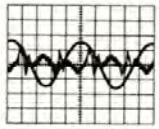

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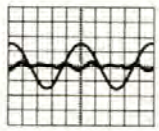

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head and alternately sucked and licked the entire shaft. Bob came in a shattering orgasm; I licked up his come eagerly.

After a shower, he suggested that we get together that afternoon for a cookout —and here is where the real story begins!

We got together at the guys' house, and I was surprised that Dave had not arranged a date. I soon realized why. After cooking dinner and eating, Bob got out his Xaviera's Game. We played an enticing game in which I got twice as much fun by playing two pieces. The three of us were all pretty horny—I could tell by the pair of bulges staring at me. So I suggested a game of strip poker. We played for nearly two hours with me doing my best to lose. But I could only manage to lose my belt by the time both Bob and Dave were naked. Finally, after a couple of "lousy hands," I lost my remaining clothes. I suggested to Bob a romp in the sack. I hopped into his king-size bed and was not altogether surprised to see Dave joining us.

Some dickering was done between the two of them as to who was going to do what (there were no objections from me). That night I was to have three fantasies come true: to have a three-way, to be tied up, and to be butt-fucked.

The three-way, needless to say, was great. I was eaten, fucked, and sucked by both Bob and Dave. Then Bob caught Dave's attention, made a strange gesture, left, and brought in four ropes. At this sight my pussy was again dripping, not from all the come inside me, but from the knowledge that another fantasy was about to come true. Bob tied me up to four special hooks on his handmade bed. I was spread-eagled and completely helpless. He teased my cunt with his tongue, as he had that morning, and I exploded in a wave of orgasms. I also worked Dave over with my tongue, and Bob and Dave alternately fucked me.

The next hours are measured not by minutes but by the number of times I came. I do not remember being untied, but I do have a faint recollection of my ass hole being greased up with Vaseline and then an indescribable mixture of pain and pleasure. We all fell off to sleep all spent.

All I can say is, if I had known Bob and Dave's plans for fucking my brains out that evening, I would have lost at poker a lot earlier.—*V.S.M., Indianapolis, Ind.*

Summit meeting

I am a 27-year-old single man who has been fortunate enough to have always enjoyed a healthy, active sex life, but recently I had my most exotic, interesting, surprising, and exciting experience yet.

I have always been athletic and, for the last few years, a very avid skier. Recently, at a famous ski resort, I came upon a skier who was down and struggling to get up in the deep powder. I stopped for a moment to see if I could offer any assistance and then discovered that the struggling figure was a stunningly beautiful, young black woman. She seemed a bit embarrassed and began muttering something about "not knowing the hill." She appeared to be all right, and so I moved on.

Later that day, as luck would have it, we met by chance at the lift line, shared a chair, and rode the lift together to the top of the hill. It was a long ride, and by the time we reached the summit I found out her name was Doris. By that time I also had this strange feeling that something very good was about to happen to me.

We made a few runs together, and by then it was late in the afternoon; so we decided to adjourn to a bar in one of the chalets. After a few drinks, she made what I thought was a rather strange request. She asked if I would walk her to the ladies' room. I was a little confused and taken by surprise, but that strange little feeling kept telling me this was no offer to refuse, and I followed her.

When we got to the door, Doris opened it quickly, looked around, pulled me inside, and then locked the door behind us. We stood there for a few seconds, and then she smiled and said, "I have been dying to fuck you all day, and I just couldn't wait any longer."

Wow! What a rush! I felt my dick snap to attention so fast I thought it was going to bust right through my ski pants. But I managed to undo the straps and buttons to release my straining cock from its prison, never taking my eyes off her wide smile.

In seconds she had my rock-hard prick in her hands, licking it furiously and slipping it in and out of her mouth, sucking sensually with her strong, thick lips. When she began deep-throating my engorged rod, I almost immediately convulsed into violent orgasmic delight and felt her swallowing every drop of come my throbbing cock could produce.

All the time I had been tearing away at her clothes, and by now I had her well-shaped, grapefruit-size tits exposed. I began kissing them hungrily while removing her pants and panties, exposing her luscious, juicy-wet snatch. I slid my mouth slowly from her cocoa-colored nipples, pausing briefly at her navel before moving down to her eager, hungry pussy. It was the sweetest honey musk I have ever tasted. In seconds, I could feel her beginning to come as my tongue darted in and out of her burning love tunnel and slid back and forth over her twitching clit. When she came, I could feel my cock starting to rise back to its full eight inches.

The ladies' room was small, and we had to use our clothes as a mat, but now I was ready to enter this beautiful, black goddess. I slipped my prick firmly but gently into her pulsating, pretty, pearl-pink cunt, and we screwed in a wild frenzy for what seemed like forever.

In just a few minutes we got dressed.

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People had been knocking on the door the whole time, but we obviously paid no attention. When Doris opened the door, though, the coast was clear, and we slipped out quickly and quietly.

She was my soul-mate that whole weekend, and I was richer for the experience. We made love many more times in more comfortable quarters. Without a doubt she is the most fantastic lover I have ever met. Though I haven't seen her since that weekend, I can hardly wait for next ski season in hopes of having another close encounter with my chocolate snow bunny.—*R.C., Boulder, Colo.*

Hair today, come tomorrow

I'm in my mid-twenties, and until recently I never knew how great a haircut could be. I consider myself fairly handsome, not extremely muscular, and easygoing.

Well, a few weeks ago I went to a unisex hairstyling place. I thought it was to be just another day of getting my hair cut and styled. But to my surprise and enjoyment it wasn't.

I went into this place about an hour before it closed. All of the chairs were full, and I had to wait a few minutes. Then a beautiful blonde, Debbie, called me over to her chair. I didn't mind at all. I told her to wash it, cut it short, and blow-dry it.

As she washed my hair, she began talking to me. I told her that I had just graduated from college and was out in the job market, looking for something I could make a decent living at. She told me that she was looking for something herself, that she was bored working there and wanted to get out. While we were speaking, I noticed her tits bobbing before me. They looked so big and luscious that I was tempted to grab them and scoop them right into my face. I thought her movements were by accident—later I learned they weren't.

When I lifted my head up after the wash, I noticed that all the other customers had left. The only people who remained were Debbie, the manager, and myself. About ten minutes later, the manager asked Debbie if she would mind locking up the place. She said she wouldn't mind at all. The manager then left, and I saw Debbie closing the curtains on the windows. By now I could only guess what was to happen.

She came back over to me and continued on my hair. While cutting it, she would lean into my back, pressing her boobs against me. I could feel my prick bulging in my pants. Then, when she came around front, she leaned over so that I would have to notice her pair of 36s. I was loving every second of it. I wanted it, and so did Debbie—it was only a matter of time. As she began to blow-dry my hair, she put her hand on my leg for support. I then grabbed her hand and placed it on my enlarged cock. She smiled with satisfaction. She then turned off the dryer and placed it back on the rack. I got out of the chair and buried my face in her tits. She immediately ripped off her shirt. Her tits were gorgeous. I began sucking and biting on those nipples frantically. By now her hands were in my pants, squeezing my main line. I knew it couldn't stop here, and I stripped completely. She did likewise and then, just in case, walked over to the door and made sure it was locked.

Debbie then came over to me and gave me the best head of my life. She licked my balls and took my whole shaft down her throat. I came instantly. Meanwhile, my head was buried in her love box. The sweet smell of her juices filled the air. My tongue slid in and out of her snatch. It tasted so good. I needed more. Debbie was having an equally good time with my prick. After coming again, I just leaned back. Then I moved in again for her pussy. I loved it!

We needed something else; so I told her to bend over. I rammed my rod right up her ass hole. She screamed with pleasure. I pumped and pumped like never before. She just kept yelling for more. Then, finally, she turned over and I fucked her lights out. We weren't on the most comfortable surface (the floor), but this fuck was so good I really didn't care at all. After I pulled out, she sucked me off again. Then I put it back where it belonged and began fucking her till she

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almost passed out. We both loved it and knew we had to do it again. After it was over, we just lay on the floor and talked for a while. I told her that I'd meet her next month—and I can't wait!—*J.W.S., East Orange, N.J.*

One step at a time

I am an avid reader of your magazine and enjoy the pictorials very much. My story may sound unreal, and even I still can't believe it, but it's true.

I am 19 years old and have a very muscular build because I am into bodybuilding. My cock is about nine inches long and never fails to rise to the occasion and amaze any woman who so much as gazes at it.

My story starts in the summer of 1978 and is continuing to the present day. It all started on a hot day in June. I was lying on my bed, listening to music and wearing nothing but a pair of tight swimming shorts. In the other room was my beautifully built stepmother. (My real mother died three years ago in a terrible car crash.) She has got the biggest pair of tits I've ever seen. She measures 40-24-36, and I know this for a fact, because I measured her. Anyway, while listening to some music, a very sexy and suggestive song came on the radio. At this time, I began to think of my most erotic fantasy with the most beautiful woman I know, my stepmother.

While I was fantasizing, I started to get a hard-on, and I just couldn't stand it anymore. So I whipped out my swollen cock and began stroking it. At that moment, my stepmother opened my door and walked in, carrying a bundle of socks. Well, I was too far in ecstasy to care who walked in; so I just continued. My stepmother couldn't keep her eyes off my nine-inch chunk of meat. She smiled seductively at me, walked over to me, and stopped my hand from gliding up and down my shaft. With that, she parted her lips, and I watched my cock head disappear into her mouth. I was moaning quite loudly as I came, and I flooded her mouth so much that it trickled out the sides of her lips. She licked up all of my come and gave me a tongue bath. She then removed her halter top and revealed her large, tan breasts with half-inch nipples. She asked if I was thirsty and ordered me to suck her tits and drink her milk. I licked and sucked them for about half an hour. Then she got up slowly and removed her skintight shorts, revealing a very hairy cunt that was glistening with vaginal juice. She begged me to fuck her because she was very horny and needed "something to fill me up." I didn't waste any time. I positioned her on my bed and spread her legs as wide as they would go. I then noticed her swollen clit, and I couldn't resist. Instead of giving her what she wanted most, I started to tease her with my tongue. She bucked wildly, and each time I withdrew my head just before she could climax. Meanwhile, I, too, was

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being tortured—by her helplessness and her dripping, wet cunt awaiting me. She begged me to stop, and when I couldn't take it anymore, I plunged my cock deep into her and began pumping, slowly at first, then gradually building up to a furious pace. She was taking every stroke in stride, and her vaginal muscles were pulling me deeper inside her. As we both climaxed, we nearly fell off the bed.

Since then, my stepmother and I have continued to fuck and suck each other at least twice a week. I think my father suspects something, but I don't care, because I'm having a great time. I hope this setup continues for a long time to "come."—*Name and address withheld*

Mating dance

I'm a 20-year-old male attending the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. In this letter I would like to relate to "Forum" a recent adventure of mine.

For the past year, on and off, I have been seeing a lovely young woman of 18 named Andrea. She has a head of golden blonde hair that falls in curls and swirls about her neck and shoulders, and she stands about five feet two inches tall. She has a figure that is soft to the touch, not firm and hard like an athlete's, but supple and feminine. Her breasts are large and round and her waist slim, giving way to gently curving hips and long, shapely legs. Her mouth is small and her lips are plump and inviting. Her complexion is light and her big, blue-green eyes twinkle, betraying the playful imp that stirs within her.

Not too long ago I arranged for us to go dancing the following Saturday. At around 9:00 P.M., I arrived at her house, where she lives with her parents. As I waited for her downstairs, I chatted with her mother of our plans for the evening. Our plans consisted of going dancing at a semistraight, semigay disco. After a few moments Andrea entered, and my eyes fixed on her loveliness. She wore a red dress of a silky material, bare at the arms and shoulders and knee length. In this ruffled dress she appeared to be covered in soft red rose petals glistening with dew. With this I quickly ended my conversation with her mother and said good-night.

In the car we talked, and occasionally she would catch me eyeing her. I wanted to touch her, feel her warm and close to me, but with my car having bucket seats and a stick shift, I could only look and feel my mouth water. She was playing it cool because she knew she was making me hornier and hornier by the minute.

When we arrived at the disco, the upper two levels were already pretty packed. The lights and people were loose and moving to the throbbing beat of the music. Spirits were high and inhibitions low. I was in a sensual mood and wanted to be close to Andrea. Her hand in mine, I led her to a quieter, more secluded area on the third and lowest level. Here the lights were very low and the music soft. The decor was in tones of dark wood and soft texture. Thick carpet covered the floor and Casablanca-type fans slowly revolved where they hung from the ceiling. Around the bar were lounge areas with big, comfortable leather couches and chairs. In the corners of the room stood large tropical plants, altogether giving a warm and cozy atmosphere.

Andrea and I stuck mostly to the bar. After several mixed drinks we grew very relaxed and moved closer together. Holding her hand, I kissed and sucked her knuckles and fingertips as she slowly responded. With this I began to move slowly up her arm to her satiny bare shoulder. She bit her lower lip, and with a quick turn of her head she tossed her hair away from her neck and ear, inviting me to move on. Moving closer, I began to kiss and suck the base and nape of her neck; then slowly and gently I moved to her ear. With the tip of my tongue I began to lick in and around her ear, and then with my teeth and lips I began to suck her lobe as if it were mother's bosom. Andrea softly purred. Looking down, I could see the deep cleavage of her large breasts because of the low front of the dress. I immediately nuzzled my nose and face between her large globes and passionately kissed them.

Our little show went unnoticed, for all around us—in the lounge areas and at the bar—other couples of men and women, men and men, and women and women put on their own little shows.

Andrea smelled and tasted so good I wanted more, not just her neck and ear—I wanted to taste her all over. I wanted to explore every inch of her with my tongue and mouth. I grabbed her gently by the wrist and whispered in her ear that we should leave. When she asked why we should leave and where we would go, I wouldn't answer but only persisted. She tried looking into my eyes to figure out what I had in mind, but I only licked my lips and smiled.

Trailing behind me with her hand in mine, she followed me to my car. I opened the door. Pressing my body against hers as she leaned against the car, I gave her a long, wet kiss. As I kissed her, my eager tongue probed the deep, delicious reaches of her mouth. Still embracing her, I whispered in her ear that she should sit in the car seat with her legs out and her thighs spread.

Parting her legs, I could see a short length of white string coming out of her vagina. The crotch of her panties was sopping wet, and the delectable faint odor of her juices filled my nostrils. As my fingertips massaged her clit through the thin material, I began to kiss her leg. I started at the knee and worked inward, kissing the inside of her thigh. By the time

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I reached her cunt, she was really wet. Covering her clit and vagina with my mouth, I sucked and slurped her nectar through the porous crotch panel. I was about to pull down her panties when she stopped me. A flash of headlights passed us. I told her to get in the car, for I knew of a place we could go.

After my morning classes at U.W.M., I have been working a small booth at the exit of a parking structure downtown. The job is easy, and the slow trickle of cars leaving the structure gives me time to study. Wanting Andrea as badly as I did and being near the parking structure, I headed for my booth. The inside of the booth is rather small, almost four feet wide and about five feet long, yet high enough to stand in. When I'm sitting in a chair, a customer in his car can only see me from the waist up.

Seating Andrea in the booth's chair with her back to the cash register, I buried my face between her now bare legs and devoured her pud. After several moments she came all over my face and the chair. Standing up and bracing my back against one of the booth's glass windows, I licked the dew from my lips and thrust my hips toward her as my aching rod made a large bulge in my pants. She got the message and began rubbing the lump in my crotch as I undid my belt. After pulling down my zipper, she slid her hand into my pants and gently took hold of my shaft, pushing through the cotton material of my briefs. With her other hand, she pulled down my pants. She then bent over and kissed the head of my penis. I slowly pulled off my shorts and bared my manhood to the warm April night. Immediately, she went down on me, wrapping her hand around the base of my cock. With the thumb and fingers of her other hand, she drew back my foreskin and wrapped her lips around the head of my penis. As she sucked me, she rolled her tongue around the head of my prick until she knew I was about to come, then abruptly stopped and removed her mouth. My cock glistened in the moonlight as she began to stroke me slowly, up and down. I closed my eyes and rolled my head back, enjoying every minute.

Soon she exclaimed in excitement, "I can feel it coming!" She was right, for running through my shaft were deep throbs of satisfaction, starting at my groin and pulsing in waves to the head of my penis. I came long and good. My spunk went everywhere—on the sleeve and front of my shirt, on the door and opposite window, on Andrea's lap, and all over her hand and wrist. I felt warm and good all over and smiled as Andrea licked my cream off her hand. I grabbed and kissed her furiously.

During all this, though we really didn't care at the time, several people walked past our booth. Since it is located almost on the sidewalk, they must have gotten an eyeful. Yet I must admit, the thought of doing it in public seemed to add to the experience.

A few weeks after this happened, Andrea and I broke things off. We are still friends, but I hardly ever see her anymore. There are times when I think of her, for she has a special place in my memory.—*J.R., Milwaukee, Wis.*

"Isn't that cute? Now he wants you to lick him."

Hard seller

I have been reading your magazine for almost seven years and mostly enjoy the letters in the "Penthouse Forum" section. For the past few years I have been wondering if all those stories were really true and never really thought that anything so spontaneous could ever happen to me, but I finally have my story for *Penthouse*. It happened just last night.

I am a 25-year-old male and work for a small but very profitable business. My sex life is very active but nothing really out of the ordinary.

About a week ago our company hired a new salesperson, but unlike the others, she was a very attractive woman, and all the guys were talking about how they would like to get into her pants. I also had the same thoughts. Her name is Marcie. She is 27 years old and has a body that would turn any guy's head around.

As a manager for the company, I sometimes stay very late at the office. Last night was one of those nights. I was in my office about 10:00 P.M., catching up on some paperwork, when Marcie came in. She was looking as good as usual as she sat down in the chair on the side of my desk. We just started into some friendly conversation, which led to her asking me if I got high. So I told her I did, and we proceeded to fire up a number—since we were the only ones in the office it really didn't matter. After a few tokes and some more relaxing talk, the conversation turned to sex, and before I knew what had happened, she planted a big, wet kiss on me. I was surprised to see how long her tongue was, as when she kissed me I damn near choked on it. Then she started telling me how horny she was, and without much else to be said we were soon in my car and headed for the nearest motel.

When we were in the room, we went directly to the bed, where we continued where we had left off. After about ten minutes of necking and some very heavy petting, I began to remove her clothes. When I removed her bra, I just about went nuts over her beautiful tits. They were large enough to be pleasing and very soft and milky white. So I couldn't resist doing a mouth-dive on them as she removed my clothes.

It was a relief when she released my cock from my pants, as it was about to bust out with no help at all. I reached down and slipped a few fingers into her already dripping pussy, which was neatly shaven and oh so tight. She in the meantime was stroking my seven-inch rod,

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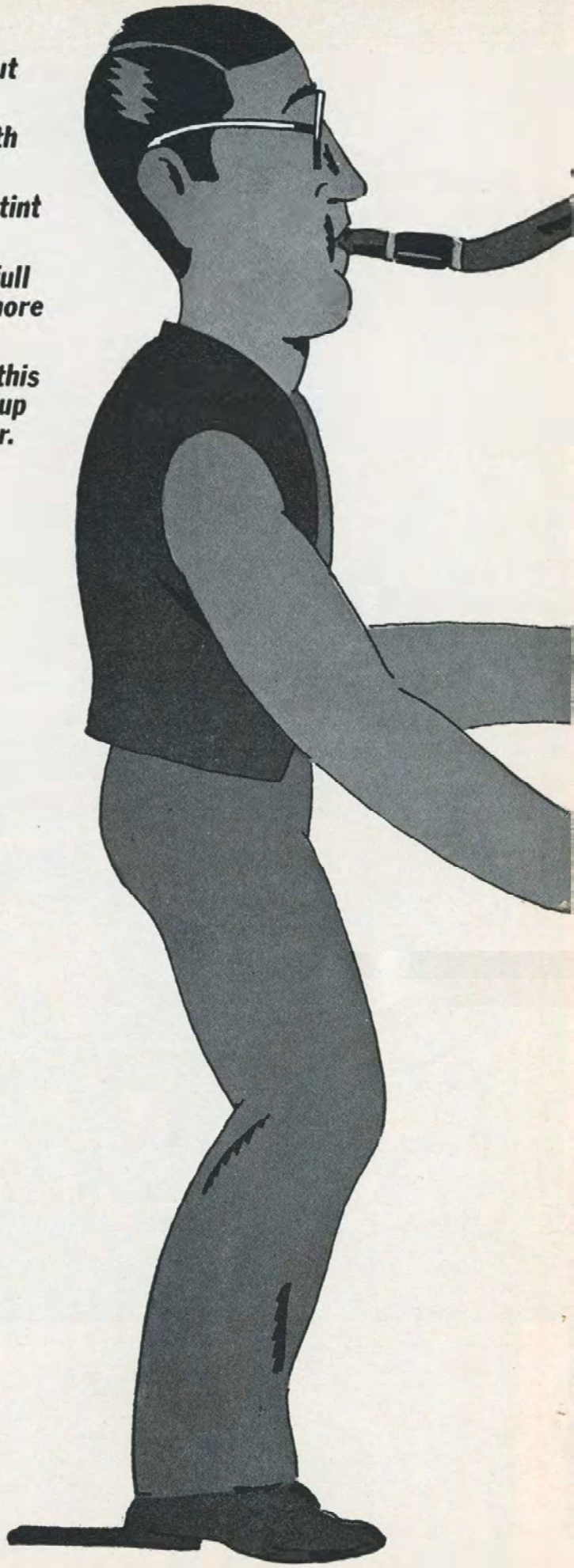

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which was so hard by now I thought it just might blow up. Then she looked at me and asked me if I liked head. All I could think of then was "That sure is a stupid question." With that, she proceeded to work her way down to my aching cock. First, Marcie just teased me to no end with that long tongue of hers. Then, just at the right moment, she swallowed my cock in one huge lunge that made me shoot a load of hot come down her throat. She readily swallowed every drop, being sure not to miss any of the hot, salty liquid. I in turn worked my way down to that sweet-smelling pussy of hers and ate like it was my last meal, and within seconds she was gushing her sweet come all over my face. Than she turned around to restore my hard-on, and in no time at all Marcie was saying that she needed to have that cock in her pussy. So I gladly obeyed her request. I had a little trouble getting into her pussy because of its tightness, but with one huge thrust I was in to the hilt. And in a very long, fast, and furious fuck, we came in what had to be the most earth-shattering orgasm of all time. Then, totally exhausted, we fell off into a deep, restful sleep.

When I awoke the next day to a great blowjob and got a chance to fuck that beautiful ass hole of hers, it was the start of a really great day. So I had to write and tell you all about this experience. And I am looking forward to many more beautiful nights with this wonderful woman.

You should have seen the looks we got when we went to work today, in the same car and the same clothes we had on the day before. Thanks, *Penthouse*, for being someone to tell this story to.—*Name and address withheld*

Primal screaming

I have been an avid fan of *Penthouse* for many years, and I have always envied the experiences that I have read about in the "Forum." Finally, however, I have had an experience myself worth writing about.

I recently went camping for a weekend with two friends, Roger and David, at Fall Creek Falls State Park here in central Tennessee, a few hours from Nashville. We spent Saturday morning hiking around on the day trails and soon found them too crowded for our liking. So we decided to strike out on our own. We left the crowds gathered at the base of the falls and followed the creek downstream over rugged rocks for quite a ways. The rough going had us hot and sweaty, and we soon reached a spot that we thought would be isolated enough to strip naked and go for a swim.

The water was extremely refreshing, and in fact was so cold that it shrank our vital parts! We frolicked for a while, feeling primitive and natural, when we heard noises coming from the woods along the shore. I looked up to see three lovely young ladies tromping along in full backpacking gear. Needless to say, we were more than a bit embarrassed, and I rather expected them to be frightened and leave. Much to my surprise, however, the one in the lead flashed us a big smile and said, "Hi!" I managed to mumble something in response, and another of the girls said, "Mind if we join you?" We all grew excited at the thought of seeing those supple forms naked and splashing in the water. I watched admiringly as they slipped off their packs and got out of their clothes. They plunged into the chilly river, the cold making their nipples stand up and salute.

After a bit of good-natured romping together, the cold of the water got to be too much, and I climbed up on a rock with Melanie, the one who had spoken first, to catch some sun and warm up. No sooner were we there than she took a look at my shriveled schlong and said, "Aw, did the cold water shrink your pecker? I'll bet I can make it get big." With that she took my withered organ into her mouth and within moments had it standing proud at its full nine inches. From somewhere behind me, I heard one of the other girls tell Dave, "I want to suck your big fat cock," and out in the middle of the river Roger had found a warm place to put his pulsating manhood. Melanie's long brown hair tickled my stomach as her head bobbed up and down on my engorged member. I

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reached out to fondle her gorgeous breasts. From behind I heard Kim moaning, and twisted around enough to see her engaged in a furious 69 with David.

Melanie's skillful sucking had brought me to the brink of an explosive orgasm, and she, sensing this, stopped and squeezed the tip, saying, "Got to save something for me!" Out in the shallow water Roger and Jan were going at it so hard I thought their splashing would empty the river. I turned Melanie around and began licking her quivering quim, and soon I had her shuddering in a violent orgasm. She then rolled over and said, "Your prick is so beautiful. Fill me up with your fat cock." She mounted me and began rocking up and down, back and forth. Soon I couldn't hold off any longer. I thought my whole body would explode as I shot my wad in her wet cunt.

Exhausted, we turned around to catch the show behind us. We were just in time to see Dave shoot a hot load of come into Kim's mouth. She smiled sweetly as she swallowed, licking her chin to catch a dribble and then going back down on him to finish off every last bit. "Mmm, that's good," she said as he gently stroked her voluptuous tits. She began to fondle his peter and soon had him hard again, whereupon he mounted her and began pumping. By this time Jan had had enough of the cold water, and Melanie was so hot from our session that she wanted to cool off again; so Roger and I traded partners. Jan's wet, sensuous body glistened in the sun as she approached me, smiling. "He's a tough act to follow, but you look to me like you can measure up," she said as she began stroking my flaccid penis.

We fucked for what seemed like hours, during which Jan must have climaxed a dozen times, and finally I came even more earthshakingly than before. David and Kim had rejoined Roger and Melanie in the water, and after catching our breath Jan and I did so as well. We were soon cooled off. We got out of the water, dried off, and got dressed. We invited the girls to come by our campsite later on for some wine, and they said they might drop in. After good-bye kisses all around, they were off into the woods again. We never saw them again, but they gave us something we will remember the rest of our lives!—*F.W., Nashville, Tenn.*

Overtime pay

What do you say to people when they ask, "Why doesn't a pretty girl like you have a boyfriend?" I'd like to say "I prefer older, sophisticated women."

I was working in a bank where a stunning brunette caught my attention. Not too many people catch my attention, but she was very beautiful and carried herself very gracefully. I had to see how she spoke. If it's one thing I can't stand, it's someone with terrible diction. As it turned out, her speech was as beautiful as everything else about her.

It took me a while just to find out what her name was. Under the circumstances, I had to be careful. For a while I had to settle for just watching her when we were in the cafeteria. She caught me staring at her, and she looked back. I didn't know whether it was just to see if I was still staring or not. I made eye contact anyway. I found out her name and what department she worked in. Sometimes she would walk into my department, and I would freeze and my hands would shake. She was breathtaking.

I got a transfer into her department. From the first day, I could see that everyone in the department catered to her. She completely ignored me unless she was reprimanding me about something I didn't do to her liking. One day I just got fed up, and I stood up to her. She was appalled at first; then she got a gleam in her eyes. She had such beautiful eyes. No one had ever stood up to her before. I could have lost my job. From then on she started treating me with a little respect. I think it attracted her to me.

Sometimes I would catch her staring at my ass. I did flaunt it. Because she was a boss in the department, sometimes she would have to stay to finish the work in the evening after everyone had gone. One evening I offered to stay and help, and she accepted. She had been overfriendly that day. She was leaning over me so closely that I had my elbow in her crotch. I stood up to sharpen my pencil, and I was practically in her arms. Our eyes met, and she asked me if I wanted a ride home in her Cadillac.

I reached down to adjust the tape player, and my arm rubbed against her leg. I still wasn't sure about her, but I de-

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cided to gamble. I ran my hand up her leg, and she looked at me and smiled. We stopped at a red light. I kissed her while I fumbled with the buttons on her blouse. My crotch was pulsating. I kneeled on the seat and pressed my body into her as I kissed her neck. Breathing heavily, I asked her to park. She said to wait until we got to her apartment.

We were barely in the door when she had me pinned against the wall. We kissed, and as our tongues met, she rubbed her body against mine and massaged between my legs. I kissed my way down her body, trying to pull her onto the floor. She led me into the bedroom. I pushed her onto the bed. As we kissed, we frantically tugged at each other's clothing. I ground my crotch into her leg as I kissed and played with her breasts. As I ran my tongue down over her belly, she started squirming. I licked the sides of her legs. I was teasing her with my tongue while I kissed and bit at her tits.

Suddenly I stopped. She held my head between her legs and started bucking and moaning. Then she pulled me up to her and kissed me. I grabbed a rocket-shaped cosmetic container off the night-stand and told her to use it on me. She started sliding it in and out slowly and then rapidly as I moved my body to the motion. I stuck my finger in her anus, and for a moment she froze. Then she started moving up and down on my hand. We both climaxed together.

Later we relaxed in each other's arms. I had just let go of what had been building up for months. I ran my fingers through her beautiful short, dark hair. I had fantasized about doing that for a long time. Then we got dressed and went into the living room and lay on the couch. Soon I fell asleep, with my head in her lap while she caressed me.—*Name and address withheld*

Dressing-room follies

My friends and I are avid readers of your magazine, specifically the "Forum" section. I had always thought that these letters were interesting yet hard to believe until a very memorable experience happened to me.

It all began one afternoon when my girl friend, Kelly, and I were shopping in a mall. The afternoon was almost over when she mentioned that she would like to stop at a ladies' boutique to try on some dresses. When we had both agreed on about five dresses, she proceeded to the front of the store to use the dressing room. Knowing how slow she is, I started to wander toward the back of the store, looking at the display of women's bathing suits, while she was in the dressing room.

As I was standing there, a dressing-room door opened, and one of the most beautiful girls I'd ever seen walked out and asked, "How do you like this suit on me?" Stuttering frequently as I spoke, I said, "F-f-fantastically b-b-beautiful." Then she commented, "Your pants seem a little tight; maybe I could help alter them." At that moment she reached over and kissed me while she grabbed my hard cock. Forgetting about my girl friend, I immediately followed her into the dressing room. It wasn't long before we were completely nude and she was sitting on my steaming rod. Pumping away at such a rapid and carefree pace, I hadn't even noticed the loud noises she was making. Just as I was about to spray my goo inside her flaming cunt, the dressing room door flung open and there stood the sales clerk. I immediately withdrew my swollen organ, but before I could control myself, I shot my load all over the swimsuit lying on the floor. The startled sales clerk closed the door and with a shocked tone in her voice murmured, "I hope you found the right swimsuit for your friend."

Throwing my clothes on, I quickly grabbed the cream-lined swimsuit and ran to the checkout counter to pay for this suit. Remembering my girl friend in the front of the store, I quickly threw out $30 and told the girl to keep the change. I ran to the front of the store and made it just in time to meet my girl friend coming out of the dressing room. I told her that I had a present for her. Then I thought to myself, "This is the most exquisite, yet enjoyable, thirty dollars I have ever spent."—*Name and address withheld*

Super service

I haven't noticed any letters recently from anyone in the military about any experiences with the "new military" (woman). Well, just to show the service is not all that bad with women in it, here is a little something that happened to me a couple of months ago.

I am in charge of an office at a small base in the Midwest. We have six in our office, one of them being a woman. And although only 19, she is in every respect a woman. I have to admit I am much older (45) and had never thought of fooling around with someone I work with (it's a bad deal in the military—she can always hold it over your head), but I also believe in the old saying, "A stiff cock has no conscience." She and I had a good working relationship, generally just grab-assing around and making eyes at each other, until one night we happened to be on duty at the same time. She (I'll call her Kit) was down in the office working, and I thought I'd go down and catch up on some letter writing.

Although Kit usually wore slacks in the office, tonight she had a skirt on, and it came about six inches above her knees. We did our usual kidding around, and I sat down to write my letter. Kit came over behind me and asked me about a job she was doing and playfully blew in my ear. As she did so, I reached my hand behind

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me and ran it up the back of her leg, about halfway up her thigh. Naturally, she jumped back (with a devilish look in her eye), and I jokingly said, "Blow in my ear again and I'll have to give you some extra duty." Kit mussed up my hair and went back to her chair. But about 15 minutes minutes later she was back, and this time she leaned over my back and pressed her breast against my shoulder. This time she blew very softly in my ear and didn't move when I moved my hand up the back of her leg again. I turned my chair around slowly, keeping my hand up her skirt (I was to the edge of her panties this time). As I moved my other hand up the outside of her other leg, she reached down and kissed me softly on the lips, her tongue very slowly entering my mouth. This was just too much for me, and I stood up, placing my hands on her ass and giving her some tongue back. (I must explain that Kit is what is considered "cute," just a little bit of "baby fat" in the right places. She has short blonde hair and probably the most beautiful shaped legs I've ever seen, baby fat and all.)

Not a word had been said so far, and I now turned Kit around and leaned her against the desk, really rubbing my rock-hard cock against her. I moved one hand around and reached in the top of her panties to her snatch. I was so hot by this time I couldn't move fast enough. Besides, I thought she would change her mind and pull back. But once I had my hand on her cunt, playing with her clit, her moans told me "no sweat." I moved the hand that was squeezing her ass and started to unbutton her blouse. Our lips still hadn't parted, and no words were spoken. Once her blouse was unbuttoned, I reached around and undid her bra, at the same time putting a finger on her moist clit. Our lips finally parted, and I started down her neck, then to her lovely breasts, gently licking the nipples and squeezing them. After about ten minutes of this, I moved my mouth farther down to the top of her panties. She still had the skirt on, but that didn't get in the way. As I started kissing her tummy and moved down farther, my hands were moving her panties down—they were below her knees now. Then I started running my tongue through the hairs of her pussy, and the panties were off.

Both my hands were on her thighs now, and her hands were pulling my head down and in. I sat her on the edge of the desk, kissed the inside of her soft, beautiful thighs, running my tongue around her downy mound. My tongue played games around the outside and against her now-hard clit until she finally threw her legs over my shoulders and pulled my head as hard as possible against her cunt. As I licked and nibbled the entire area, I put two fingers into her wet pussy, slowly moving them in and out. This must have gone on for 20 minutes or so (I wasn't keeping time), until she gave a deep moan and her legs wrapped around my head, her whole body quivering. She finally spoke, saying it was the first time a guy had made her come while eating her.

She finally released my head after about ten minutes, and I raised myself and gave her a deep tongue-kiss while my hand was zipping down my fly. I grabbed my iron cock in my hand and rubbed on the outside her wet pussy. She flinched a bit, but then her tongue went deep into my mouth, and I responded by slowly sliding my cock into her. It was in just an inch when—son of a bitch!—I realized she was a virgin.

This shocked me, what with the reputation the girls in the service have for fooling around. Kit brought me back to life by saying "Do it, Jim!" That's all it took, and I pushed it in until I felt the resistance break and I was in up to the hilt. Neither of us moved for a couple of minutes, and I told her to start moving when she felt she could. This took about ten seconds, and I responded to her movements, slowly picking up speed with each thrust. Then all hell broke loose—she was half off the desk, and I had to grab her with both hands before we both went on the floor. Her legs were around my waist now and her arms tightly around my neck, and I just couldn't hold back anymore. I rammed it in to the balls, my come shooting out like a 15-year-old kid's. She went about another five minutes, then wrapped her arms and legs tightly around me. I could feel her cunt squeezing, her tongue again in my ear, her voice saying softly, "Fuck, fuck, fuck . . ."

Our bodies relaxed before I slowly slid out of her. We rested for a couple of minutes, sharing a cigarette, and I asked her how she felt. "Fine and dandy," she said, "but just a little sore down there." So, being the gentleman I was, I knelt in front of her, lifted her skirt once more, and gently kissed and licked her sore pussy. She told me to stop for now before she got going again, and I replied, "Nothing wrong with that." But she was a bit sore, and I stopped.

After we got our clothes together, she said she would like to do it again with me and that she liked older men who were gentle. I mentioned getting a motel in a week or so, and she readily agreed, saying, "Although I've never done it before, I'll give you the same pleasure with my mouth that yours gave me." And you know something? She did. But that's another story. All I can say is: don't underestimate the girls in the service. One of them may "work" for you some day.—*Name and address withheld*

"You'll leave me an ounce of Colombian if I bring you a pony? Kiddo, you got a deal!"

Friendly gesture

Being high on grass is one of the pleasures I enjoy, but lying naked with two great-looking guys on the grass is a high I think few women ever have the chance to enjoy.

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Stereo Receivers	Min. RMS Power Per Channel into 8 Ohms from 20Hz-20kHz	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power (Max.)	FM Sensitivity Stereo—50dB*	Phono S/N (10mV IHF A)
SA-1000	330 watts	0.03%	36.2 dBf	97dB
SA-800	125 watts	0.04%	36.2 dBf	95dB
SA-700	100 watts	0.04%	36.2 dBf	95dB
SA-600	70 watts	0.04%	37.2 dBf	90dB
SA-500	55 watts	0.04%	37.2 dBf	90dB

*IHF '75 standard

Of course, you expect the unexpected from Technics, and with Acoustic Control that's just what you get. With the low-boost switch and the bass control, you can add more punch to bass instruments. While the treble high-boost switch brings out the brilliance in both vocals and instrumentals.

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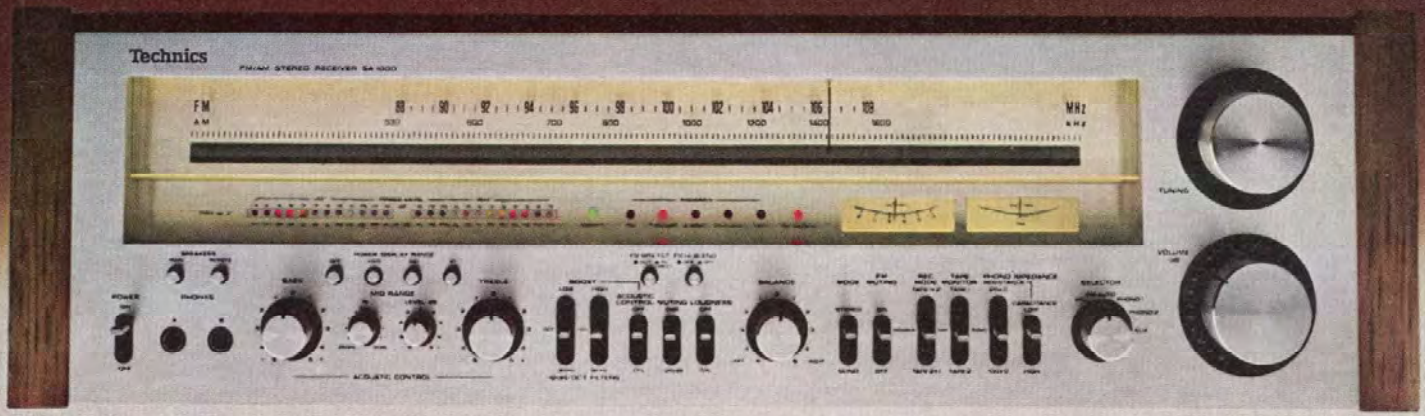

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THE EAGLE HAS LANDED ...ON ALL FOURS.

My husband and I have a great sex life and a very close relationship. In talking out our fantasy, I thought it might be fun to have a friend join us. And of course since it was *my* fantasy, I wanted a male friend. We talked of who and how but never really planned anything.

Then, one night last summer when we were out, we ran into an old friend of ours. Nothing too much happening on a hot summer's night; so the three of us went for a ride. Smoked a couple of joints and talked about how to cool off. I'm not sure if we were all thinking the same thing, but soon the conversation had turned to sex.

By now my mind was whirling. My cunt was throbbing and my whole body shaking. I was sandwiched between two exquisite males, both over six feet tall. My husband, Joe, who looks like Alan Bates, the movie star, with a full beard and the greatest-looking legs I've ever seen. Our friend Dave, a blond Swede with really nice hands.

As we continued to drive around, getting stoned, my husband suggested we find a nice, quiet place to relax. He was tired of driving. He was also getting horny, with my hand resting on his leg, ready to grab a quick feel when Dave was looking the other way. It didn't take me long to discover a nice-size bulge. I looked up into his face to see a smile, a wink, and a twinkle in his eyes. He squeezed my leg. He leaned over at the light and asked if I wanted my fantasy to come true. Not sure of our friend, I looked over. Dave smiled and said, "I'm game for anything."

Trying to figure out where to go, with all of us short of money, took a while. We decided on a nice spot Joe knew about out in the country, some land a friend of his owned. The ride there was not too long but long enough for my pants to get wet—and to find out Dave was ready, too. As we drove by our friend's house to park the car so no one would see it, the thought of what might happen had me aching. Heat seemed to pour from my crotch. My body shook as if it were cold, but it was from excitement.

After parking, we gathered up our paraphernalia, blankets and such. And with the same thought we followed Joe quietly past the house, back into a wooded area, until we came upon a clearing. Spreading out our blanket, the three of us decided to smoke another joint, then to lie back and watch the stars.

Soon talk returned once again to sex. Dave asked Joe if he knew what it felt like to let his balls lie naked on the grass. When Joe said no, Dave told him it felt real good. With that, they both got up to take off their clothes. Of course, I sat up to watch, not knowing where to look first but thankful that the moon was out. I still couldn't believe these two gorgeous hunks were now naked in front of me. They both lay down in the grass, expounding on how great it felt, each saying how I should join them.

But I was shaking so much from anticipation I couldn't move. As I sat there trembling, my husband came over, sat down, and drew me to him. Kissing my hair, neck, and face, he told me softly to relax and that it was okay. He laid me back gently on the blanket, holding me for a few minutes, and my shaking subsided.

Joe continued to kiss me as he rubbed my now quieter body. Then, as he began to trace the edge of my cutoffs with his fingers, Dave appeared above me. Kneeling down beside me, he too started caressing me. Again my body began to quiver.

Both of them were reassuring me, telling me to relax and enjoy and coaxing me to tell them what I liked as they slowly began to undress me, kissing and licking my newly exposed body. The sensation of two tongues and four hands exploring my body was fantastic. With little or no urging, they soon found my dripping cunt, one with his mouth, the other with his fingers. As they continued kissing and probing, they positioned themselves so I could get a few strokes in myself. Reaching out to take hold of two magnificent cocks ready for fucking was a dream come true.

Having never tasted Dave's cock, I wanted his sweet meat in my mouth. Moving so I could devour him, I found my ass in the air, and my husband in one smooth move entered me from the rear—one of our favorite positions. He was reaching around to stimulate my already swollen clitoris. Gently, we all settled down on the blanket for some heavy sucking and fucking.

I tickled Dave's balls as I gave him the best blowjob I could. It wasn't long before he exploded in my mouth. As I sucked Dave dry, Joe fucked me deep and hard. I started to come, reaching a peak I never knew was possible. As my body shuddered and my cunt contracted, letting Joe know I was coming, he came, too, pumping into me with a rhythm I know so well, making us both cry out in ecstasy.

As we lay there in the quiet night, the three of us exhausted from our pleasure, we all agreed "it has been real."—*Name and address withheld*

Making do

My husband and I have been apart for the last few months because I had to come to a new town (to take a state-qualifying exam), and my husband hasn't been able to join me because of his job. It was very frustrating and lonely without him, but when I finally passed my exam the other day, I decided to celebrate as best as I could.

On my way to the apartment I've sublet, I stopped at a store and picked up the latest *Penthouse* and a bottle of wine. When I got home, the first thing I did was turn on the stereo and get into some mellow music and a tub of warm bath water—along with a glass of wine to sip while I

soaked. The warm water encompassing my body seemed to unwind every nerve in my body. The wine felt good inside, and my skin felt very warm to the touch. The music mellowed me out into a state of drunken horniness, and I knew exactly what I wanted.

After I dried off, I lay on the bed and slowly felt my nipples harden under my expert fingers. Then I gradually worked my hands down my stomach and began playing with my clit. I remembered what had just arrived for me in the mail: a new attachment for my recently purchased vibrator, which my husband and I bought through *Penthouse*. I pulled out the vibrator and let it titillate my clit. I got so hot and wet—my lips swelled and were so damp that it was as though I had been eaten for hours. I really needed a cock jammed in my pussy by now. So I attached the new arrival, which is a replica of a penis, and turned it on, slowly shoving the vibrating shaft inside me. I wanted so much to have my husband's hot mouth on my clit, teasing and gently biting on me! My hand worked frantically at my clit to get myself off. It seemed as though I just kept getting wetter and hornier. I removed the vibrator only momentarily to pull out my dildo.

I let the vibrator harden my clit until I was ready to scream. It was as though I was brought up to the highest peak before falling into a gushing orgasm. I propped up a mirror on my pillow and watched the dildo work in and out of my pleading cunt as the vibrator worked at my hard, red clit. In moments I was moaning and moving in time with my shattering orgasm. It felt so good! My thighs were so warm and wet with the flow of my love juices, and I felt myself smile as I gently fell into a dreamless sleep.

My husband will be with me soon, but until then I guess I'll be a more faithful reader of your magazine than I was. I do have one complaint, though: the subtitle on your cover is inappropriate. It says, "The International Magazine for Men" when it should read, ". . . and Women" as well!—*Name and address withheld*

Model form

I would like to relate to you an experience I had a year and a half ago. I was a freshman in college. I guess I was shy, and still am, because the only real date I had in high school was the time I went to the senior prom.

My going to college was my first extended stay away from home. My roommate, Scott, was also a freshman. He had an athletic scholarship in gymnastics, which meant that he had a terrific physique. Since we were both freshmen, we had a lot to talk about. We got along pretty well.

One of my electives was a drawing class. A couple of girls dropped out after a few days, which left only eight guys to make up the entire class. A couple of weeks into the quarter, our class assignment was to draw nudes. It was September and really hot. Everyone on campus was wearing shorts, and most guys wore no shirts. It was time for drawing class. Everyone had his drawing pad ready, and we were waiting for the models. All the guys were excited, anticipating some dynamite-looking girls to stand naked in front of them for an hour. When two nude guys walked in, everyone sighed. One of them was Scott. The instructor gave us some instructions and left the room.

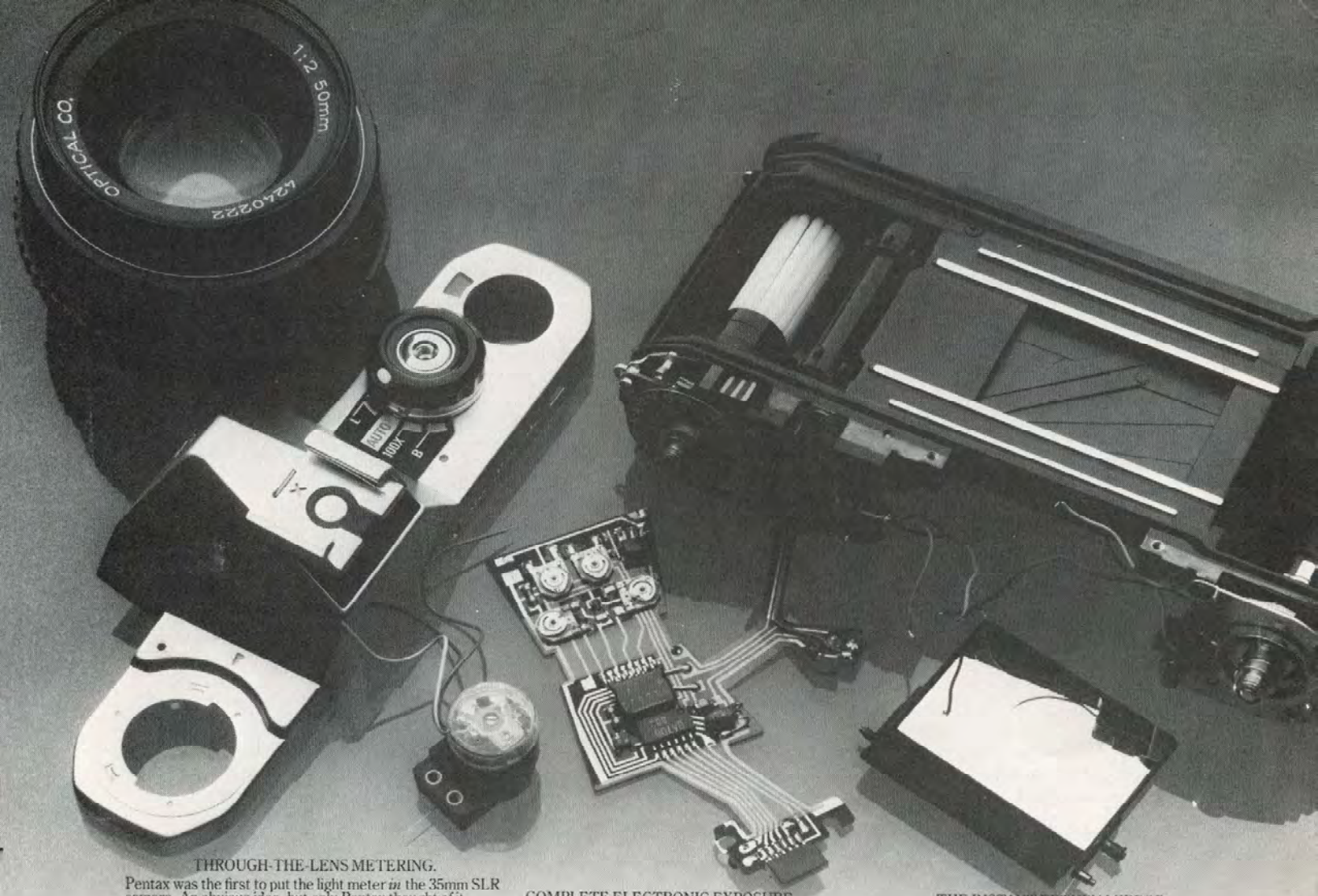
I studied the models again. Scott was seated; the other was standing. Both had well-developed bodies. Scott was tan all over, and it seemed that he must have spent some time at a nude beach. His stomach was flat, hips small, and rib cage large: his suntanned penis was small.

After a few minutes, the other model moved, pushing his genitals against Scott's face. Rather than turn away, Scott moved his head back and forth and began licking the guy's testicles. I had a hard time trying to keep sketching, as I had never seen this before and I was interested.

Before long Scott was giving him a blowjob. It didn't take long, and my cock became engorged. I looked around, and everyone else had a bulge in his pants, too. Several were even rubbing their crotches. Two guys stripped and joined the models. One started sucking Scott's dong, and the other put his pud up Scott's bung hole. The foursome was really getting into it. By this time the other students, including me, had our hard-ons in our hands, working furiously. One of the students came around to all of us and said something. We all got up and formed a circle around the orgy. We were all stroking our peckers, and it wasn't long before our sperm had shot into the air and landed on the four of them. My load landed on Scott's head. He looked at me and smiled.

After supper I was in my room studying, and Scott came in and asked me to give him an alcohol rub. I told him I would do so later, after I finished studying. It was still hot; so Scott stripped and lay faceup on his bed. I was quick to finish my work. I turned around and looked at Scott. His bronze body was beautiful. His pecker was flaccid and small, as I had noticed in art class. His eyes opened, and he saw me looking at him. "Well, you ready?" he asked. I told him yes. He replied, "If I'm nude, you have to be, too!" I was startled but obeyed his command. He rolled over, looking away from me. I started on his legs and worked my way up his golden-brown body. As I rubbed the cooling alcohol on his buttocks, he tightened his muscles. It gave me a slight thrill, and I could feel myself getting a hard-on. I moved up his torso. I spent some time rubbing his rib cage. By that time I had a whopper of a hard-on. Scott

"You're a disgrace to the canine marijuana detection corp."



THROUGH-THE-LENS METERING.
Pentax was the first to put the light meter *in* the 35mm SLR camera. An obvious idea, but only Pentax thought of it.

COMPLETE ELECTRONIC EXPOSURE, SLR AUTOMATION.
Pentax was the first to "marry" the through-the-lens light meter with a computer in a 35mm SLR camera, so that what the meter reads automatically controls the exposure. A breakthrough, to say the least, and again Pentax did it first.

THE INSTANT RETURN MIRROR.
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Every 35mm SLR camera has a little Pentax in it.

If you took every Pentax innovation out of every 35mm SLR camera on the market, you'd have a pretty hard time trying to take a picture.

And it's very flattering to think that so many camera companies can't live without some of our ideas. But really, it's getting so we can't introduce something one year without seeing a bunch of different versions of it in the stores the next year.

For instance, last year we took our knowledge and experience in 35mm and applied it to the design of the Pentax System 10, the world's first Single Lens Reflex camera with interchangeable lenses that takes 110 cartridge film. Even now, we're starting to see the imitations.

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Meanwhile, we've already done it ourselves with the new automatic Pentax MV and we are introducing the MV at an even lower price than the ME.

So if you're in the market for a camera, don't buy 1/10 of a Pentax, 1/5 of a Pentax, or even 1/4. Get the whole, complete and genuine article from your Pentax dealer today.

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rolled over, revealing his suntanned cock. I stopped rubbing alcohol on him and started stroking my hard dong.

In a short time my white honey exploded onto his chest. I kept stroking my pecker, trying to milk every drop. It felt so good. When I was done, Scott took my hand, placed it around his penis, and began sliding it up and down on the bronze shaft, showing me how he liked a handjob performed.

Before long he dropped his hand, and I kept stroking. His penis stood straight up in the air as I rubbed it. Suddenly his white sperm leaped in the air. I kept sliding my hand, and his come kept flowing, although it just dribbled out of the head of his penis onto my hand, lubricating my rhythmic motion. His balls were finally dry.

Scott moved over, and I got into bed with him. That night I experienced anal penetration for the first time, with the help of a lot of Vaseline. I also put my pud into Scott's well-worn ass hole. I also learned that the majority of the gymnastics team frequently enjoyed each other's company in more ways than one.—*Name and address withheld*

Swinging Cindy

My wife and I have been married for three years. We both are in our early twenties and really enjoy getting it on. My wife, Cindy, is a real fox. She's five feet six inches, 37-26-36, and blonde. We have experimented with other couples and really enjoy swinging, although we haven't done very much of it.

Once we contacted another couple. After our initial meeting, a few nights later, my wife lay on the couch, nude. I sat down next to her and began to rub her tired shoulders. After a while, my hands moved down to her back and ass. As I began rubbing her from head to toe, I knelt down beside her and let my mouth work her body up to a frenzy. I spread her thighs and began to tongue her thighs, ass, and pussy. About the time when she began bucking back and I had put a finger deep into her very tight cunt, we heard a knock on the door.

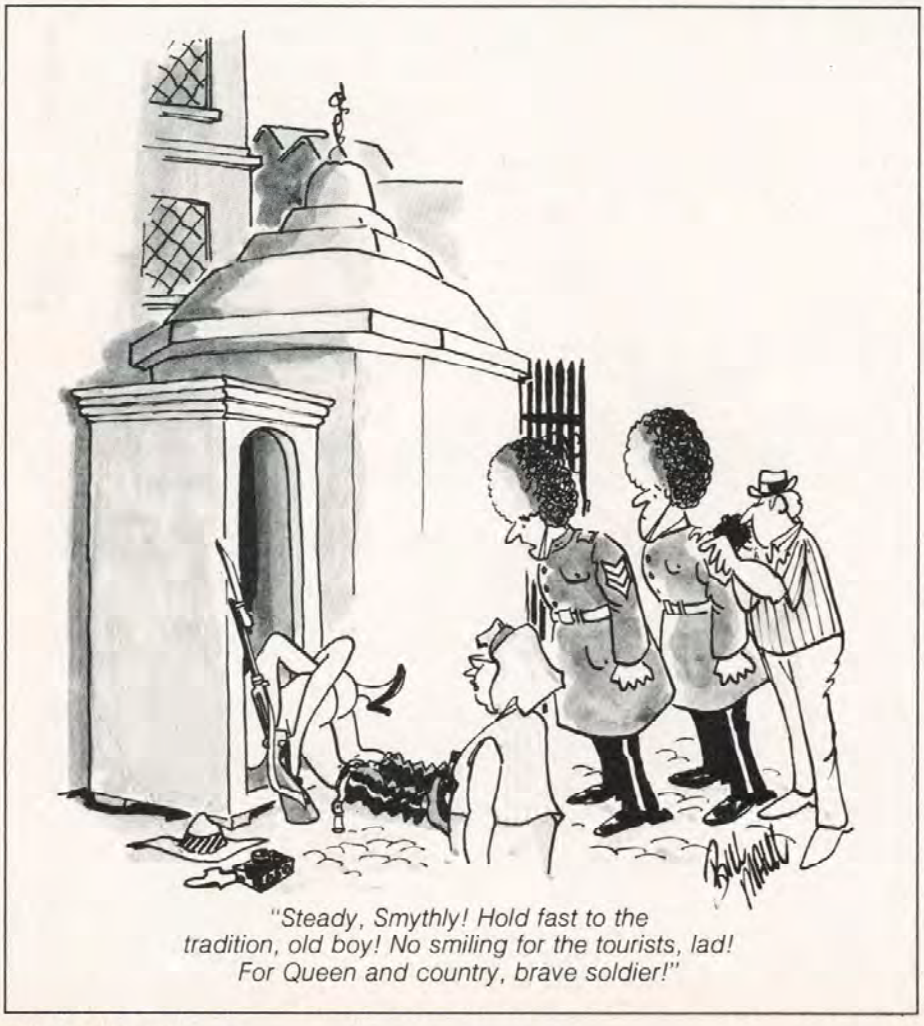
There stood Ron, the male half of the couple whom we had contacted a few days before. He said that he stopped by to see how we were doing. I asked him in, and he was shocked to see me standing there nude. I called Cindy out of the bedroom, and she came out with a smile and walked up to us with her large breasts moving slightly with each step.

Ron couldn't believe how gorgeous she was. We led her to the couch and continued what I had started. Cindy really began to get turned on because she had two men now. Ron and I alternated licking her pussy and ass hole. I'd never seen Cindy quite so wet before. She alternately sucked one of us while jacking the other off. After a while, Ron had an orgasm and Cindy swallowed it all down and then licked her lips, making sure that she got every drop.

We then moved over to the open floor, and Ron said that he had an idea. Cindy knelt on her hands and knees, with her ass and cunt totally exposed. I crawled under her and toyed with her large nipples, which had grown very hard from horniness. I fondled and pinched at her nipples while my head was directly under her sopping pussy. Ron rubbed the head of his cock against her cunt and then slowly entered her. He couldn't get over how tight her pussy was, and I couldn't believe what I was seeing! It was the most erotic thing imaginable. His cock was appearing and disappearing in and out of her pussy, and I watched it pushing and pulling her cunt lips as his balls slapped her pussy. On an impulse, I reached and began kissing and tonguing her pussy while pulling her nipples. Her head went to my cock, and we had a perfect little chain going!

After Ron came, I took his place. It was wonderful. Cindy fucked against me so hard that I thought she would hurt herself. She seemed to come over and over. I soon lost my wad inside her hungry pussy, and we all kicked back for a while. After a drink, we all went to the bedroom. Ron and I took turns at eating her pussy and sucking her breasts. Cindy sucked our cocks, and we fucked her again. Before Ron left, he and I jerked off and shot our loads on Cindy's face, tits, and stomach and we watched her rub the jism in.

After Ron left, Cindy and I made love again and fell asleep in each other's arms.—*Name and address withheld*



"Steady, Smythly! Hold fast to the tradition, old boy! No smiling for the tourists, lad! For Queen and country, brave soldier!"

Hot property

I have read your magazine for a long time now, but I find the biggest turn-on is your "Forum" section. I'll admit that some of the letters you receive seem to be a bit farfetched. But, like many others, since I had my own once-in-a-lifetime experience, I am now a believer!

I have been selling real estate for six years. Just recently I began specializing in the resale of the larger, more expensive homes in exclusive neighborhoods.

One particular Friday afternoon in May, I got a call about one of our split-level palaces from a woman with a sexy-sounding voice. She said her name was Tammi. She and her cousins had come into a very large amount of money. They bought a disco in New England, and they were looking for a winter home in sunny Florida. The particular house she was inquiring about seemed to be just what they wanted. I made an appointment with her to show her the home; within half an hour I was wheeling my van up the driveway.

There were four lovely ladies, ranging in age from mid-twenties to late twenties, I guessed, waiting to greet me. We had a round of formal introductions, beginning

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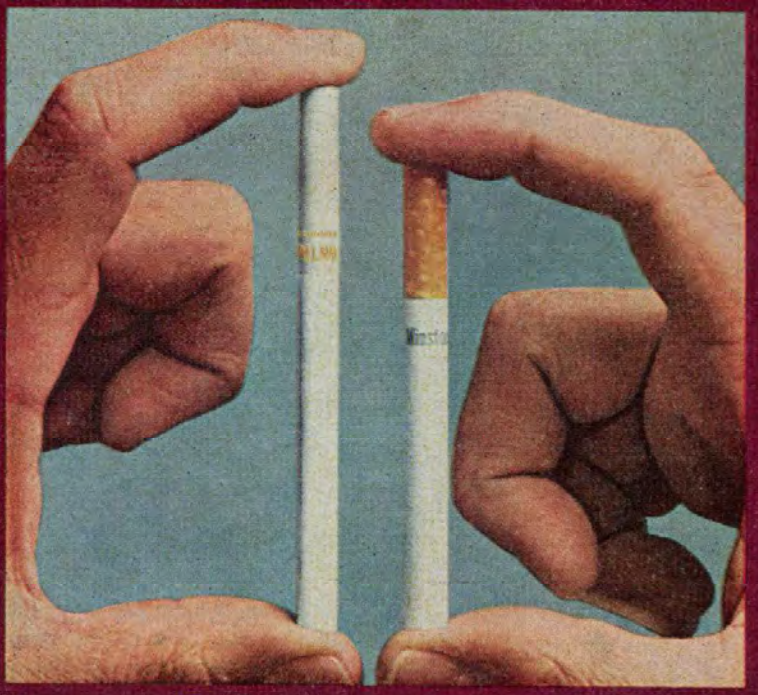

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with Tammi. She was the eldest and the spokeswoman for the group. Her long legs and waist-length blonde hair were stunning. Then came Jill, Bev, and Lynn. Jill was a knockout with an Afro hairstyle. Her slender frame made her tits look almost too big for her to carry. Beverly was the shortest of the four, but her figure and face certainly made up for her height. Finally, I met Lynn. She had reddish blonde hair and the most beautiful smile you could imagine. I explained to the girls that the owners had left most of the furniture to be sold with the home and then bought a condo on the beach. Accordingly, they were anxious to sell.

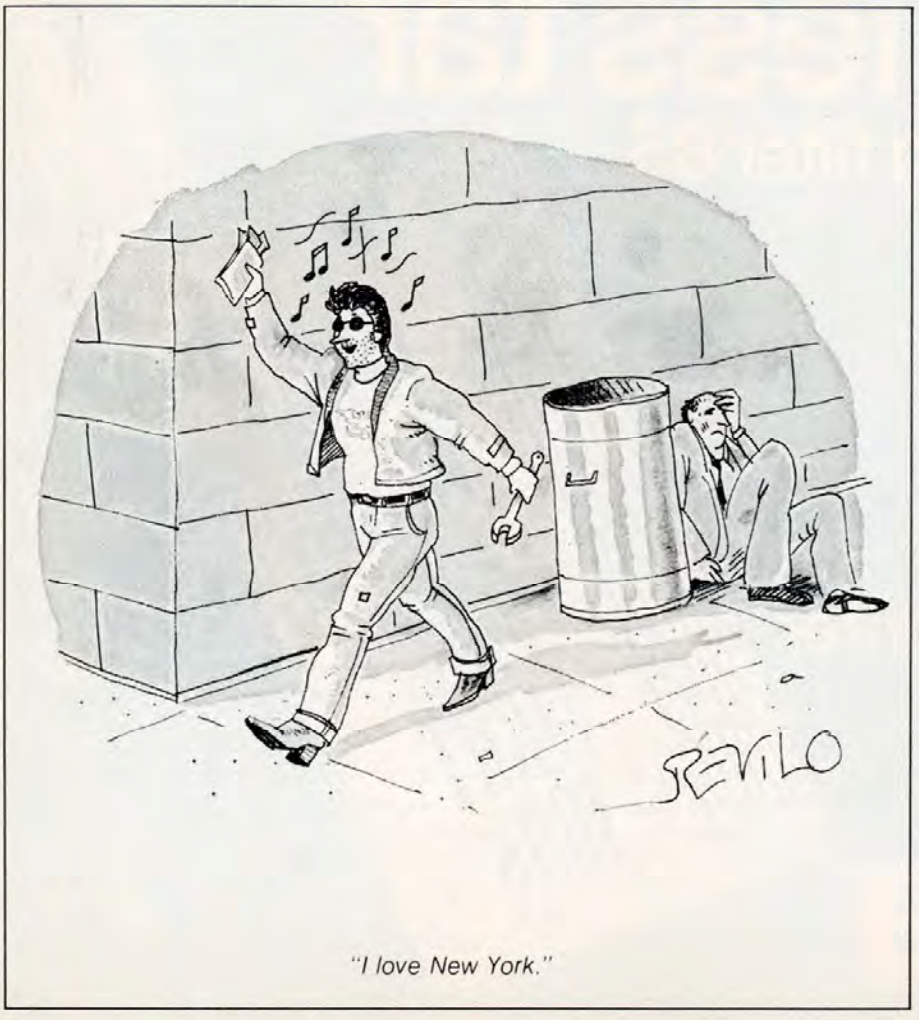
We went inside, and I began pointing out the finer qualities of the place. Tammi was asking all the questions while the others were whispering and giggling to one another. Halfway through the tour, however, I realized that Bev and Lynn were no longer with us. Tammi said that they were probably getting the feel of the place. As we were about to enter the game room, I thought I heard soft, moaning sounds. Sure enough, when we entered the room, Bev and Lynn were in there, and in the nude. I felt the blood rush to my face and to my prick at the same time. Bev and Lynn had taken pillows off the couch and spread them on top of the pool table. So there they were, in a 69 position, just licking up on each other's cunts like they owned the place. I was slightly shocked, but I couldn't take my eyes off them.

Tammi laughed and said that it seemed that they had found a home. Then Jill suggested that we join the party and celebrate their new house. The next thing I knew, Tammi was putting a lip-lock on me and Jill was pulling my pants down and starting to give me head. I could hardly believe what was happening to me, but I wasn't going to resist. Tammi let me come up for air, and then she stripped. About that time the two on the table were climaxing. Tammi went over and began licking the come off their lips and helping them off the table. Jill stopped sucking me long enough to get undressed while Tammi led me to the pool table. She had me lie on my back; then she got up and straddled her pussy down over my cock. Jill came over and began kissing me. Then she asked whether I could take on one more. Before I could answer, her cunt was spreading over my face. I began licking Jill's twat, and Tammi was still riding up and down on my shaft. With the feel, the sights, the sounds, and the taste, it was all I could do to keep from losing my load right then. I was zeroing in on the pussy on my face when a gentle hand took mine and directed it to a very wet slit. So, with one on my cock, one on my mouth, and one in my hand, I figured the other cousin was going to do something.

I didn't have to wait long to find out what the last one had on her mind. I felt a hand massaging my sweat-covered nuts and a slick finger probing my ass hole. That was all I could take. My juice exploded inside Tammi for what seemed to be several minutes. About the same time Jill's cunt let loose with a stream of come in my mouth. After we untangled, poor Tammi was still yearning to come. So she assumed my position on the table, and Bev put her mouth on Tammi's cunt while Lynn sat on her face. Jill and I watched the show before us, and it wasn't too long before my rod was poking out in front of me like a purple pistol, ready to go off. I walked up behind Bev and played with her pussy while she was still slurping on Tammi. I got her ass hole wet with the juice from her own twat, and then I began to ease my cock into her tight ass. Jill came up and stuck one finger up my butt and masturbated herself with her other hand. Shortly thereafter all five of us were gasping into another climax.

After resting for a while, I suggested that I go get some booze and snacks to keep up our energy, for it was going to be a long night. Tammi looked me right in the cock, licked her lips, and promised everyone that she was going to get a mouthful of my cream all to herself before we were done for the night. Needless to say, when I got back from the store, we were all ready for action. Tammi fulfilled her promise, and the rest of that night was incredible.

They never did buy the house, nor have I seen or heard from them since. But I'm always happy to show those big homes in the fancy neighborhoods to anyone—especially when a woman caller wants to have an appointment.—*Name and address withheld*



"I love New York."

Fill 'er up

I never thought that I'd be writing to your magazine, but my friend Jerry and I, who have both just reached our eighteenth birthdays, have had an experience we will never forget.

We both work at a gas station and happened to be working together one fine night. Jerry was cleaning the bathrooms, and I was closing the inside of the store. I had just shut off the lights and was about to go read the gas pumps when a black Monte Carlo pulled in. There were four girls sitting in it. The driver asked me if she could still get gas. I said that we were closed, but she said that she had to get gas in order to make it home. Since I knew that no other gas stations were open, I said okay. One of the girls in the backseat asked if she could get some gum, too. I said yes.

All four of them got out to stretch. The driver wanted the tank filled; so I was doing her windows. Suddenly she came up and pinched my ass. Then her friend had to use the bathroom. I showed her where it was, and I told her the door was open. I forgot that Jerry was inside,

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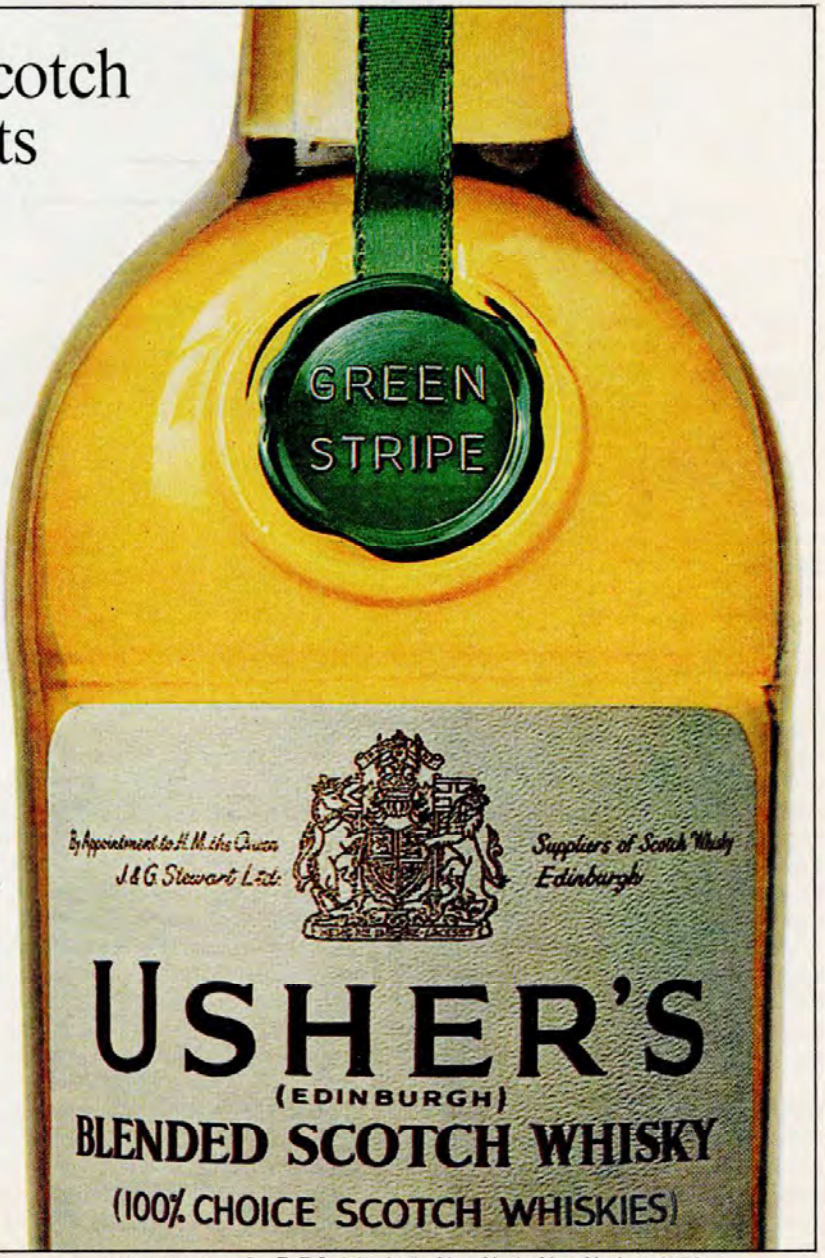

80 or 86 proof—B-F Spirits Ltd., New York, New York © 1979

cleaning. After a while, when everything was ready, I knocked on the bathroom door. I heard moaning; so I opened the door. Jerry was eating the girl out, and he was getting a blowjob while he was ramming the toilet paper spindle up her ass. I laughed and said that they could finish up in my van.

After I closed up, Jerry and I took all four of the girls in my van to a parking spot. Judy, the driver, and Patty came up to me and stripped me down. Jerry had been with all four of them on the way over, but now he was with just Sue and Cheryl.

Jerry had a cunt in his face and one on his cock. He was coming in Cheryl while Sue was coming on him. Meanwhile, I took Patty's tit in my mouth and started to chew on her nipple while Judy was licking my entire body and rubbing her cunt on my knee. I worked my way down Patty's stomach and licked her belly button while Judy was giving me the best head I'd ever gotten and she was getting eaten by Patty. We all came at the same time.

Judy licked and sucked my cock hard again while I sucked up all of Patty's luscious juices. Then Patty took a dildo out of her purse, stuck it up Judy's ass, and took my cock in her mouth. I put one hand on Patty's tit, and my other hand went down and teased Judy's thigh and clit. She was really wet and begged me to fuck her. I took my cock out of Patty's mouth and put it in Judy's steaming box. She came after about three strokes, and I came right afterward. Patty was fingering herself and ramming the dildo up Judy's ass at the same time. She came at the same time I did. I looked at Jerry and yelled, "Switch." We did and spent the whole night fucking, sucking, biting, and licking. I had to work the next day and, needless to say, I felt pretty tired.—*Name and address withheld*

Pizza party

I am a 20-year-old male attending a small junior college in southern Illinois. I am enrolled in the law-enforcement program. There are very few girls enrolled. Contrary to popular belief, all lady cops do not look like Charlie's Angels. But there is one girl (whom I'll call Kathy) who is fairly decent, and I wanted to jump in the sack with her for a long while.

So the other night after class I suggested we go over to my apartment and have a few drinks. After a while we got hungry and sent out for a pizza. Pretty soon the doorbell rang, and while I was paying for the pizza, Kathy headed for the bathroom, or so I thought. I sat down and took a bite, and she called for me to come back. To my surprise she was lying in my bed, with her legs spread, and she said, "This is better than any ole pizza." I practically choked.

She looked so beautiful lying there. The only parts of her body that weren't tanned were her large, erect, pink nipples and the most luscious cunt I'd ever laid eyes on. I literally ripped off my clothes, popping all of the buttons off my shirt.

I buried my head in her crotch, and she sucked on my "nightstick" with real authority. I stressed the fact that she should destroy the evidence, and like a good little policewoman, she swallowed every drop. In no time at all I was hard again, and we fucked for what seemed like an hour. Feeling as if I had just finished running the Boston Marathon, I suggested a shower. It lasted about two minutes, and we were back in bed again, this time going over every inch of each other. No body cavity was left unexplored.

By now the booze and the sex were getting to me, and I was on the verge of passing out. Before she left, however, I thought I heard her say something about revising the "stop and frisk" procedure.

It still seems like a dream. The whole time I kept thinking how nice it would be on those lonely nights in a police car if she were my partner. And she was right; she was better than pizza. In fact, she was the tastiest pizza ass I've ever eaten.

Now if all of this doesn't alter your opinion of the criminal justice system, nothing will!—*Name and address withheld*

Raunchy reconciliation

My wife and I recently separated after eight years of marriage, during which our sex life was less than sensational. We both decided to change that if possible. I was having some success, and I soon found out that she wasn't doing too bad, either.

Late this one fine evening, I dropped by our house unannounced to pick up a few things I needed. It didn't bother me that there was a strange car in the driveway, though I did note that my wife must be doing all right, since it was a new Cadillac.

I knocked at the back door, but when there was no answer, I decided I'd slip in and out quickly in case she had something going in the bedroom. As soon as I stepped in the door, though, I could hear moans coming from the front room. I couldn't resist taking a look, and what I saw was the biggest turn-on I'd ever had.

I knew my wife had always been attracted to black men but didn't know how much. There she was, with nothing on but a pair of black spiked heels, kneeling in front of *two* black studs, alternately sucking on them like a true tigress. As she would tongue one cock, the other guy would rub his tool over her gorgeous face and long, blonde hair. All three were enjoying themselves so much that they didn't even hear me come in.

Suddenly she stopped sucking and moaned, "Fuck me, fuck me, with all you've got!" She swung her ass around for the first taker—and then noticed me

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"It's my husband," she panted with laughter. "Look, honey, this is what fucking's all about. You can have some, too, if you want, 'cause I'm taking *all* I can get."

With that, one of the black dudes said, "Shut up and get to work, fox!" She eagerly obeyed, sucking on one cock while the other was being rammed in and out her sweet cunt.

There was no way I was going to walk out on this. Unleashing my throbbing cock, I made her suck it like never before. After a while she backed off and moaned to the black dude, "Stick it in my bun. I want all your cocks in all my holes."

It took some doing, but soon she was sitting on one black cock and had another being pumped into her rear end while she continued tonguing my cock with her blistered mouth. She kept coming and coming, and then finally the two black cocksmen climaxed almost at once. I thought her eyes were going to bulge out; she was having so much sperm pumped into her! Just as they finished, I shot my own load down her lovely throat.

After we had all gotten back our breath, my wife told me that the two black guys had picked her up at a shopping mall. She asked if I'd stay around and help them fuck her some more. Of course, I accepted. We gave her all we could, and she took it all like the hungriest whore alive.

Since then, we've reconciled, though we hardly have what you'd call a monogamous marriage. I realize now that we needed some interested third parties to stir up the old fires. They've done quite a job!—*Name and address withheld*

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Since then, we've reconciled, though we hardly have what you'd call a monogamous marriage. I realize now that we needed some interested third parties to stir up the old fires. They've done quite a job!—*Name and address withheld*

Consolation prize

I used to believe that the people writing letters to the *Penthouse* "Forum" were making up stories, but not anymore. My adventure is so amazing, I just had to write and tell my story to the world.

I'm a student at the University of Georgia in Athens, a place not known for progressive sexual activity. The whole thing started the night the returns for student elections came in. I had run for the student senate unsuccessfully. After learning of my defeat, I headed back to the fraternity house to drown my sorrows in drink. I was sitting alone in my bedroom when one of the brothers, an ex-navy man I'll call "J," walked in and sat down next to me. The conversation turned to my election bid, and J was most sympathetic to my anguish. He had put his arm around my shoulders while comforting me and had his other hand resting on my thigh. Perhaps it was the effect of the alcohol or maybe the depression I was in, but the contact with J's body was incredibly stimulating. My dong quickly stiffened, aching to bust out of my khakis. Previous to this encounter, my sexual experiences were strictly heterosexual, although I must admit I had been tempted to experiment with my own sex.

I guess J felt the same way, for he began to squeeze my thigh, slowly letting his hand travel to my bulging crotch. It was like I was in a trance. All I could do was watch as J slowly unzipped my pants and removed my pulsating rod. The sensitivity he showed was very erotic, and he proceeded to give me the best blowjob I ever had. The way his tongue revolved around my purple shaft drove me absolutely wild. Soon I could hold myself no longer, and I shot my tremendous wad into his face.

Without breaking stride, J pulled me around, lining my ass up with his crotch. When I realized what he had in mind, I was at first frightened, but J had complete power over me. He began by greasing his fingers with my come and slowly inserting them in my ass, loosening me up for his engorged cock. The feeling was a mixture of pleasure and pain that was out of this world. Suddenly he withdrew his finger and rammed his tool in me without warning. Although his dick measures only about four inches, I felt as if my ass had been split open.

While J was butt-fucking me, I suddenly realized that my roommate—I'll call him "M"—had entered the room and had been watching our activities for some time. At first I was worried about what his reaction would be, but the growing bulge in his crotch killed my fears. My hungry look was the only invitation he needed. He rushed over, dropped to his knees, and whipped out one of the biggest cocks I have ever seen. I greedily took his nine inches of glistening horse meat into my mouth. The sensation of being fucked at both ends was intense. (My friends in south Georgia would be surprised to see me now!) I was furiously beating my meat while the other guys were pumping themselves into ecstasy. J was the first to come—I could actually feel his love juices spurting into my colon. Minutes later M had a shattering orgasm, filling my mouth with what seemed to be gallons of his hot, salty come. I gagged a couple of times but still managed to swallow his tremendous load of jism. We all collapsed and started to giggle uncontrollably when our eyes met again.

This was the start of a wonderful relationship. Our newfound bisexuality has really improved our sex lives. Since then our encounters have included girls, other guys, and even the president of our fraternity. It just goes to show that the South has become a lot more liberal. At Georgia, the show must go on. So, if anyone finds himself in Athens and is looking for a good time, with some of the good ole boys, just go down Fraternity Row.—*J.P., Athens, Ga.*

OO LA LA!
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Dishwater handjob

I would like to share with you one of my more memorable sexual experiences. I was feeling very cross about being stuck with the housework one Sunday afternoon. I didn't want to talk to anyone, neither my son nor my live-in boyfriend (whom I've recently married). The day before, we had been arguing about who was to do the dishes, and I had lost. We had been talking about sharing the housework on a fifty-fifty basis, in conformity with the principles of the women's movement, and it was becoming obvious that Luis's idea of fifty-fifty was more like twenty-eighty. This is no better than most couples do, and I had hoped for more, even though Luis is a Mexican.

Incidentally, Luis actually believes women are equal, though he naturally has some habits in lovemaking that reflect his Latin heritage. For one thing, he is pretty good at touching and being romantic, from time to time. He is pretty good at some other things, too.

Anyhow, I was trying to resign myself to losing in this housework issue. If I was going to have to wash the dishes, then why should I be nice about it? I puttered around the house with a sour expression on my face, showing that I couldn't possibly take time to cuddle with Luis or even with my son. I was down on lazy males in general. After an hour or so of this, my son went out to play, luckily. Luis was seemingly unaffected by my bad mood.

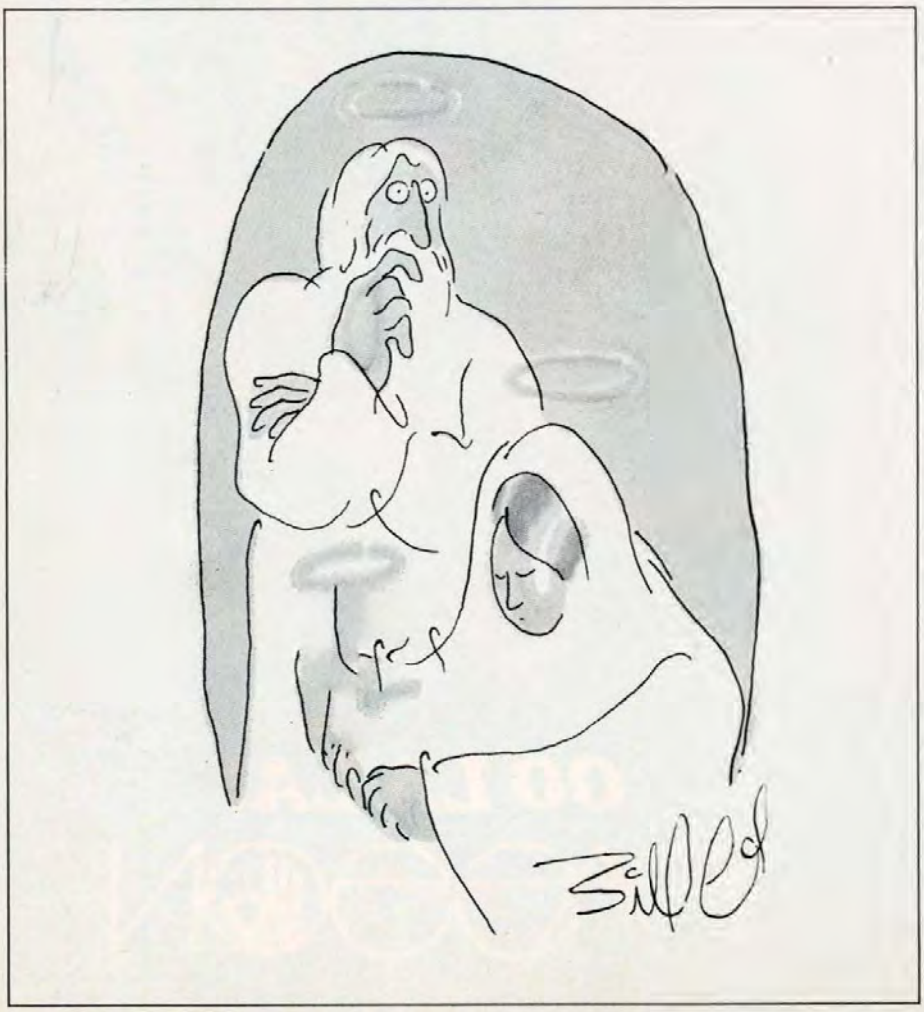
"Hey! Can't you take a little break?" he inquired as he lounged on the bed in such a way that I knew what kind of "little break" he had in mind.

"No," I said, "I've just got too much work to do." I noticed he seemed not only to get that message, but the implied one, as well. He looked thoughtful.

The next time I was passing through the bedroom, he jumped up and laughingly started smothering me with kisses and stroking me, squeezing my breasts and sneaking little feels of my cunt. "Leave me alone!" I hollered. But Luis just kept on. His hand snaked down into my underpants, and he vigorously started rubbing my cunt, which, in spite of myself, was beginning to get wet. He was all over me, sucking my breasts, rubbing my clitoris, sticking his fingers into my vagina. I got wetter and wetter. I was breathing deeper and deeper, and I could feel my face beginning to flush and my whole body getting hotter and hotter.

Suddenly I found myself turning myself over—or maybe Luis was turning me over. I couldn't tell, because my body wasn't fighting it at all. Luis hiked up my dress and entered me from behind. I was still mad, though. It was an odd sensation—interesting! Here I was, mad as hell, as my ass was bobbing up and down like crazy, being fucked by Luis. I braced myself on my dresser. I was still thinking to myself, "Yeah, and he won't share the housework," and then I glanced up at myself in the mirror. I saw an enormous amount of pleasure written all over my face. My whole body was pink and glowing with sexual arousal. It was obvious that in spite of my being mad, I was having a great time. So I just laughed, and we continued fucking in different positions. Pretty soon, we moved to the bed and fucked some more, until we both had an orgasm together. Then I had multiple orgasms from Luis rubbing my cunt until I was just about exhausted. I tried to raise myself off the bed, and then just sank down again. The intensity of my anger had somehow added to the whole effect, but I wasn't angry anymore, to say the least.

Of course, I haven't changed my mind about the dishes issue. I figure that if I didn't get stuck with chores while other people lie around relaxing, I'd have a lot more spirit and energy for fucking and dreaming up imaginative things to do. I do have to hand it to Luis that he helps sometimes. I figure people ought to be as *flexible* as possible, don't you think?—*V.J.G., Mountain View, Calif.*



Snorkel sex

While vacationing in Florida with my boyfriend, Michael, I visited the Florida Keys and Key West. We were welcomed to the Keys by beautiful skies and crystal-clear waters. The water was so clear that Michael and I went and bought masks, fins, and snorkels to explore the reefs and ocean scenery below the surface. Later I was to find that Michael wanted to explore more than the ocean landscape.

We both decided to discover the waters around Key Largo. After about an hour of snorkeling among coral crevices, Michael and I found our way to a deserted beach. While enjoying the sun and surf, a sexually delicious thought crossed my mind. Michael and I were the only ones on the beach, and he had the power to do with me whatever he wished. Working on this assumption and feeling in a particularly horny mood, I slowly took off my skimpy bikini. Michael stared as I started to obscenely rub and rasp at my already sopping wet cunt, and he immediately took the hint as his passport to sexual fun and pleasure.

Michael has never been known to be sexually shy, and this day was no exception. He is very unpredictable, and as usual he gave me a dose of lovemaking—with a new, kinky twist.

He grasped the end of one of the black snorkels and excitedly worked it into my velveteen snatch. As the thick rubber tube entered me, I gave a gasp of mixed pain and pleasure. The instrument was a great deal longer than any cock I have seen on a man. The feeling was fantastic as the unyielding, cold rubber pipe was forced past my plump, wet lips and into the tight muscular passage behind them. Michael eased up on his manual fucking

CONTINUED ON PAGE 272

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The gift of giving

We at Margeotes/Fertitta Inc. Advertising in New York City feel that many of the Pet of the Year's activities support the general welfare of the American public in accordance with *Penthouse* magazine's editorial policy.

We have been continually impressed by the tremendous contributions of the Penthouse Pets and their involvement in and support of the March of Dimes, Committee for Multiple Sclerosis, Muscular Dystrophy, and the Worldwide Life Fund. This year their frequent visitations to the country's veterans' hospitals won them a citation from the New York – Manhattan chapter of the Veterans Administration.

We would be proud to donate to the new Penthouse Pet of the Year one year's worth of creative time to support any cause that she will be promoting. It would be both a pleasure and a privilege to aid her endeavors in any way she sees fit.—*John Margeotes, President, and John S. Weiss, Vice-President*

Cancergate

Two references didn't appear in my article "The Great Cancer Fraud" (September 1979).

First, we wish to credit Peter Barry Chowka for his article "The Cancer Charity Ripoff," which appeared in *East-West Journal*, Vol. 8, No. 7, July 1978. Secondly, we wish also to acknowledge Greta Bunin, who wrote the article on CAST and the IFT in the February 1979 issue of *Nutrition Action*.—*Gary Null*

I am not a reader of *Penthouse*, but the article "The Great Cancer Fraud" by Gary Null and Robert Houston (September 1979) was called to my attention. Although the article is not really worth perusal, I did read it in its entirety, knowing the proclivity of patients to be attracted to such drivel. As a practicing internist who does have occasion to see a considerable number of patients with malignant disease, I must indeed tell you that you have done the American public, and particularly those with malignant disease, a great disservice by publishing this article.

Not only is the article not factual, but also it holds out false hopes to cancer victims, since those who are incurable grasp at any straw for a potential solution to their pitiable plight. I know that telephones of doctors throughout the country will ring incessantly as this article gives false hope to both patients who are afflicted with malignant disease and to their families. Many of the items cited as "cures" have been scientifically proven to be worthless. As an example you cite the treatment of the Hoxsey Clinic in Texas, which, when fully exposed, was proved to be no more than a mixture of vinegar and saltpeter.

I believe the publication of articles such as this, which lacks adequate scientific review, is totally irresponsible and almost criminal. I, not only as a practicing physician but also as a responsible officer of the American Medical Association, must call to your attention the aforementioned facts. Even areas where there are marginal truths have been distorted to suit the needs of the authors of the article.

I do not anticipate that any sort of factual article on the subject will be published, and even if one were presented, it would not erase the potentially undesirable impact of the article in the September issue. I still strongly urge that some attempt be made to set the record straight.—*Lowell H. Steen, M.D., F.A.C.P., American Medical Association, Chicago, Ill.*

Gary Null replies:

Every statement of fact in our article "The Great Cancer Fraud" was supported by thorough documentation and subjected to rigorous medical and legal scrutiny prior to publication. In the single example of inaccuracy Dr. Steen offers, he himself is in error. The Hoxsey medicaments, described by him as "no more than a mixture of vinegar and saltpeter," were reported by the FDA to be a mixture of nine herbs and potassium iodide. Nor were all investigations negative. An investigating committee of ten distinguished physicians concluded in 1954: "The Hoxsey Cancer Clinic is successfully treating pathologically proven cases of cancer.... The Hoxsey treatment is superior to conventional methods of treatment."

The therapy survives in Mexico but has been banished in America by the AMA.

I am writing in response to "The Great Cancer Fraud" in the September issue. I write as a woman who has been treated for breast cancer, as the author of an antiestablishment medical book, for women, about this disease (*Why Me?*), as the founder of an antiestablishment organization—the Breast Cancer Advisory Center—and as an antiestablishment medical writer.

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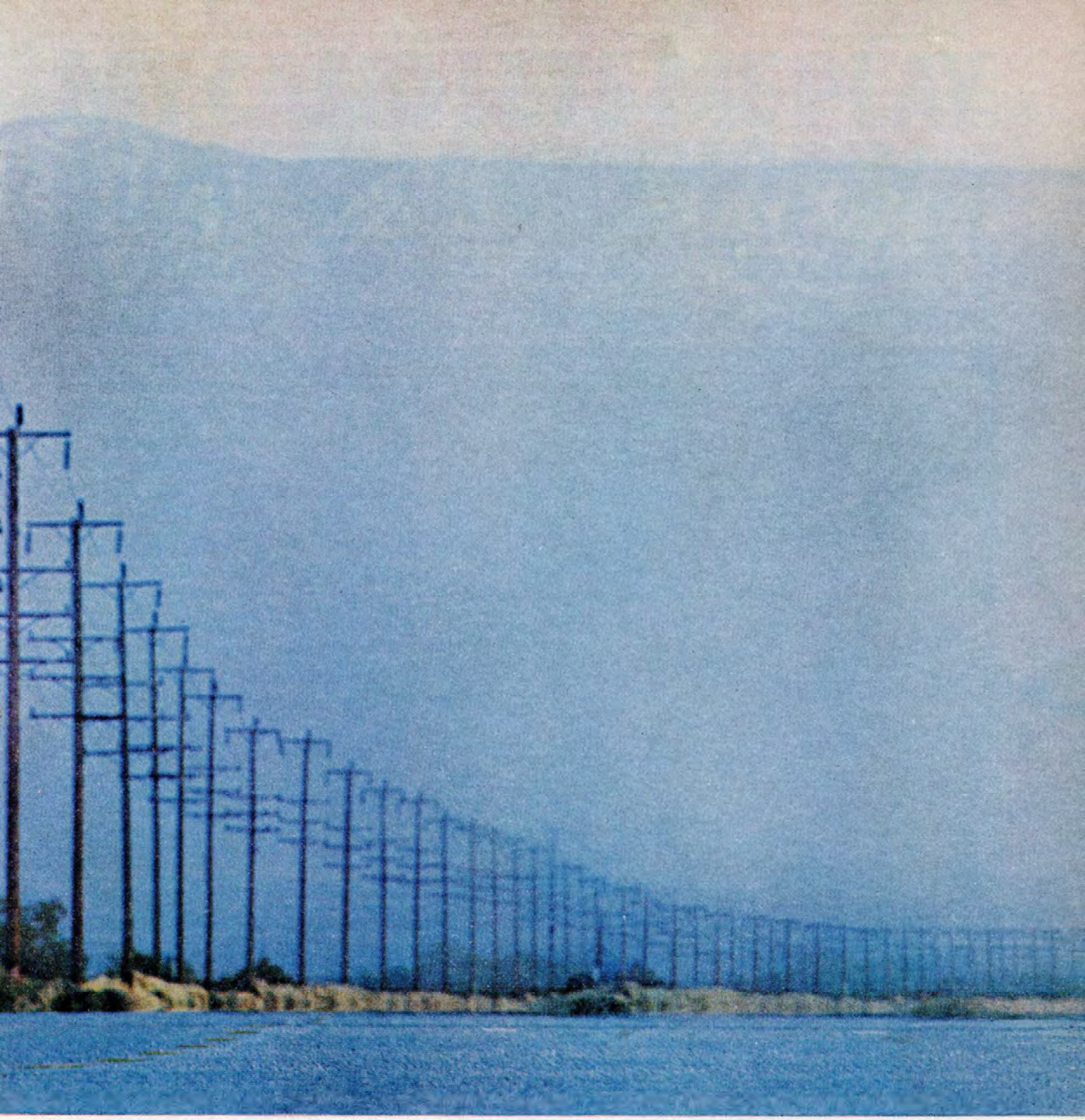

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Why not call your Volkswagen dealer to arrange a test drive? It could be the last phone call you ever need to make.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

I feel compelled to correct some of the sensational errors, because tens of thousands of cancer patients and their families will suffer unnecessary pain from being told that there is a "conspiracy" to suppress a cure for this disease. The authors should read the obituary pages of any medical journal to see how many research scientists and physicians die of cancer every year.

Most of the article's problems are due to the glaring absence of a clear distinction between the American Cancer Society, a private charity, and the National Cancer Institute, a federal-government agency supported by tax dollars. The NCI has never requested contributions from the public. Moreover, salaries at the Institute are set by the Civil Service Commission, and the maximum for scientists holding medical degrees is $47,500. Most of the scientists, physicians, and surgeons could earn far more in industry, academia, or private practice.

There is certainly waste at the NCI (as there is in all large government bureaucracies), but its total annual budget is no more than pennies compared with that of the Pentagon. Research done at the NCI has dramatically reduced death rates from Hodgkin's disease and childhood leukemia within the past few years, and it is impossible to measure the lives prolonged and saved with dollars. So the authors are accurate in writing that most progress has not been funded by the American Cancer Society. But by making the two institutions seem synonymous, they inadvertently mislead *Penthouse* readers. Many Americans may not even know they are paying for a National Cancer Institute with their taxes!

Penthouse readers should also know that although the NCI was established on August 5, 1937, the National Cancer Act was not passed until 1971. As is the case in any massive government effort, it takes time to get into real action. Therefore, it is inaccurate and unfair to imply that the government's War on Cancer has been going on for 25 years. Moreover, since the National Cancer Program is actually so young, I do not understand how the authors know there has been no survival-rate improvement during the past few years. There is a lag time between data collection and its reporting, and the most recent SEER (Surveillance, Epidemiology, and End Results) Report issued by the NCI covers incidence and mortality for only 1973 – 76. Who knows what changes might have occurred since?

As I said earlier, there have been measurable improvements in the survival rates shown with at least two cancers (there are about 100 different kinds), and these have been the result of new therapies developed with NCI money. In the meantime, there is evidence that more people are living pain-free and productive lives *with* cancer—while they are receiving various kinds of treatment—than there were ten years ago. As far as breast cancer is concerned, results from NCI-supported studies have proved that less-mutilating surgery is as effective as extensive radical mastectomies. *Penthouse* fans should especially appreciate how much these findings enhance a woman's quality of life, even if the "burning and poisoning" should make no difference in terms of survival.

Although I know a bit about the NCI's attempts to test some of the "innovative" therapies mentioned in the article, I will leave it to scientists to explain the difficulties of conducting such trials. However, your readers should be told that it is virtually impossible to find large numbers of cancer patients who have been successfully treated by adhering to a specific diet. As far as preventing cancer by changing dietary habits, how can this be done, with humans, in a free society? A study to learn whether certain foods or additives cause cancer can be carried out only in prison.

Lastly, I object to the authors' outrageous attacks on health reporters. Without question, Dan Greenberg is a fine medical writer, but he would be the first to say that he is not alone. As someone who has fended off (and is still fending off) countless brickbats from miscellaneous corners of the medical establishment, I personally resent the authors' blanket accusation that all members of the medical media are helping to perpetrate a hoax and a conspiracy.

As a cancer patient, I urge *Penthouse* to find "investigative" reporters who at least know how to explain the difference between the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society.—*Rose Kushner, Executive Director, Breast Cancer Advisory Center, Kensington, Md.*

Robert Houston replies:

In the opening paragraphs of the September article, I clearly referred to the "eight years of the United States War on Cancer." Your assertion that Gary Null and I "imply that the government's War on Cancer has been going on for 25 years" is incorrect.

You rightly suggest that the National Cancer Institute should have been identified as a United States government agency. (It was so identified in the original manuscript, but in the process of cutting and editing funny things happen in publication.) On reviewing the article, however, I find no confusion between the NCI and the ACS. I wish that you had indicated the passage you found unclear. An alternative possibility is that such confusion may represent a critical reader's temporary state of mind.

While research sponsored by the NCI—and also by the ACS—may have contributed to gains in battling Hodgkin's disease and childhood acute lymphocytic leukemia, these constitute only some 2 percent of cancer incidence. The dis-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 253

"And with a wink he gave me a nod, and up the chimney he rose. Then, in the light from the new-fallen snow, I noticed the silver tea set wasn't in its usual place . . ."

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

As a hobby, I work on any old car I can find or pick up cheap, fix it up, and then sell it. I have an old building at the back of my property and over the years have helped quite a few kids learn some of the basics about autos. The wife stays busy in half a dozen church groups, and the only time I see her is when I get up in the morning and, occasionally, when I go to bed at night, although sometimes she's not at home when I go off to sleep. I passed the midpoint in my life several years ago, and although I'm still working, I still have plenty of time to tinker around on autos.

Your last issue included a letter about the sexual adventure of a repairman, which is more or less my category. I have had a number of very pleasant experiences plus several which I'd rather forget. However, there is one that I'll always treasure as being exceptional. After it happened the first time, I assumed that that would be the one and only—but it has been going on now for over ten years. It is really something that I look forward to and can count on, and it really makes life worth living when one is my age.

About ten years ago I was busy working out back in my garage when Karen, a very beautiful young lady, who was 25 at the time and whom I had known since she was a little girl of about ten, came in and asked me if I could fix her car, which had a dented fender. She said that her husband would really be upset if he knew that she had dented the fender and that that was why she had been so anxious for me to fix it that evening.

I had finally put the finishing coat of paint on when it started to rain very hard, and I suggested that it might be better if she waited a few minutes until the cloudburst was over. It was right at that point, as she said that she really had planned to stay a little longer anyhow, that she put her arms around my neck and kissed me. Here I was, 20 years older than she was and old enough to be her father. I had always admired her not only for being extremely beautiful physically but also for her equally beautiful outlook on life in general.

Her first kiss sort of caught me unawares. With her second one, she was slipping her tongue into my mouth. Although I was in my mid-forties at the time, I was certainly young enough to enjoy what I was feeling. I responded like any healthy man would; I returned her kisses and began feeling her body a little more than I knew that I should. I had one hand on her buttocks, and I could feel her pushing her cunt up against my now very erect hard-on. We were leaning against the car at the time, and she said, "Let's go into the backseat." At that moment I would have gotten onto a bed of nails with her, even though I knew that I shouldn't. As fast as she had gotten into the backseat, she slipped her panties off, unzipped my pants, and reached in to pull my cock out and guide it into her already moist cunt. She really had a nice, tight, very receptive love nest, and when I was buried completely inside of her, she was saying, "Fuck me. Please fuck me and do it often, and I'll love you forever." I could hardly believe what I was hearing, but I know that I was responding by just shoving my cock in and out of her vibrating cunt. I could hardly believe that I was fucking someone so luscious in the backseat of a car, something I hadn't done since I was in high school.

It was two weeks later when Karen showed up again, supposedly because her engine was idling a little rough. It was only

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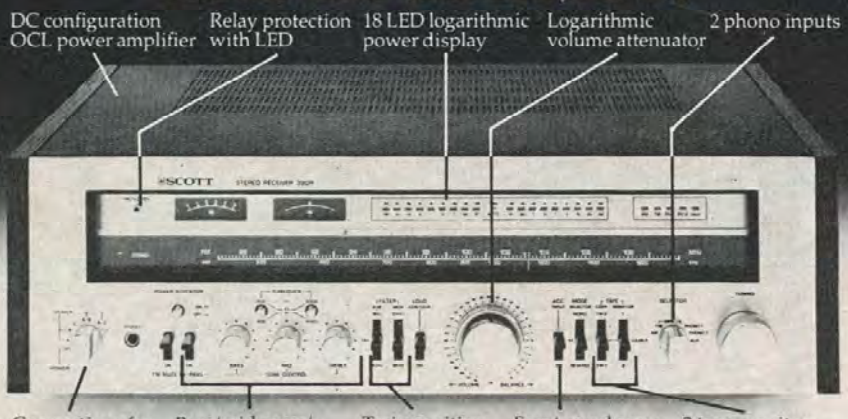
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a slight adjustment. I had no sooner finished than she said, "I hope that you've listened to the weather forecast." I hadn't, and she added that thunderstorms had been forecast and she would like a repeat of her "first time" with me. Needless to say, an old coot like me really had to feel flattered, having a beautiful gal like Karen come back for "seconds." I suggested that we might be more comfortable up in the loft, where I had a small storeroom and several spare seat cushions. We climbed up the ladder, and when she saw the privacy she was all smiles, because here we could really get comfortable. Two minutes later she had stripped completely and I was staring at the most voluptuous woman I'd ever had the pleasure of seeing, a woman I also knew that I was going to be touching and fucking. I had been careful to lock all of the doors and to dim the lights, hoping that anyone who came around would assume I wasn't there.

This time we began making love like we should. We were really quite comfortable on the cushions, and I was able to fondle and feel every inch of her. She loved it and was also playing with my cock, which my wife had never done. We had two very good fucking sessions within an hour and a half, and she asked if it might not be a good idea to wash up a little. Without putting on any clothes, we went down the ladder. She douched herself out while I washed my cock and balls off good, and then we went back up the ladder.

Nearly as soon as we were back on the cushions, she was after my cock and giving me a blowjob. I hadn't had a blowjob since I'd been overseas, and I was just lying back, loving every lick of her lips and tongue. It wasn't long before she had me shooting gobs and gobs of come, and I was surprised she was swallowing damn nearly all of it. A little later we were just lying there, resting, and I was lightly feeling her body. As my hand approached her cunt, she spread her legs, and I realized that she wanted me to eat her the way she had eaten me. Several minutes later I was eating the most delicious and responsive pussy I'd ever tasted. Her hips were near the edge of the cushion, and I was able to really bury my face into her. I really thought that we were through for the evening when she said that she still had time for just a little more, whereupon she began giving me fellatio again. And when my cock finally responded by getting nice and hard again, she mounted me and really rode my joy stick for all it was worth. I was surprised that she could get so much come out of it when it finally began exploding for the last time that night.

It must have been three weeks later, when my wife was out for another evening, that I was back in the shop, thinking about how great my two sessions had been with Karen. I had been doing a little more than just thinking—I had really fixed up a rather comfortable nest up in my loft. I wasn't sure that she was going to come back for "thirds," but if she did, I was going to be prepared, just like any other boy scout.

It was only a little after 6:30 P.M. when Karen honked her horn for me to open the garage door. Karen climbed up the ladder, and when she saw the improvements in my loft, or our loft, she was ecstatic. When I climbed up the ladder, I found that she had already stripped and was lying nude on one sheet on top of the mattress, telling me to hurry—she wanted to try it out. I don't have to tell you that our love seemed to be even better than it had been before, and I hadn't thought that could have been possible. We christened our new and improved love bower by having a fantastic sex orgy. I don't know how I ever managed to keep up with her appetite for sex. Somehow or other I nearly outdid myself with a repetition of our last session—only I have to admit that I ate a lot more pussy this time, and the more I ate, the more she loved it. This time we finished by sixty-nining, and when she got through with my cock, it had shrunk to about two inches.

Karen's husband spends a lot of time bowling and playing cards with the boys; so she doesn't have any problem getting away nearly every Monday and Wednesday, which are sort of anniversary nights with us. I've been wondering how much longer I'm going to last, trying to keep this now very mature woman thoroughly satisfied—as long as my tongue holds out? I'm going to stay in there eating all I can, if that is what it takes to keep her happy, because she certainly does return more than I think I can give.

Come to think of it, my car repairs certainly stop whenever Karen is around. But I know that I can always repair cars. Keeping Karen lubricated is something that can't wait and takes priority over everything else.—N.A.

Some marriages should last as long as your ongoing affair. Which just goes to show you that sex can be everything.

WHY THE DAM WON'T BREAK

I have a problem that I think you might be able to help me with. I am presently going with a girl whom I'll refer to as Susan.

She is a very sexy person, and she enjoys sex very much. Susan always gives her pussy to me any time I want it, and I do the same when she comes to me, which is about 50 percent of the time. We never turn each other down.

I am 24 years old, five feet six inches tall, and have a six-inch penis, although it is not too thick. Susan is 23 years old and five feet four and one-half inches tall, with a 36-25-36 body that makes my prick get stiff just to think about it. We

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love each other and do all we can to stay close as much as we can.

When we have sex, it is great, but she can't come all the way. By that I mean she says she comes but that it feels like just a little "sneaks" out of her. She has relief with her climax, but it feels like a lot of it is still right on the edge, pulsating and wanting to come out, and it just won't.

Just the other night we were watching some fuck films and fooling around with each other. When the films ended, we got into some real grinding. I put her legs on my shoulders (we had never done it that way before) and pounded hard into her fabulous box. All of a sudden it felt like the dam broke. Her juices felt like they just squirted out of her pussy, soaking my nuts and pubic hair and all down the crack of her ass, leaving about an eight-inch spot on the bedsheet. She almost passed out, and all she could say was "Ahhhhh! Mmmmmmmmm! Ohhhhhhh! Ahhhhhh!" for about ten minutes. I had never seen her look so beautiful as she did lying there with such a contented expression on her face. I loved it.

We tried to repeat the experience—her experience—later that night, but the usual thing happened: "it" got right on the edge and wouldn't come out. We figured that the one before had been so intense that she couldn't have another one so quickly, and we fell asleep.

I took her home the next morning and went to work. I thought Susan's big orgasm might have been due to the movies; so I went and bought two more loops of just the same quality but showing many more positions in them. I called Susan up the next day and asked her if she wanted to come over and watch some new films I'd bought the day before. She got all excited and came right over.

We put a mattress on the living room floor and took off all our clothes except her panties. We started the first film. Before it was over, she was already breathing hard and running her finger over the outside of her panty-covered pussy while she had my dick in her other hand. Then we showed the other film. Right before the end of the second film, we couldn't stand it any longer and started sucking and licking each other, kissing and touching and rubbing. She said, "Peter, make love to me now, oh now . . . fuck me!" I got on and shoved it home, fucking her with long, smooth strokes. She was breathing hard, like when she had come so big the other night. I thought she was going to blast off again.

She said, "Now, oh now, Peter, do it hard! Show me . . . make me come . . . ohhhh!" Her legs stiffened up, and her pussy was contracting, but she just put out a small amount of her juice, even though she was breathing hard as hell. She kept trying and trying to let it out, but it would not come. I came with a blast that felt like my nuts might go with it, but she never did. She started crying and said, "Why won't it come? It was so close, but it just won't come on. The other night it was so beautiful to come like that! Why can't I do it again?" I said, "Maybe you were trying too hard to get it to come again. Maybe you should just let it happen instead of trying to make it happen."

Am I wrong in what I said? Why do you think Susan almost comes but can't?

Let me give you some background on Susan. When I met her, she was very inhibited. I couldn't get her to watch those films or do anything but fuck on her back or her stomach. She wouldn't suck my prick or masturbate in front of me. Now she masturbates with or without me, sucks my dick, and lets me come in her mouth. And we fuck in all kinds of positions.

So why can't she come? We need some advice—this is driving her crazy! Please help us.—R.G.

First, Susan should see a doctor to see if she has a hooded clitoris. A little flap of skin over her clit could be preventing her from feeling sensations she would otherwise experience. If this is the problem, the covering can be surgically removed, and the problem will no doubt disappear along with the skin.

If the problem lies elsewhere, it will not be so easily remedied. I hate to suggest that one use alcohol to enjoy sex—generally, drinks just help to deaden certain erotic possibilities—but Susan might need some alcohol just to help overcome her inhibitions.

Also, now that she's become an expert lover, you and she may be placing too much emphasis on her having an orgasm. It isn't everything, despite what a number of sexologists say. Sex can be great without orgasms. Don't get me wrong! I love my orgasms, but sex doesn't always have to end with a great big bang. Soft and cuddly, sometimes, is nice, too.

If Susan puts less emphasis on having an orgasm and just relaxes, she'll probably start having more of them. Bigger and better ones, too..

BALD AND BEAUTIFUL

I'm 23 years old, have a cute figure, and enjoy a good sex life with my boyfriend, Joe.

Several weeks ago I was trying on bathing suits while shopping with a close friend, Linda. I found a terrific one-piece suit that did dynamite things for my figure. But, as usual with sexy, revealing bathing suits, it also revealed too much of my overabundant pubic growth. I have discussed this problem on several occasions with both Joe and Linda but have never had the courage to do anything about it. It is a problem only when I try on new suits, as I usually just end up buying

". . . When I came to, my wife had been raped and every bite of her tuna casserole had been eaten. I knew right then that it had to be the work of a madman!"

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the less revealing kind. But this one I really wanted. Linda saw the suit on me in the dressing room and exclaimed, "It looks terrific on you, but if you plan on wearing it, you'd better get out your razor."

Later, I was just about to put the suit back on the rack when I thought about the letter to you at Penthouse *from the secretary who had had her pussy shaved by her boss's wife. I turned to Linda and said, "If you'll take care of my problem, I'll buy the suit." She knew what I meant, smiled, and said, "Go buy the suit."*

Once back at her apartment, I tried the suit on again while Linda got things ready. After I modeled it in the living room, Linda had me go into the kitchen, where she had spread a towel out on the table. I was very apprehensive and nervous about what I had agreed to, but Linda simply told me to strip out of the suit and lie down on my back on the table. Without another word she began clipping the hairs with a scissors. With shaving cream she lathered the area up and began shaving the hairs off. As more and more of my pubic flesh was exposed, I became very aware of what an erotic situation this was. I had never felt so naked as then, with Linda fully clothed, standing between my legs, and me so completely exposed. As the wetness began to seep from my sex, I became embarrassed and hoped that Linda would not find out how turned on I was getting.

Up until Linda began to shave my most intimate parts, I was trying very hard to control myself. But my nipples were hard as rocks, my breasts ached, and my pussy was now soaking wet. As Linda shaved around my pussy lips, her fingers were inside my slit, pulling the skin taut. Several times her fingertips pulled across or exerted pressure on my clit and invaded the entrance to my vagina. I felt sure these were necessary "accidents," and it was all I could do to control my breathing and not give away how turned on I was. When she had finished with the front, Linda had me get up on my hands and knees, with my butt up in the air, so that she could shave around my rear. She gave my butt a slap, and I thought we were finished. But she said to lie down again on my back.

When I was once again on my back, with my legs apart, all pretenses on her part dropped. Linda began rubbing baby lotion all over my shaven pussy. No longer were there any "accidents," for her fingers were rubbing and probing all over my slit. Capturing my clit between her fingers, she would rub back and forth, even inserting one or two well-lubricated fingers deep into my vagina. Her fingers were gliding all over my shaved pussy. I was just on the verge of having an orgasm when she stopped. I was ready to scream, "You can't leave me like this." but I dared not. Linda wiped off the area with a washcloth, and for the first time since starting we looked at each other. I was terribly embarrassed and not sure

what to do next when she said, "I know just what you need." She quickly bent down and placed a kiss on my bald pussy. Then her tongue began to run up and down the length of my slit, which she made completely open and exposed with her fingers. Linda licked my clit and inserted her tongue deep inside me. I had a powerful orgasm, which was followed by several less intense ones. I was completely drained and exhausted. Linda said, "I think you should shower and dress now" as she stepped away, allowing me to get up.

After dressing, I came out into the living room with a sheepish look on my face. This being my first lesbian experience, I was very unsure of myself. Linda sensed this and simply said, "Any time you need a touch-up, don't hesitate to call." I have had several of these "touch-ups," and each time Linda has made love to me without asking any favor of me in return.

Now that I am what Joe calls his "slick chick," I am enjoying a highly charged sex life. Joe does not know that it was Linda who shaved me or about our little affairs. He is, however, paying much more attention to my pussy, and oral sex is much more frequent. Because of itching, I am wearing a lot more dresses with no panties or panty hose; I am naked underneath except for a garter belt. This has made me much more aware of my femininity and of how beautiful and arousing my hairless pussy is. Joe delights both of us by telling me to lift my dress up and show him my pussy. This is deliciously indecent, and we have even done this in public when we were sure no one else could see. I now have a fantasy that Joe will ask me to lift up my dress and expose myself to some of our friends. If he does, I think I would comply.

Do you agree that men get more turned on by a shaven pussy?—L.L.

Depends on the man. I suppose most would find it a diverting novelty. No doubt they'd start seeing your pussy in a new, not to say nude, light, since most women don't go through all the trouble of shaving themselves between the legs. But some men really go for a lot of pubic hair on their women. So there you are—you just can't please everybody. Of course, you don't have to, and your man seems to really enjoy your shaved pube. Why ruin a good thing and let it grow back?

During the warm weather, I have particularly enjoyed a shaved pussy. It feels cooler, and I, too, enjoy running around without any panties on. Of course, once you start experimenting, you might want to try some variations. Pubic hair fashions can be nice, and since you have a lot down there to shave, you might try cutting your hairs into a nice heart shape or trimming it into a triangle, a square, or just nice, delicate edging of hairs.

The only drawback to shaving your crotch is that those hairs are a natural,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 266

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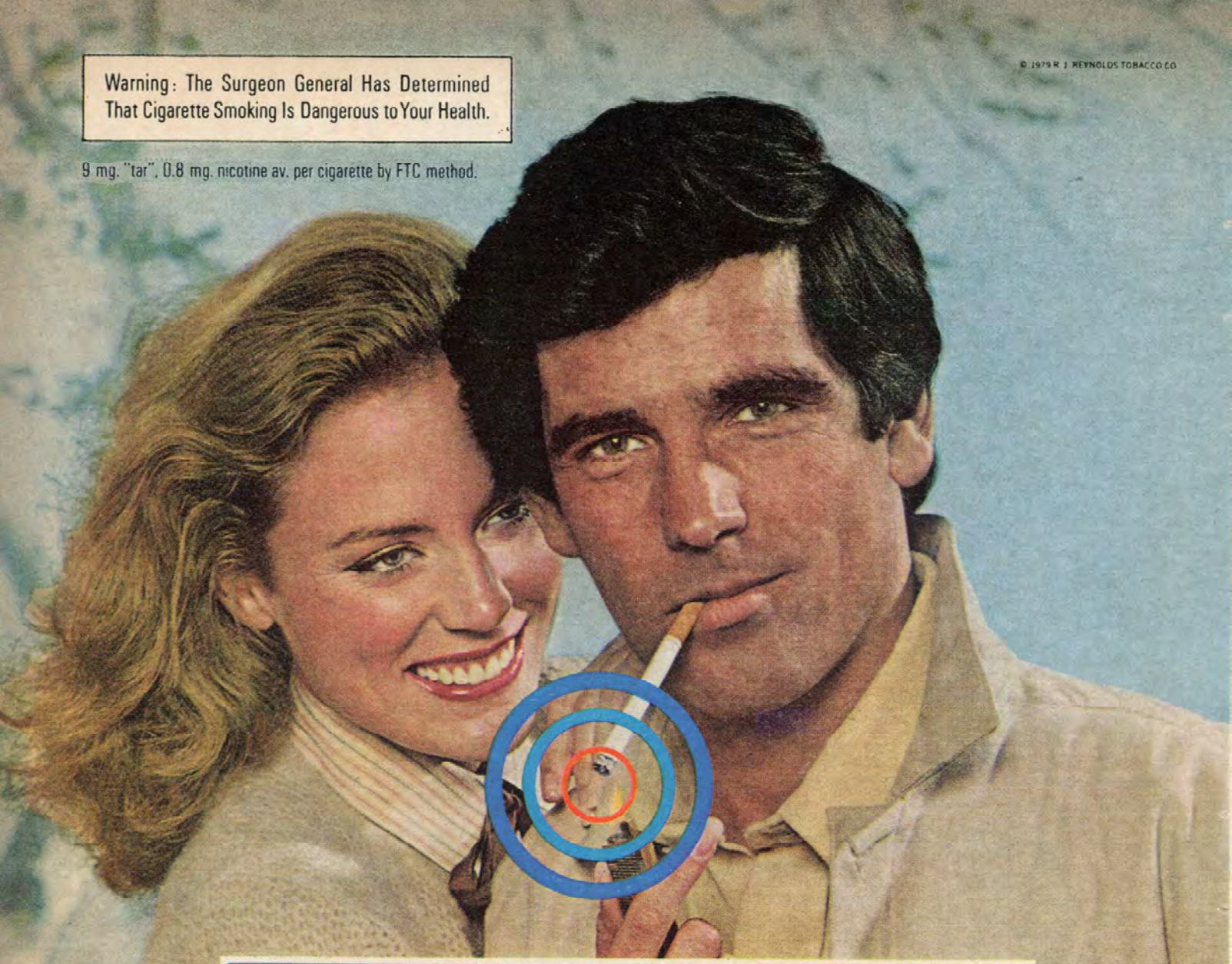

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

REPLAYS, RERUNS, AND RIP-OFFS

BY MARILYN STASIO

As the 1970s lurch to a close, minds great and small are beating at their brainpans for appropriate symbols to sum up the decade. A spool of tape, with 20 blank minutes, might do for America. A fetus in a test tube. Farrah Fawcett-Majors in a test tube. There are many possibilities.

In American popular entertainment, one fitting symbol for the 1970s happens also to be a symbol for the 1960s: the Beatles. The sixties dawned with the real thing, four young men quick with life, beating out the sound of revolution. The seventies are petering out with the whimper of *Beatlemania*, four clones twitching in imitation of life.

The point is that angry mobs never broke out in the streets to tear the humanoid Beatle toys limb from limb. Indeed, why should they? We are all part of the generation that manufactured them, the generation that made art by recycling it.

For artistic originality, better look to the sixties. The seventies? The seventies was the decade that Xeroxed the sixties.

Take television. In the past ten years, its major development has been the spin-off. During the sixties, the networks used their carbon paper for recirculating plots. If the private eyes on "77 Sunset Strip" were investigating a kidnapping one week, you could bet that the boys on "Surfside 6," "Hawaiian Eye," and "Bourbon Street Beat" would be working on a kidnap caper next week.

The seventies recycled people, not plots. Once situation comedies replaced adventure series, plot didn't count. Only faces. "Happy Days" gave birth to today's ratings leaders, "Laverne & Shirley" and "Mork & Mindy." Another winner, "Three's Company," has just brought forth "The Ropers." "Soap" has gone and begat "Benson," and "Mrs. Columbo" was plucked from the rib of "Columbo." And there's no counting the "Mary Tyler Moore Show" comeagains.

In the theater, the seventies opened up with a stampede of revivals that kicked up a lot of critical dust. It wasn't exactly that people didn't enjoy seeing *No, No, Nanette* and *Hay Fever* and *Charley's Aunt* again. It was just that the museum pieces made an unsettling contrast with the sixties, which had been an unusually fertile period for experimental theater.

Ten years later, the revival has become a commonplace, rationalized by theater people as a tribute to what they call "our heritage." But it's not so easy to ignore the theater's growing tendency to build even its "original" shows on preexisting material. Sure, Michael Bennet came through with *A Chorus Line*, and Stephen Sondheim *never* repeats himself. But the popularity of revues like *Ain't Misbehavin'* and *Eubie!* indicates that theatergoers don't even *expect* originality anymore.

The film industry, meanwhile, has taken the simple act of recycling old material and refined it into a big and complex deal. First, there are the line-for-line copies like *King Kong, Heaven Can Wait, Farewell My Lovely, Superman, The Sorcerer*, and *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, among loads of others, which are reworkings of properties plucked from the film archives. A really secure director might even pay a glancing *hommage* to his predecessor's work—as does Philip Kaufman, when he has Kevin McCarthy running from the original 1956 *Body Snatchers* right into a few choice frames of the remake.

Then, there are the revisionist remakes, beloved by directors who rework genre material as a deliberate challenge to certain assumptions in the genre itself. Robert Altman has practically made a career out of reinterpreting vintage genre material. When a filmmaker reworks his *own* material, as Alfred Hitchcock and Howard Hawks are especially fond of doing, the point could be argued that a proper artist is just deepening his artistic vision. Of course, when you think of all those sequel *Jaws, French Connections, Exorcists*, and *Godfathers*, you could also argue that the filmmaker is just chewing his own tail.

Even shakier claims to legitimacy are made by directors who "translate" properties from other forms. *California Suite, When You Comin' Back Red Ryder, Same Time Next Year*, and *The Wiz*, among the recent crop, all began life on the stage, but their new handlers claim to have transformed them into originals. A lot of this is bushwa, but certainly Milos Forman deserves full honors of originality for *Hair*. This is no copy of the stage show but a genuine commentary on it—and on the spirit of its decade.

Recycling used material doesn't have to be the schlock work of played-out talents. E. L. Doctorow proved that with *Ragtime*, which recycled history itself. Serious writers have also breathed new life into old genres—Thomas Berger and Richard Brautigan, for example, in their rethinking of the detective-mystery novel.

But when Gore Vidal recycles his out-of-print 1954 novel, *Messiah*, into *Kalki*, and when John Fowles signs a contract to rewrite his 1966 work, *The Magus*, you know there's a phenomenon at work. Something that goes deeper than poor Erica Jong trying to beat a few more miles

out of *Fear of Flying* with *How to Save Your Own Life.*

Nobody has really explained why the seventies was a decade of reruns, spin-offs, recyclings, replays, and rip-offs. Pragmatists claim that a technological society is merely being efficient when it feeds its omnivorous entertainment machines predigested materials. Idealists believe that slow creative periods engender an appreciation for quality material of the past. Moralists are sure that a rerun culture is the sign of a broader social decadence that will eventually turn us all into pillars of salt.

But in the minds of those turning the wheels, recycling is primarily a means of regeneration and renewal. This interesting theory strokes us with the false promise of immortality, as do the frantic crazes for self-help religions (recycling worn-out souls) and participation sports (recycling worn-out asses).

Fueling all this cyclical movement of regeneration is a generation's extraordinary obsession with death and how to beat it. Our entertainment forms act as small rituals of sympathetic magic, helping us to restore all our worn-out parts. We celebrate *Grease* because its simplistic fifties innocence is an antidote to the reality of being alive and old in the seventies. *Heaven Can Wait* says that we can even beat that ole debbil death, if we're Warren Beatty. Even the national passion for *Roots* in all its guises indicates a literal cycle, a turning round of the wheel of life to bring us all back where we began—a movement that in a way, defeats death and confers the illusion of immortality.

None of which, of course, explains *why* the seventies was a period so obsessed with death and so determined to beat it by recycling itself. (The sixties, we know now, was obsessed with life—possibly because the Vietnam War and the most traumatic political assassinations of our country's history gave death too much stark immediacy for us to romanticize it.) But we should at least take comfort in the fact that whatever the eighties brings, it can't possibly be a recycling of the seventies.

SCENES

HOLIDAY JEERS!

Traditionally, Christmas has been a special time for the depressed. To the neurotics and psychos of our land, the Yuletide season often brings too many eggnogs and reds, a new razor treatment for the wrists, or, more simply, a joyous leap out the nearest window onto the carolers below. Used to be people bummed out by Christmas were thought of as weird—until today!

Yes, it's Christmas 1979, and for the first time ever, the depressed are having it their way. Depression is sweeping the country, the economy is a downer, and inflation is misery's favorite company. So this year why not fling practicality to the winds, celebrate the old depression, and wildly usher in the new by spending every cent you have on thoroughly useless and decadent gifts that can in no way benefit the recipients? All the depressed people are doing it, and as they say, it's better than sobbing uncontrollably in your apartment.

What better way to begin than with a **Personalized Jig-Saw Puzzle** from Frank Bara (in New York City)? "Too bad you're all alone at Christmas and nobody cares about you" would be an ideal message for the 16" × 24", 1,000-piece puzzle in a plastic bag that costs anywhere from $1,500 to $5,000. It's a fabulously depressing gift. Nobody needs a puzzle. Nobody really wants a puzzle. And it's really sad to think that someone would pay such a price for something so dumb.

There have been a lot of sleazy inventions in the last century, but perhaps none so completely callous and unfeeling as the neon light. Well, now you can make anyone look bad with an unflattering **Neon Caricature** from Let There Be Neon (451 West Broadway, New York City). What a down to have to bask in the garish glare of one's own overemphasized facial imperfections! Especially on Christmas morning. And what a bummer to think you paid from $200 to $2,000 just to have a bunch of gaudy tubes tied. And not even your own.

Marc Tauss

A perfect gift for the New Depression: the Big Breast Cake.

Breaking up at Christmastime can really lay a person low. So, if you want to capitalize on a friend's new feelings of inadequacy, go straight to the Erotic Art Bakery II (Dept. EBSRC, 117 Christopher Street, New York City) and order him/her a **Life-Size Edible Replica** of his/her ex. Complete with removable fig leaf. Only $1,600! A must for anorexics. The Erotic Art Bakery has lots of stocking stuffers, too. **Licorice Whips**, super for abused wives ($3.50). The **Big Breast Cake** ($20), misery for any miss with a mastectomy. And last but not least, the **Vaginal Cheese Spread** ($2.65), which really, truly, is disgusting to both men and women alike and recommended only for a vendetta.

Out in Hollywood, Calif., where Christmas is just another way of saying, "Pass me more cocaine," there's a guy called Timothy Nicely who has founded a **Rent-A-Person Service**. What this means is you can phone up Tim and rent a man or woman dressed in the costume of your choice and have that person pay a pathetic holiday call to one of your friends or loved ones. You can rent a punk, a Nazi, an Arab, or, for the more Disneyesque, people dressed as bagels, pita, or stollen. On behalf of the starving children in India, I must say that if people are paying good money for others to dress up as food and go visiting, then this country is in a lot of trouble. Very seventies. Very depressing.

Many people feel terrible at Christmastime because they don't have a lot of money to spend on useless objects for friends and relatives they don't really love or even like. Never mind. All over America mindless novelty stores have sprung up like cysts, covering the landscape with wasteful but relatively cheap dejecta. Such a store is Kronos (316 Bleecker Street, New York City), where for $6 you can buy a **Paper Jump-**

James Cherry

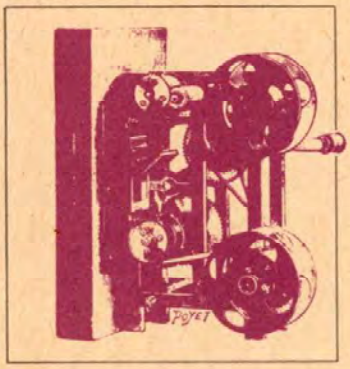
suit, for $3.95 a jar labeled **Pet Fart**, or, for $23, a near-perfect plastic replica of a **Shell Steak**. My favorite thing at Kronos, though, is an enormous **Silver Lamé Jockstrap**. Looks to be about two feet long. Costs $45. Also comes in gold lamé. Tears fill my eyes as I recall how the salesman explained to me that it was "art," that the **Plastic Pizza Pie** ($95) was "art." There was some **Bullshit Repellent** ($2.50) on a shelf nearby. I wish I'd sprayed him with it.

Nowadays every shopping mall has one store like Kronos. At each of these stores you can buy a pill-type bottle labeled **Ludes** for $5. Inside are sugar pills that look just like Quaaludes, which people take for the depression they feel from living in a culture that features stores that sell pill-type bottles labeled "Ludes" for $5. Ludes is a product of Same Day Concepts, Inc., and if that name doesn't bring you down this Christmas, then I don't know what will.

Oh, wait! Yes, I do. It's an adorable little gift item from D.J. Enterprises (7881 Flight Place, Los Angeles) called **Balls! Something No Man Should Be Without!** I quote from the box, which contains a brown, furry-looking piece of cloth and a flesh-colored bag in which are stuffed two red rubber balls. There are, of course, care instructions: "Congratulations! You now own a great pair of Balls. . . . You may talk to them, squeeze them, or just plain ignore them; they don't care. But if you gently caress them in their soft custom pouch, you will find it a soothing experience." (No price quoted.)

This is the way the seventies end, not with a bang but a snivel. Merry Christmas, everybody!—*Emily Prager*

FILMS

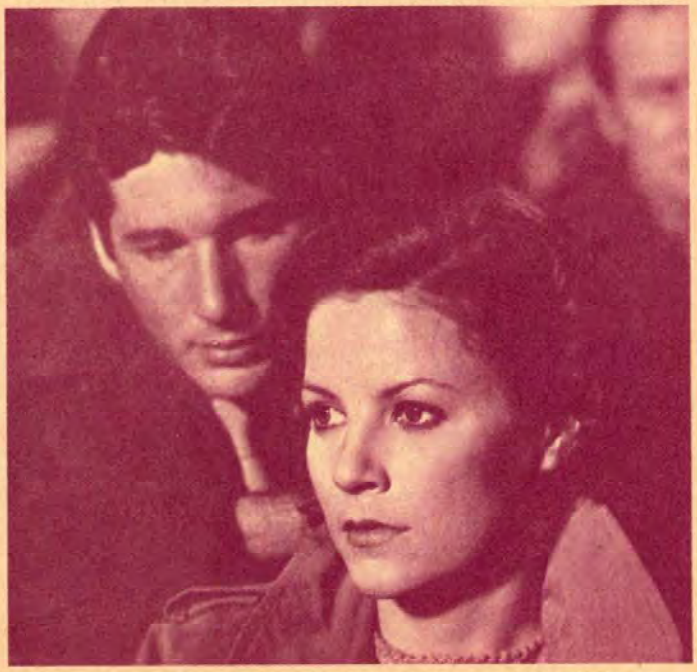


CAMPAIGNS

Most of the best war movies hardly approach a battlefield. They know the horrors of combat mainly through dispatches from the front. They limit their technical effects to the soft focus—if they need it—that hides the age lines in the heroine's tear-stained face. They're set in the backwaters or the prison camps, or they happen after the fighting is mostly over or just before it begins. Consider movies as different and, in their own ways, as good as *Casablanca*, *Grand Illusion*, *The Spy in Black*, *Coming Home*, *The Manchurian Candidate*, *Waterloo Bridge*. You can now add to the list John Schlesinger's less-than-great but very appealing ***Yanks***.

Yanks is the kind of film the movie people like to call "epic." That usually means it's long and perhaps has a few aerial shots showing mass deployment of crowds. But *Yanks* isn't epic; it's soap opera, with all the virtues of good soap opera—so that, after a very slow beginning, it starts to catch you up, and you find yourself living it, living with its people, and at the end of two hours and 20-odd minutes, being sorry that it's over, resenting D-day as an unwelcome interruption of the love interest in some personally engrossing private lives.

As it happens, D-day and the love interest are in close collaboration. Either one without the other, and you'd have a movie different beyond all recognition. D-day, the 1944 Allied invasion of Normandy, provides the urgency; the love story provides the poignancy. Together they lead toward a climactic railroad-station leave-taking that is the soul of this kind of film. That climax—the massed American troops boarding the trains that will take them to the sea, the puffing steam engines, the crowded plat-



Good soap opera: Yanks *with Richard Gere and Lisa Eichhorn.*

forms under a leaden English sky, the masses of local women pressing for one last look at their departing Yankee boyfriends, and through it all one desperate girl we know who must see her fellow so he can go to war knowing for sure she loves him—to manage all this without its tumbling into the most ludicrous self-parody requires an awesome measure of energy and tact. Energy and tact *Yanks* has in abundance. I'm still not sure whether the tears I found myself trying to control at the end were from feeling for the people or admiration for the movie surrounding them. Probably both. With good movies, as with good stories, you don't want to separate the telling from the tale.

The actual story—or pair of stories—in *Yanks* you could, if you've seen a few World War II films, re-invent in 30 seconds. Two American servicemen, a captain (William Devane) and a sergeant (Richard Gere), part of the invasion force building in England in the early 1940s; two north-country Englishwomen: one rich, married, and a mother (Vanessa Redgrave), the other middle-class, single, but almost promised (Lisa Eichhorn); some parents; a son; some buddies; a girl friend; a supporting cast of at least hundreds—allowing for no great surprises and an at least hopeful ending, you can fill in the details. There is a brief racial disturbance involving black GIs and English girls that is well handled but beside the point of the story. Lisa Eichhorn's mother (Rachel Roberts) grows sick, and before she dies she almost forgives the American soldier who is stealing away her daughter. Vanessa Redgrave's affair with William Devane is never more than a passing part of a busy life for both of them, and it loses nothing for that. And Richard Gere happens to play an Army pastry cook—a pleasant notion, which allows him to bake gift cakes for his love.

Richard Gere prevails; William Devane gracefully withdraws. The major drama is essentially given to the private lives by the pressures of World War II. Of course, the private lives have a shape of their own, but it never counts for anything. It doesn't have to. The war provides all larger meanings, while individuals fill in the gaps with a luxury of personal feeling that covers love, longing, even the death brought by the postman at the door with his letter of regrets from the government.

Within the limits, the really severe limits, that this situation imposes, *Yanks* does almost everything right. John Schlesinger has always been an uneven director of quality. His best movies (like *Sunday Bloody Sunday*) have been his most sedately British and middle-class, and *Yanks*, World War II notwithstanding, is nothing if not middle-class and sedate. He has a good appreciation for reasonable dialogue, domestic locations, and actors forced to keep their emotions under control. With this cast he is marvelous, getting from Richard Gere, for starts, the first superlative performance of his screen career, and discovering in Vanessa Redgrave the image of sympathetic good sense that does her most justice and avoids the muddled theatrical martyrdom that has recently characterized her movie roles and her public life. I'm not sure how I feel about Lisa Eichhorn. She is beautiful, open, calm, almost distinguished—but without the strong idiosyncrasies that might say how she will develop as an actress. As for William Devane, he is better served here, with his worldly ironies, his modesty, his relaxed intelligence—than he generally has been with all the scheming villainies he's had to perpetrate on film.

As behind-the-scenes dramas go, ***The Seduction of Joe Tynan*** differs from *Yanks* in every way you can imagine, but in no way more than that its private lives and its public postures are wholly continuous. Nobody really enjoys the freedom of a time out of combat. *Joe Tynan* deals with private corruption and political ambition, and it is clever enough about both to notice that under certain conditions one virtually is the expression of the other.

Those conditions apply in a fairly special view of Washington in the late 1970s. Though the story of how an eager young politician finds success and loses his soul on the way to his party's presidential nomination has been told often enough before, I don't think it's been told in a context of quite such open desperation. Take, for example, the very opening of the movie—Sen. Joe Tynan's speech supporting his own job-legislation bill, a bill that passes, creating a million new jobs, while his colleagues, those actually in the half-empty Senate chamber, sit doodling or dozing at their desks. This is Joe's idealistic triumph. But he wins it with a political deal (his betrayal of which will become part of the movie's substance), and nobody really gives a damn in this capital city of young ambition and middle-aged appetite. *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* is the only movie I can recall to show a U.S. senator (Rip Torn) in his office interviewing an aide while some girl performs fellatio on him from under his desk. This may sound like an obvious attempt at outrageous satire. It isn't, really. It's more nearly an observation of how things might be with some of the legislators of our country.

In this context, Joe Tynan (Alan Alda) emerges as a gentleman—who is kind to his wife (Barbara Harris) even while cheating on her and being clearly in love with the mistress (Meryl Streep) he will shortly find it expedient to dump. His "seduction" (the film's awkward title is accurate enough) becomes a murky, complicated business: like many seductions, a mixture of self-interest, passing desire, and quite genuine feeling. The deal he makes with an almost senile southern senator (Melvyn Douglas)—merely not to oppose too strongly in committee a certain appointee to the Supreme Court—becomes easy to break when the black civil-rights lobby exposes the man for a racist. Tynan is a liberal senator from New York. He needs a cause, and he wants the admiration of the young woman lawyer who counsels the lobby in Washington. It isn't the woman who seduces Joe Tynan; their passionate affair is the closest thing to a non-seduction in the movie. Everything else seduces him—but above all, the comfort with which his personal morality and his political career find mutual accommodation. He never does anything wrong. But a sellout for a good cause is a sellout just the same.

Despite all this, I doubt if *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* would amount to very much without the gifts of Barbara Harris and Meryl Streep. They have only one scene together, a party fund-raising din-

Behind-the-scenes Washington drama: Barbara Harris with Alan Alda.

ner late in the movie where they meet and then, for a brilliant half-minute, almost don't acknowledge each other's existence. But their presence individually charts the cost of Joe's success—Harris, as she is gradually shaped and muzzled and depersonalized into the candidate's helpful wife; Streep, as her own ambitions and even her healthy lust are sacrificed to the public image necessary for a shot at the nomination. It isn't Barbara Harris's fault that she must suffer while her rival acts, but Meryl Streep's role is more interesting—and unusual, in that we have to keep adjusting our perception of her, from sensual opportunist, to committed intelligence, to dignified but slightly pathetic victim of her lover's career. She *is* in love with power, and in a sense she doesn't change at all. But our awareness of her changes, and Streep has a variation in her playing of a bright, good-looking, tough-minded southern lady to match each stage of our understanding. I don't know whether she's an all-purpose actress (on the New York stage, she's noted for Shakespeare and musical comedy), but she's as dazzling as anyone to come along in the movies for some years.

Jerry Schatzberg directed *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*. But Alan Alda wrote it, and having seen both Schatzberg's work and Alda's (in his own episodes of M*A*S*H), I'd tend to credit Alda with the major authorship. This sort of understated moral dilemma is very much his specialty—as is his own relaxed approach to fun in bed, his generally equitable irony in the face of an absurd world. Indeed, the movie is often so good-humored you'll want to put aside its bitterness—until another small betrayal comes along. Alda's personal diffidence promotes this, as it promotes the wonderful opportunities he gives his leading ladies. But it doesn't work entirely. He's supposed to be charismatic, and yet we never quite see the charisma. Instead we see a succession of private decencies sacrificed not so much to blind ambition as to a kind of absent-mindedness in the face of too many appointments, an especially good invitation, or simply too much to do.—*Roger Greenspun*

Private corruption and political ambition: Joe Tynan.

WORDS

BOUND FOR CHRISTMAS

It's no secret that the typical Christmas gift book is a color photograph framed in gold leaf, with a high, two-digit price tag inside, that's so heavy only people whose tastes run to the right of pre-Columbian art can lift it off the coffee table. If this is your idea of Christmas, then go read the *Newsweek* book reviews. The holidays need not be a bore. So why not give books that say something special about you and your friends?

Sex is a good Xmas novelty. Always a curiosity, it seems to diminish around the holidays, and hard-pressed lonely-hearts can't help appreciating ***Letters to Michael*** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $8.95). Back in 1977 Michael Block, unlike most men in need of getting laid, decided against the bar scene, writing messages in public johns and taking out personals in *Fetish Times*. No, he wanted a higher-class woman. So he placed ads (below) in the New York City subway stations. Michael got thousands of replies, such as, "Dear Michael, If you are a tennis player, give me a call. Arlene" and "Dear Michael, The only man who would make it with me on a permanent basis would . . . be willing to have a vasectomy. Teri." Strange. I always found subway riders rather more interesting.

Afterplay: A Key to Intimacy (Stein & Day, $10) is, obviously, not for those who are chronically hard up. It is written by the Drs. James Halpern and Mark A. Sherman—they are not medical doctors, as in MDs, but rather Ph.Ds. I'm not saying anyone who holds a Ph.D. doesn't know about sex, but c'mon, what're the chances? In *Afterplay* we learn that a woman postcoitus doesn't like being told, "You sure were dry" and/or "You need to exercise the tops of your legs." Those working on their doctorate might go for the advice, not the sexual kind offered here, but the word that, yes, there's hope in the publishing world for them, too.

They've got you coming and going. Gays are attacked because animals supposedly don't do it, and enthusiastic straights are called "you animals." Now the beast that dares not speak its name has taken wings. First there were those seagulls, and in his ***The Year of the Greylag Goose*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $25) Konrad Lorenz reveals that geese are flagrant bisexuals. It's the perfect Xmas gift for the gay friend who can't quite face up to the vicissitudes of Mother Nature.

Those who built fallout shelters, mourned the persecution of Martha Mitchell, and hid from *Skylab*

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New York 10017

Searching for the right woman: Michael Block's 1977 subway ad.

will discover new ways of whipping themselves if their Christmas stockings hold a copy of Vance Muse's ***Don't Buy a Car Made on Monday: An Arbitrary Encyclopedia of Things to Be Afraid Of*** (Times Books, $8.95). Yes, now even paranoids can enjoy sex, the chief cause of murder, says Muse.

Scholars with sufficient clinical stamina may want ***Lewis Carroll, Photographer of Children: Four Nude Studies*** (Clarkson N. Potter, $10), by Morton N. Cohen. "I have been largely privileged in *tête-à-tête* intercourse with children," wrote the whimsical satirist of *Alice in Wonderland*. ". . . . It is very healthy and helpful to one's own spiritual life: and humbling, too, to come into contact with souls so much purer and nearer to God, than one feels oneself to be." No little maenads these, the nudes here represent Carroll's own romanticism of children, which was atypical of the Victorian times. He took a number of such studies, almost all of which were destroyed at his own request when he died; the four hand-colored photographs in this collection survived in the families of the sitters. Despite rumors to the contrary, Carroll photographed with full consent of parent and child.

Tacky? Not really. When it comes to hardcore sleaze, sex can never compare with some of life's other diversions.

Only a necrophiliac could get a charge out of ***Famous Last Words*** (Quick Fox, $5.95), compiled by Jonathon Green. I've been hearing about this book since I was a kid. (" 'My life for a horse!' Catherine the Great"—that kind of stuff.) And I'd come to think of it as some kind of myth. Too bad it didn't remain one. W. Somerset Maugham put it most succinctly: "Dying is a very dull, dreary affair. And my advice to you is to have nothing whatever to do with it." Amen.

Of course, it's not healthy to avoid all that lives under rocks and bridges. No one who grew up on Joe McCarthy and professional wrestling as the apotheosis of TV Art could resist Roberta Morgan's ***Main Event: The World of Professional Wrestling*** (Dial, $12.95; $7.95, paper). The gang's all here, from Bruno Sammartino to Gorilla Monsoon; the men who gave the "$64,000 Question" a good name and made the word *professional* a household anomaly. And since we're on the subject, anyone who sends you mimeographed Christmas letters and/or Christmas cards designed by their kids needs ***Artists' Christmas Cards*** (A&W, $14.95), compiled by Steven Heller. Christmas is many things: two Santas running across Central Park (Edward Koren), a Bethlehem tenement rooftop (Philippe Weisbecker), a white reindeer escaping into a bright red flower (Randal Rupert). Hallmark would freak.

After you've exhausted sex and sleaze, Christmas shopping begins to pall. What's left but fantasy? This season faeries and gnomes have been tromped by dragons. In their ***The Flight of Dragons*** (Harper & Row, $17.50), Peter Dickinson and Wayne Anderson insist the beasts actually lived. Those lacking imagination might not buy their tale, but like any good storytellers, these guys lie awfully well. Draconians will also crave ***Dragons*** (Viking, $16.95), by Peter Hogarth with Val Clery. It's less whimsical and more historical, which is to say there are facts to back up the lies.

Pogonography by Duchamp.

In the fantasy/sci-fi vein, Tim Onosko has resurrected "a view of trends and technology" from thirties' press clippings and called it ***Wasn't the Future Wonderful?*** (Dutton, $9.95). Yes, the future just isn't what it used to be. *Skylab*, ecology, the ozone, Hiroshima, OPEC, and inflation have taken their toll. Who knows when we'll see 3-D TV sets or underground cities or revolving hurricane-proof houses, all envisioned over 40 years ago? It's the right gift for realists who say, "Hindsight is always better." For the escapists there's ***Plants of the Gods: Origins of Hallucinogenic Use*** (McGraw-Hill, $34.95). This lexicon includes where each hallucinogen is used, by whom, under what circumstances, how it's prepared, how it acts, plus lots of color photos to make your trip complete. Just to be on the safe side, the authors, Drs. Richard Evans and Albert Hofmann, fortunately have all the right credentials—you know, one's from Harvard and the other discovered acid. Perfect for the discriminating head who hates synthetics and only buys candy bars marked "natural."

In the let's-call-it-art-for-a-lack-of-a-better-name department, we have ***Enamelled Street Signs*** (Everest House, $7.95), by Christopher Baglee and Andrew Morley; ***Cigarette Pack Art*** (St. Martin's, $7.95), by Chris Mullen; ***Fill 'Er Up: An Architectural History of America's Car Gas Stations*** (Macmillan, $7.95), by Daniel Vieyra; and ***American Grilles*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.95; $8.95, paper), by Steven Salmieri and Rinaldo Frattolillo. The collective message seems to be the democratization of art. Don't worry; the connoisseurs on your block will understand.

And why not pogonography? Army sergeants, high-school principals, certain mothers, drag queens, and other opponents of the hirsute lip might scoff, but not Roger Lax and Maria Carvainis, who have written and compiled a witty appreciation entitled ***Moustache*** (Quick Fox, $5.95).

Every holiday season there are a number of good art books, a few decent biographies, and maybe one or two passable humor books, if we're lucky. Somehow Ralph Steadman has heard the wrath of inflation and combined all three into one opus, which he's called ***Sigmund Freud*** (Paddington Press, $17.95). Steadman, an illustrator, has used his considerable wit (visual and otherwise) to poke through the pomposity surrounding Freudian analysis and in some strange, grand, comic madness make perfect sense out of a complex and much misunderstood twentieth-century giant. At last, the Christmas gift book that has everything!—*Robert Hofler*

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A Lewis Carroll nude study: ". . . purer and nearer to God."

SOUNDS

AFTER DISCO

The record industry shook with dark rumblings throughout 1979. Albums were becoming too expensive to make and promote and too expensive to buy, and as the major record companies frantically slashed costs and reduced their staffs, pundits grumbled that soon every popular album would be a slick retread of a proven hit formula —an LP version of *Jaws II*. But of course the record industry lives in a sort of Shangri-la of its own devising, in which any trend that isn't unprecedented growth is widely thought to spell disaster.

The fact is, a lot of brave, worthy, trend-setting music got committed to vinyl this year, and as usual a lot of it escaped the notice of the general public, which was still buying disco throwaways and the latest warblings of the bored, multi-platinum rock elite. Meanwhile, several established and semi-established folkies and rockers found artistic regeneration, a new English invasion began altering the sound of rock radio, some important roots music—rockabilly, blues —was exhumed and lovingly dusted off, and new jazz and experimental music continued to define the musical spectrum for the decade to come.

The following records were part of these exciting developments. For the most part they didn't burn up the sales charts, but they have given every indication of withstanding the test of time. They'd make better Christmas gifts than the latest Linda Ronstadt or Village People albums, and not just because you'll be able to look back in a few years and say, "I told you so."

Paul Cox/Retna

Pop tunesmith Ian Gomm.

ROCK: Bob Dylan and John Prine, who are both exceptionally gifted and irritatingly uneven artists, found religion in 1979. Dylan's ***Slow Train Coming*** (Columbia) actually embraced the imagery and values of born-again Christianity, but while some of the lyrics sounded like ill-advised fanaticism, in general the apocalyptic mode seemed congenial enough; and the music, recorded under the watchful supervision of veteran producer Jerry Wexler, was some of the best of Dylan's career. Mark Knopfler and Pick Withers of the top-selling group Dire Straits turned in exultant performances that handily eclipsed their work with their own band, and Dylan finally put his old intensity together with the careful musicality of his *Nashville Skyline* period and sang like an angel.

The religion John Prine discovered was the rock-'n'-roll religion, Memphis denomination. While traveling through the South, Prine connected with Knox and Jerry Phillips, sons of the Memphis patriarch Sam Phillips, who gave the world Elvis, Jerry Lee, and the other Sun Records greats. All three Phillipses had a hand in the production of ***Pink Cadillac*** (Elektra), which beautifully melds Prine's folkie sensibility with the Memphis rockabilly spirit. "Saigon," which Sam Phillips himself produced, sounds like an early Sun blues record; somebody must have kicked the guitar amplifier half to pieces before they plugged it in, and that's a compliment.

Meanwhile, the latest English invasion hit an artistic high point (and conquered all but the most conservative FM rock stations) with releases by three artists whose careers have been incestuously interrelated since the late sixties. Nick Lowe's ***Labour of Lust*** (Columbia), Dave Edmunds's ***Repeat When Necessary*** (Swan Song), and Ian Gomm's ***Gomm with the Wind*** (Stiff/Epic) define a pop sensibility that draws much of its inspiration from the rock-'n'-roll of the late fifties and the early and middle sixties, but these guys definitely aren't revivalists. Rather, they stand united in the conviction that the best rock-'n'-roll records have always been records that are under three minutes in length and sound great coming over a car radio. Lowe, the mastermind of the three, doubles as producer for Elvis Costello, Graham Parker, and other popular new-wave figures, but his own *Labour of Lust* goes for a sweeter, more classically English sound, with lots of acoustic guitars and Beatlesque harmonies. Dave Edmunds plays harder and turns every song he tackles—including tunes by both Parker and Costello—into raw seventies rockabilly. His *Repeat When Necessary* is a joyous, unrelenting rock-'n'-roll explosion. Ian Gomm just may be the most gifted pop tunesmith of the three. He hadn't been heard from since the early seventies, when he played guitar and sang with the English country-rock group Brinsley Schwarz. The release of *Gomm with the Wind*, his first solo album, marks a wonderfully tuneful, auspicious debut.

COUNTRY AND BLUES: Willie Nelson (see the *Penthouse* Interview, September 1979) has been

Lynn Goldsmith

Nick Lowe: going for a sweeter, more classically English sound.

Bill Smith

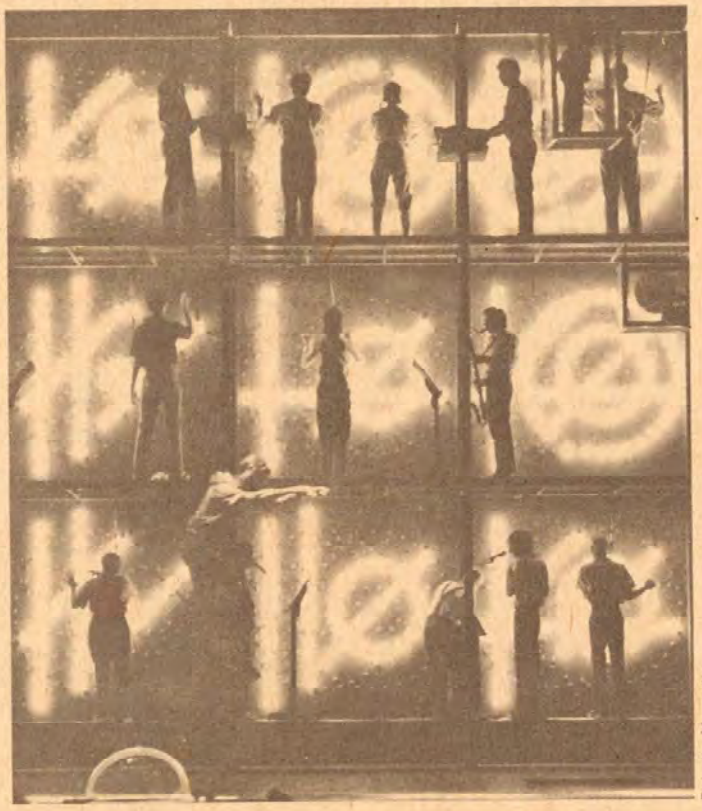
Jazz great Charles Mingus.

busy conquering Hollywood, where he acted in *The Electric Horseman* and is watching Universal turn his outlaw saga *Red Headed Stranger* into a motion picture. Somehow he found time this year to make an impressive new album with longtime sidekick Leon Russell, ***One for the Road*** (Columbia). On two of the album's four sides, the mercurial Russell, apparently far enough out of his rock Messiah phase to let his jazz and honky-tonk roots show, plays every instrument behind Nelson's vocals. The mood is a continuation of the mellow but lived-in ambience of last year's *Stardust*; the tunes are all standards, like "Danny Boy," "That Lucky Old Sun," and "Stormy Weather." But the album's first two sides—Willie, Leon, and Willie's great band tackling a more country-oriented selection of evergreens—provide most of the package's sparkle. There's no song stylist quite like Nelson, and here he's at the height of his expressive powers.

Chicago's Alligator Records, which has grown in the past few years from a shoestring operation into the principal force spearheading a new blues resurgence, outdid itself in 1979 with the release of ***Living Chicago Blues***. Producer Bruce Iglauer set out to prove that the blues are still alive and well in the windy city, and prove it he did, with new recordings by a batch of little-known but spectacular performers whose ages range from 66 to 19. There are three LPs in the series. Volume One takes top honors, with thrilling modern guitar by Jimmy Johnson and some of the funkiest, most down-home blues of recent years from Left-Hand Frank. Volume Two surveys the more traditional Chicago style, and Volume Three courts extremes with rocking boogie from 66-year-old pianist and Muddy Waters sidekick Pinetop Perkins and 19-year-old guitar wonder Lurrie Bell.

JAZZ: The jazz world lost a great man in 1979 with the death of Charles Mingus, who was a first-rank composer, a brilliant bassist, a fierce iconoclast, and a bandleader who seemed consistently to galvanize his musicians into performing far beyond their ordinary capacities. So far, the best recorded tribute to a man who has finally been recognized as the equal of Armstrong, Ellington, Parker, and Coltrane is ***Passions of a Man*** (Atlantic), a three-record set that draws generously from his years with Atlantic Records, 1956–1961 and 1973–1977. The first three and a half sides are from his early, classic period and include masterpieces like "Pithecanthropus Erectus" and "Haitian Fight Song." The rest is some of the best recent Mingus, with a three-and-a-half-minute interview as an added bonus. Most jazz lovers will probably already own much of this material; the album would be an asset to anyone who doesn't.

Weather Report's ***8:30*** (Columbia) is the definitive jazz-rock fusion album of the past few years. Three of the four sides are a live Weather Report concert, while side four offers the freshest new studio music the group has produced since the early seventies. For once, the brilliant saxophonist Wayne Shorter sounds strong and committed, and there's enough of his work to satisfy. And Joe Zawinul's use of multiple synthesizers and other keyboards gives the live sides an astonishing richness. The rhythm section cooks without getting locked into repetitive funk grooves. While most of the fusion movement's other founders appear to be floundering, Weather Report sails blissfully on, forecasting sunny skies.



Babeite Mangolte

Einstein on the Beach as staged at the Metropolitan Opera.

Robert Maplethorpe

Minimalist composer Philip Glass.

EXPERIMENTAL: In November 1976, the usually staid Metropolitan Opera of New York City presented a dazzlingly original new work, ***Einstein on the Beach.*** It was designed and directed by Robert Wilson, with music and lyrics by the minimalist composer Philip Glass, whose heavily amplified, modularly repeating structures for keyboards, saxophones, and voices have been the talk of classical music circles for the past several years. Glass, who has recorded for Epic and Virgin (both associated with progressive rock), had to spend almost three years looking for a company willing to underwrite the staging of *Einstein*. Finally, in 1979, the complete opera (if that's what it is) appeared as a four-record boxed set on the Tomato label. The accompanying booklet includes an essay by this writer and complete composer's notes, synopsis, and text. But the music is the real treat—shimmering washes of sound-color, hypnotic rhythms, and glorious, fuguelike clarity. Perhaps music this uncompromising isn't for everyone, but for those interested in experiencing tomorrow's sounds today, *Einstein on the Beach* is a trip worth taking.—*Robert Palmer*

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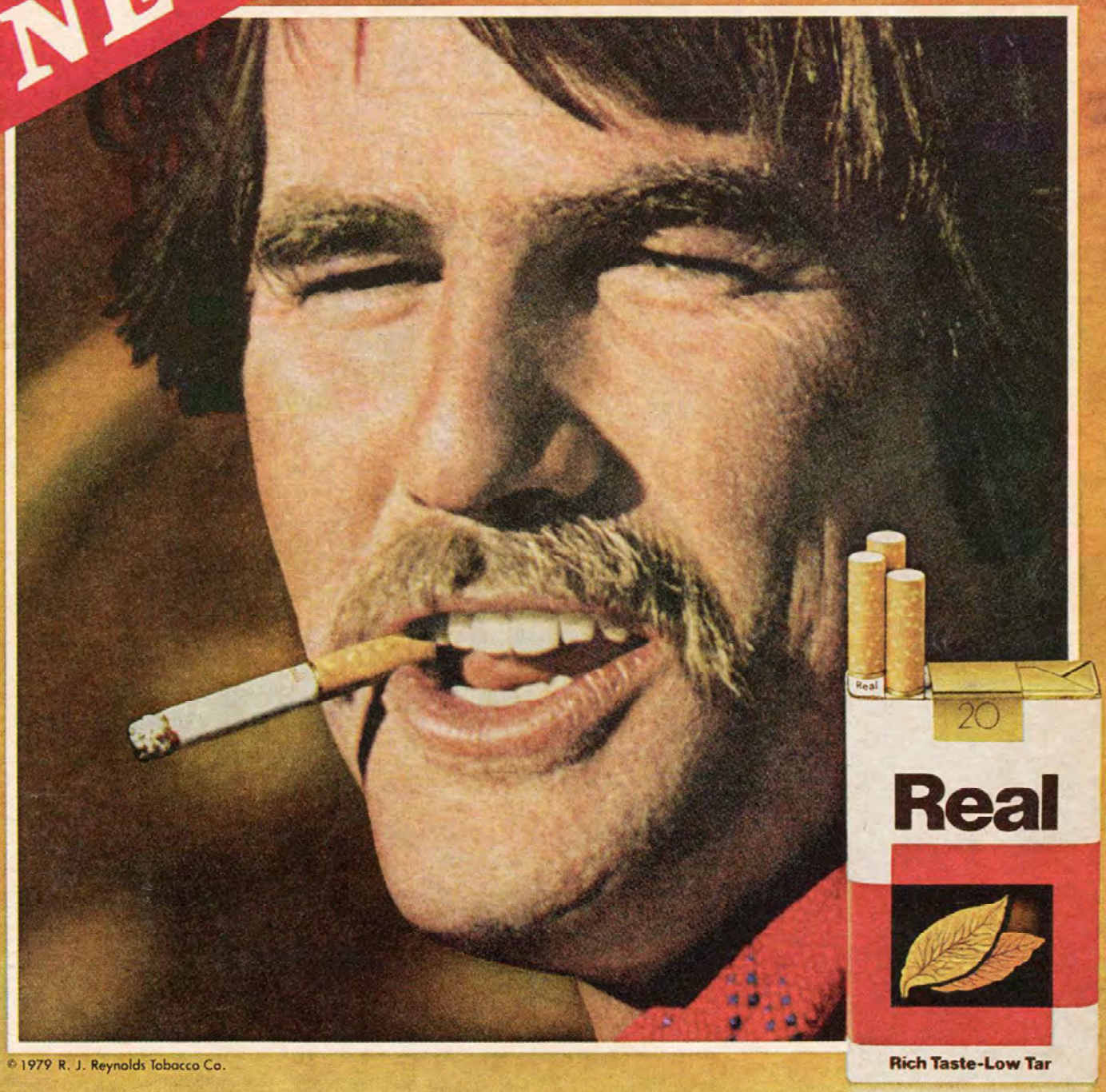

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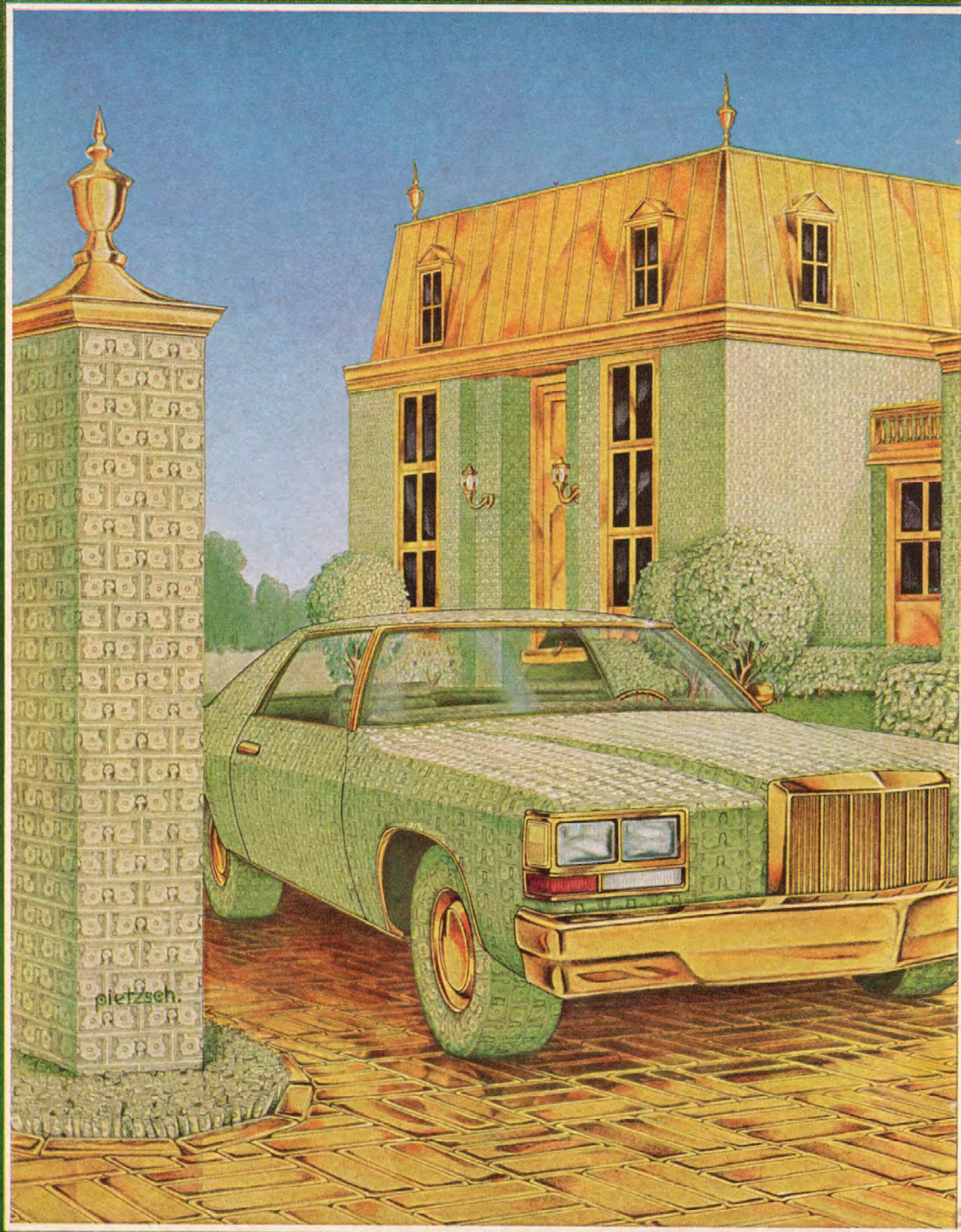
pietzsch.

Your money is literally going up in smoke—up chimneys and tailpipes—for non-renewable oil and coal, when we could have energy from the sun and plants.

HOW TO BEAT INFLATION

BY GENE MARINE

Driving across the bleakly beautiful emptiness of central Wyoming, sitting comfortably in an air-conditioned twenty-eighth-floor office in a new downtown Denver building, or leaning against a wall in a Winnemucca gambling casino talking with the manager, I kept thinking about the pervasive and frightening phenomenon that we all lump together under the catchall term "inflation."

When I was done with my ride, I found that no one understands it, and no one likes it. I found, for example, a professor of economics at the University of Montana in Missoula. He used to teach a graduate course on inflation. He has cancelled it.

"This isn't 'inflation' the way it works in books," he said. "The fact is that nothing I've learned in more than twenty years as an economist applies to the present situation. If you find an explanation, you tell me. Any economist who says he can explain it is bending the facts to fit his theory. The simple truth is that after all these years, I just don't know. And I don't believe that anyone else does."

At Don and Dave's Men's Wear in Berkeley, Calif., where I boggled momentarily at the price of a new pair of Allen Edmonds shoes, both owners (who have been in business since the 1930s) were quick to complain about the inflationary effect of "government interference in small business." Willingly conceding a massive increase in the base cost of goods, they were nonetheless certain that the *real* cause of inflation is the increase in the cost of doing business that is brought about by increasing government regulation.

Some labor publications stress a related conviction: if it weren't for power being exercised, through government, by "environmentalists," jobs would be far more plentiful. Concern about the last stand of giant redwoods, about the snail darter, about the lead content of gasoline, is raising the cost of everything and keeping hardworking Americans from getting decent jobs cutting down trees or building dams and highways.

When gasoline lines appeared in California early in 1979, Californians blamed either the Arabs or the oil companies for everything from the price of canned corn to the prevalence of bilharzia along the upper Nile. Witty writers in New York and Washington blamed greedy Californians. When the gas lines shifted eastward, Easterners decided that maybe it was the

Arabs or the oil companies after all. Whatever else they believed, most Americans seemed to assume that "inflation" and the "energy crisis" should be tied together into the same cause-and-effect bundle.

Near Greeley, Colo., farmer Norm Brown suggested that city folks are missing the point. "The one commodity in America that is not inflated in price is wheat. Somebody's getting rich, and somebody's getting screwed, and it's the farmer who's getting screwed. They sell my wheat in Europe for three or four times what I'm getting, and I don't see a penny of that profit."

A "new wave" of conservative economists, hardly able to conceal their glee because the long-entrenched theories of New Deal fiscal "experts" seem to be breaking down, is rallying behind conservative economist Milton Friedman: it is time to remove all controls from everything, and everything will turn out all right.

Rollin Bernard, president of Midland Federal Savings and Loan in Denver, agrees in part. "You cannot regulate an economy like the American economy without disjointment," he says, coining a word. "Every time you turn down the number-four screw, the number-eight top blows."

Relatively radical thinkers like Larry Ward, a Montana economist, and Jeff Lustig, a California political scientist, don't get the media attention that goes to Friedman and his disciples of *laissez-faire*, but they are equally eloquent. The villain, to them, is "monopoly capital," and the vehicle for its villainy is the mechanism of "administered prices."

According to everybody's economics text, prices are supposed to rise no higher than a certain point because competition keeps them down. When demand and purchasing power drop, prices are supposed to drop. In fact, the argument goes, the "competitors" simply agree to hold prices at a certain level—and to keep them up at that level regardless of textbook pressures. Oil companies are included as a part of this analysis.

A truly ingenious "explanation" comes from Citicorp, one of the world's largest international-finance organizations. According to its *Annual Report* for 1978, which shows Citicorp's earnings per share, after taxes, as having risen by 27 percent over 1977, America suffers from its present economic ailment—what we loosely call "inflation"—because we *expect* to suffer from inflation. It's all a sort of psychosomatic illness of the pocketbook.

If the government puts more money into the system, then that *is*, by definition, "inflation." People are supposed to have more to spend, demand should go up, business should have more to invest in expansion, more goods should be produced, and as a result prices (and taxes) should rise. But unemployment should go *down*, while wages should also rise and money should be easier to borrow.

Theoretically, if the supply of money is reduced, then interest rates go up, it's harder to borrow, supply and demand and taxes drop, unemployment rises and people start to hedge, prices go down. And so it goes, up a little, down a little, with a firm governmental hand at the controls, keeping it all in orderly, delicate balance.

Not so, says Citicorp. In a down cycle, businesses do indeed cut back their production and lay off workers, but the businessmen know that the government is going to send the money supply back up again, and they don't want to be caught short. So, anticipating tomorrow's "reinflation," they don't lower their prices. We get high unemployment, high prices, and tight money all at the same time. There is no way out.

Citicorp's conclusion: if the government would get out of the money-manipulating process, the problem would go away. Apparently its analysts don't believe that businessmen will ever be honest enough to lower their prices when their costs drop. After all, it isn't government regulation that's "forcing" all those businessmen to keep their prices up.

> Somebody's getting rich, and somebody's getting screwed, and it's the farmer who's getting screwed.

The ghetto family trying to rear four kids on a maid's income while the husband looks hopelessly for a job is not much concerned with Norm Brown's problems on his Colorado-prairie wheat farm. Norm Brown isn't excited about the problems of the more affluent-seeming lawyers I talked to in that downtown Denver building. One of the lawyers did say, "Gee, if I'm having this trouble, it must be really rough for some truck driver," but even he conceded that he doesn't *know* how people with considerably less income are able to survive.

We do not, in voicing our frustrations and seeking out our villains, think of ourselves as all being up the same inflationary creek in the same fiscally leaky rowboat. Take, for example, Warren Smith and Don Jones (*not* the names of the two lawyers mentioned above). Warren was an attorney for a major corporation in the East and moved to Denver to become a partner in a prestigious law firm. Don only recently passed the bar in the Midwest and has come to the same law firm as a very junior associate.

"Back east" Warren bought a house—a fairly expensive house in a fairly expensive suburb. He had to borrow money, sure, just as do all the rest of us who try buying a home; and, of course, his house appreciated in value, as has virtually all real estate during the past decade. But when he moved to Denver—selling one house and buying another—he very nearly didn't make it despite his prestigious position and more than adequate salary.

For one thing, the interest rate on his new home purchase is probably more than 50 percent higher than the rate on his old one. For another, while he sold the first house at an inflated price, he also paid an even more inflated price for the second. And, finally, he isn't working for a major corporation any more; he has no "clout" with lenders (banks treat corporation executives very kindly if the corporation keeps a lot of cash on deposit).

Warren isn't suffering from "inflation" as is Norm Brown on his farm, much less in the sense that the unemployed ghetto dweller suffers. But he is paying twice as much for shelter alone while trying to maintain a family on not much more money. He moved, not for economic advantage, but to return to a part of the world that he loves; a lot of people with just a little less income have no such choice available. The nation is full of families whose homes have doubled or tripled in value—and who can't afford to sell.

For Warren's younger colleague, Don, Denver was an opportunity to advance in his profession; but when I talked to him, he and his wife had spent months trying to find a home and someone to finance it. He had no house to sell, little capital, no long-standing credit record, no "clout." He'll eventually find a place, but he'll pay at least 11.5 percent on his mortgage for most of his life. And he'll be one of the last, among young people just starting out, to be able to buy a home at all in the Denver area.

In Casper, Wyo., while I was touring, there was a statewide convention of a group called WIFE. It stands for Women Involved in Farm Economics, and its membership is made up mostly of younger farm wives who make the same complaints about the costs of trying to get started. Don Jones might have said about older professionals in Denver exactly what Sara Arnold of Hawk Springs, Wyo., said about older farm families: that when times were better, they were able to take advantage of the situation and that now "they don't feel as hard pressed as those of us just starting out."

Like the male farmers I met near Greeley, WIFE members are big on gasohol production. Gasohol is the crea-

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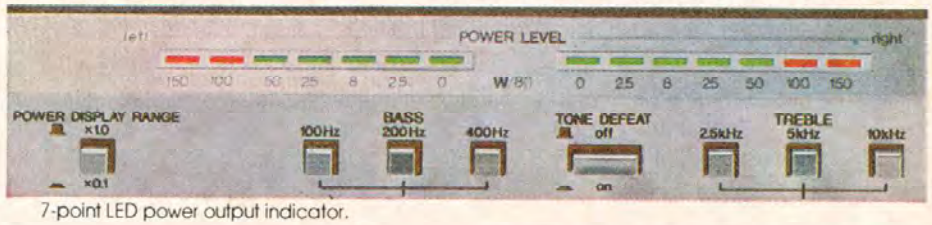

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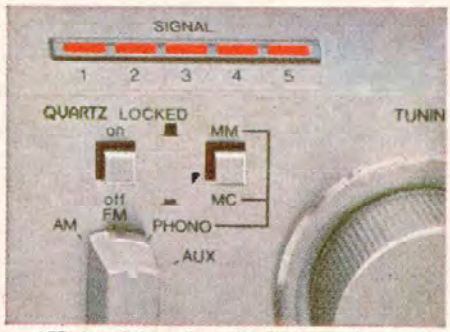

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PLUS SERIES™

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tion of fuel from grain. It works in the same way that whiskey is produced from grain and yields both fuel and a high-protein residue that is an excellent livestock feed. WIFE is also big on government backing of farm prices and on changes in beef import laws. Their "villain" is an *absence* of government regulation with regard to grain prices, beef imports, and increasing "monopoly capital" control.

They don't know about Warren Smith and Don Jones in their air-conditioned offices or about the family in the ghetto; none of them knows about the Winnemucca casino manager who stares glumly at covered and idle tables or about the frustrated economist in Montana. Each has a different "villain," and yet, to some extent, they're all correct. Each is complaining about something that, if it were changed, would immediately and drastically affect all the others.

In April, Patrick Caddell's Cambridge Survey Research, Inc., sent to President Carter a long memo concerning some polling he had just completed. The memo is said to have resulted in the "domestic summit" and Cabinet shakeup in July. Caddell found a "deep pessimism" among Americans and a "remarkable surge in public cynicism about the futility of elections and the inefficacy of government." Caddell said he could find no explanation for this pessimism and cynicism "except the corrosive psychological effect of persistently high inflation."

Gail Kuntz is pessimistic. Working for the Montana Department of Natural Resources and Conservation, she recently undertook to find out what happens to coal that's mined in her state. She traced a sizable quantity of coal to its final use in a power plant in Ohio—a power plant located quite near a more abundant, and cheaper, coal supply. A brief investigation found that the power company in Ohio and the coal-mining company in Montana belong to the same people. They bought the more expensive coal from farther away, but they bought it from themselves—and charged Ohio homeowners for the difference, including shipping, calling it "cost" and taking their profit on that "cost."

Ron Specht of Ault, Colo., is pessimistic, as are Norm Brown of Pierce and their fellow farmers in the area. They are part of the American Agriculture Movement, which tried to attract attention a while back with a "tractor march" on Washington. Despite the dramatics, wheat prices haven't gone up (though bread prices have). In fact, since I spoke with Specht and Brown, the Department of Commerce has announced that this year's winter-wheat surplus is the largest since World War II; grain elevators are full, and wheat is being "stored" by being dumped on open ground.

Nonetheless, the Farmers National Bank of Ault says that between January 1978 and January 1979 their farm-loan interest rate went from 9.5 percent to 13 percent. Van Why and Son, which sells Massey-Ferguson farm equipment in the same area, says that a combine muffler, a typical farm-machine replacement part, which cost $12.51 at the beginning of 1978, cost $16.19 a year later. Burroughs Texaco, in the same area, says that in the same period a tanker load of diesel fuel went up 10 percent and a tanker load of gasoline (before the 1979 "crisis") went up 13 percent. Even a simple crescent wrench went, during that year, from $9.65 to $10.83—an increase of more than 12 percent. As you read this, those figures are already a year old.

Californians as a whole are certainly pessimistic. Their historically familiar hunger for simple solutions led them, in 1978, to attack a villain called "government spending" with a sloppily built meat-ax called Proposition 13. The head broke off the ax, flew in the wrong direction, and sliced into the already lagging incomes of teachers, librarians, and underpaid state clerical workers, not to mention cops and firemen.

Proposition 13 lowered the taxes of ordinary homeowners, of course, but this year's gasoline lines lent irony to the fact that, in attacking "government spending," California voters gave the Standard Oil Company of California a free 1978–79 tax reduction of $1,800,000 *in San Francisco alone*. SOCAL is one of the state's largest landowners outside San Francisco; so the additional profit, overall, was probably in the tens of millions. None of it came back as cheaper prices at the gas pumps.

In fact, a lot of those gasoline lines were at Chevron stations, Standard of California's "brand name." Others were at Exxon, Texaco, and Mobil stations, where motorists fumed at "the Arabs" while reading such headlines as "SAUDIS RAISE OIL PRICES." The "Saudis" in question produce their oil through a consortium called the Arabian-American Oil Company; the American members of the consortium are Exxon, Mobil, Texaco, and Standard of California.

While prices passed a dollar a gallon in those companies' gas stations, the *additional* profit to Standard of California alone from one early-summer "Saudi" pricing decision was nearly $4 million a day. "For Exxon, Texaco, and Mobil," says a *San Francisco Examiner* story, "the figures presumably would be nearly the same."

"Inflation," as the word is currently being used in newspaper headlines and private conversations all over America, is a misnomer.

We *are* suffering from textbook

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

The SEAGRAM'S GIN Perfect Martini.

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Hardly anyone in the Third Reich had heard of Eva Braun. Yet for 16 years she was the most important woman in Hitler's life.

The Secret Life of Adolf Hitler

BY GLENN B. INFIELD

Eva Braun was the mystery woman of the Third Reich, the beauty Hitler kept hidden from most of his associates and the public. Even though they had spent many long hours at the Berghof, conferring with the Führer, many of his generals first became aware of Eva Braun's existence on learning of her death. Yet for 16 years she was the most important woman in Hitler's life, a woman he frequently abused and ignored, a woman he loved as much as he could love any person. It was a strange romance, one of the most intriguing love affairs in history.

Eva Braun was born in Munich on the morning of February 7, 1912. Adolf Hitler was 23 years old at the time, a bohemian living at a hostel in Vienna and struggling to make a living by painting picture postcards. When Eva reached the age of 15, Fanny Braun, her mother, decided she should attend a convent school to acquire the education and social graces that would fit her for later life. Eva was sent to the English Sisters, a Catholic order in the small town of Simbach, approximately 60 miles east of Munich.

Eva, however, disliked the rigid rules of the convent school; she found the routine repetitive, dull, and, ultimately, unbearable. In the fall of 1929 she left and never returned. Since the only subject at which she had excelled was dancing, the English Sisters were not sorry to see her go. Back in Munich she accepted a job at Heinrich Hoffmann's photography shop. Hoffmann was a friend of Hitler's and the first photographer Hitler permitted to take pictures of him after his release from Landsberg prison. Hoffmann eventually became Hitler's personal photographer. In 1929, when the NSDAP (National Socialist party) was still years from power, this post didn't mean much. Later, however, it meant millions of Reichsmarks and worldwide fame.

Hoffmann was delighted to hire Eva, because she was young and attractive. He had another responsibility besides photographing Hitler; he also provided him with female companionship. He maintained a list of women whom he could introduce to his friend whenever Hitler was lonely and bored, hoping that this favor would be remembered when Hitler assumed power, as Hoffmann was convinced he would. So when Hitler appeared at Hoffmann's studio one day not long after Eva came to work, the photographer made certain they met. Eva's mother later explained how Hitler and her daughter had met.

"One day Hitler came into Hoffmann's office, which Hitler used for his work since he didn't keep his own office then. Eva was standing on a high ladder, getting something from a high shelf. Hitler watched her, and when Hoffmann saw he was watching, he introduced them as soon as Eva came down from the ladder."

According to Hoffmann, Hitler's eyes moved slowly up her long legs, appraised her hips, and finally stopped on her neatly brushed hair. He knew at that moment that his new clerk interested Hitler. He was disappointed, however, when he introduced her to "Herr Wolf," as Hitler wanted to be called at the time. Eva just smiled at him and turned away. He had anticipated that she would be overjoyed to meet the celebrated Hitler, and when she hardly changed expression, he was puzzled. After Hitler left, Hoff-

Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko

mann called Eva aside and asked, "Do you know that man?

"Only that he is a friend of yours."

Hoffmann shook his head. "I mean, don't you recognize him? His name is not Herr Wolf. That is Adolf Hitler!"

"Who is Adolf Hitler?"

Hoffmann was mystified that anyone in Munich—or in all of Bavaria, for that matter—could be ignorant of the importance of Adolf Hitler. Frustrated with his new clerk, he walked away.

That evening at the dinner table Eva asked Fritz Braun, her father, about Adolf Hitler. That was the wrong question to ask in the Braun apartment in 1929. Fritz Braun considered Hitler a fanatic and opposed most of his political program. A personal matter made Eva's father dislike Hitler and the Nazi party even more: he had been proposed for promotion to assistant master of the school where he taught; but when the school officials, all Nazis, learned that Braun didn't belong to the NSDAP, they refused to recommend him for the advancement. So when Eva innocently mentioned Hitler's name that evening, her father became very angry.

"Hitler? I would not walk on the same side of the street with him. He is a fanatic."

Her father's comments made Eva curious to learn more about Hitler. The next day she studied the photograph file on him in Hoffmann's studio. The pictures fascinated her. Some showed women trying to break through guard lines to touch him, throwing flowers in his path, reaching for him as he passed in his Mercedes-Benz. There were photographs of him at the opera and the theater with glamorous actresses and fashionably dressed society matrons. Sometimes he was pictured in his uniform and highly polished boots; other times he had exchanged his slouch hat for a top hat. By the time she had finished examining the file, she had changed her opinion about "Herr Wolf." She hoped he would come to the studio again.

After their first meeting in Hoffmann's home, Hitler often asked the photographer to arrange other meetings with Eva. Despite his ongoing affair with Geli Raubal, Hitler continued to see Eva and send her flowers, candy, and trinkets of modest value. Hoffmann concentrated on promoting Eva as the woman Hitler needed. He knew that if she became his mistress, he would get a reward from his idol. The death of Geli Raubal, in September 1931, moved Eva to the forefront of Hitler's private life. Eva was quick to realize that with Geli out of the way she had an opportunity to ingratiate herself more deeply with Hitler. But despite the removal of the biggest obstacle to her becoming Hitler's favorite woman, she still had a problem. Her parents were very strict and continually checked on her. Eva knew that if her father and mother learned she was associating with a man 23 years older than she and that the man was Adolf Hitler, they would be furious.

The strain of keeping her romance secret from her parents—plus the frustration of learning the hard way that for Hitler no woman had priority over the pursuit of power—began to tell on her. She soon realized that loneliness and the waiting, always waiting, for Hitler to visit her were an ordeal that could result in personal tragedy. The summer of 1932 was a miserable one for both Eva and Hitler. Hitler felt that he had lost his battle for power, and Eva felt that she had lost Hitler. On the night of November 1, 1932, Eva's depression got the better of her. She opened the drawer of the night table beside her parents' bed, took out her father's 6.35mm pistol, and shot herself. Her aim was poor. The bullet lodged near an artery in her neck. Still conscious, Eva decided she did not want to die after all. She telephoned Heinrich Hoffmann's brother-in-law, Dr. Plate. The physician had her taken to a private clinic, where the bullet was removed.

Hitler received the startling news from Hoffmann and hurried to the clinic, where Eva, for the first time in months, now had the full attention of the man she loved. He was properly concerned, and it was obvious that he was flattered she would do such a thing to prove she loved and missed him. This tragic gesture of love strengthened his ego when he most needed it strengthened. Eva was in the clinic for only a few days, and the wound healed completely, leaving no scar. Her desperate gamble paid off: Hitler now felt he had to watch over her.

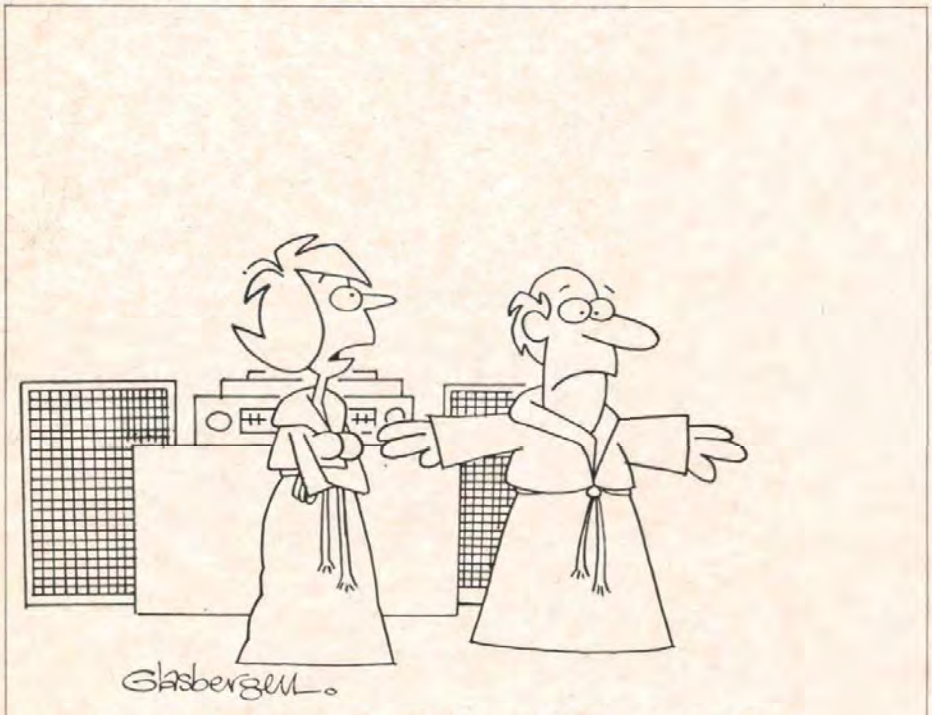
"She did it for the love of me," he told Hoffmann. "I must look after the girl."

Eva was taking a nap on January 30, 1933, when her mother knocked on her bedroom door.

"Eva, wake up. I have news for you. Herr Hitler has come to power."

Eva was delighted with the news, but she had to be careful. Her parents realized that she was acquainted with Hitler through his visits to the Hoffmann studio, but they did not suspect that Hitler and Eva were having an affair. Now Fanny Braun was quick to tell the neighbors that "Eva knows the chancellor" and to garner any prestige that news might bring to the Braun family, but she was completely unaware of the personal relationship. And Eva was worried about how she was going to break the news. She needn't have been concerned that publicity would come from Hitler, because he had no intention of allowing the citizens of Germany to find out about her. As he told Hoffmann, "The *chère ami* of a politician must be quietly discreet." Certainly, however, he thought about Eva on the night of his victory. Even though the scene in Berlin was hectic, with crowds jamming the Kaiserhof Hotel, where he was meeting with his party officials, and thousands of telephone calls lighting the hotel switchboard, Hitler placed a personal telephone call to Eva in Munich.

Yet his demand for secrecy about the relationship didn't solve Eva's problem



"For heaven's sake, George, it's Christmas. Let him play his punk-rock version of 'Silent Night'!"

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AS ORIGINAL AS THE MAN WHO WEARS IT.

concerning her parents. As soon as he returned to Munich, for example, Hitler insisted that she come to his apartment and stay all night.

"He received many women, but none of them ever stayed overnight." Frau Anni Winter, his housekeeper, explained. "Eva Braun was the first."

This overnight stay and many other visits left Eva more and more entangled in her attempts to conceal her true relationship with Hitler. Her father could not understand her irregular hours and the reason why she "stayed overnight at a friend's house" so often. Nor did he understand why Eva insisted on having her own telephone in her bedroom and allowed no one to answer it but herself. Gradually, the web of deception became too complicated, especially when Hitler invited her to the Berghof for extended stays. She finally decided she had to bring Fritz and Fanny Braun face-to-face with Adolf Hitler. Patiently waiting for an opportunity, she was rewarded one Sunday when she heard her father suggest to her mother that they drive to Berchtesgaden and look at Hitler's mountain home on the Obersalzberg. She knew that her parents often stopped at the Lambacher Hof, in the small town of Lambach, for tea and a snack. If she could get Hitler also to stop there, perhaps she could finally introduce him to her parents.

Eva's plan worked out very well as far as the "chance" meeting was concerned. The Brauns decided to stop in Lambach on the return trip to Munich. At the town, however, they learned that the road was guarded by SS troops checking all automobiles. The Brauns were permitted to drive to the Lambacher Hof to get tea and a snack. They had just finished their tea and were about to leave when a shiny Mercedes-Benz drove up to the main entrance of the café and Eva stepped from the back. Fanny Braun could not believe her eyes. She hurried over to the automobile to make certain. "Eva, you?"

When Fritz Braun joined them, he demanded, "What does this mean?"

Very calmy Eva said, "I have just come from the *Berghof*." Without another word to her parents she went in the café. A few minutes later another Mercedes-Benz stopped at the Lambacher Hof, and Hitler got out. As the townspeople cheered and crowded around Hitler's car, Fanny Braun edged away. Now she understood. Eva was more than just a casual friend of the Führer's. Fritz Braun had stayed by Hitler's car, and when Hitler neared him, Braun extended his hand.

"I am Eva's father."

He expected an explanation from Hitler, but the Führer gave none. All he said was "Where is your frau?"

While Fritz Braun searched the crowd for his wife, Hitler walked into the café. When Herr Braun finally located his wife, she insisted that they leave immediately. Just as they reached their automobile, however, Hitler's aide came onto the porch of the Lambacher Hof.

"Where are the Braun parents, please?"

Frau Braun turned her back on the inquiring aide and whispered, "I don't want to go inside."

Fritz Braun convinced her it would be best if they did. They were ushered into the private dining room where Hitler and Eva were eating. Hitler immediately stood up and motioned for Frau Braun to sit next to him. After they sat down, Hitler immediately began talking, but only about trivial subjects, not about Eva and himself. Frau Braun was very attentive and waited patiently for Hitler to speak about her daughter, but he never did. When it came time to leave, Hitler took her hand and kept her in the dining room after the others had left.

"He squeezed my hand and looked straight at me as if he could see into my soul," she told her husband later. "He never said a word."

Frau Braun had the impression he was trying to comfort and reassure her but didn't know how to express his feelings. Eva and Hitler got into his Mercedes-Benz and drove off. It was obvious that Eva was indirectly telling her parents she intended to live her life as she pleased.

When she returned home that night, her father was waiting for her. "Is it true that you are the Führer's mistress?"

Eva didn't answer the question. She merely asked, "If you want, I'll leave."

Fritz Braun turned and walked away.

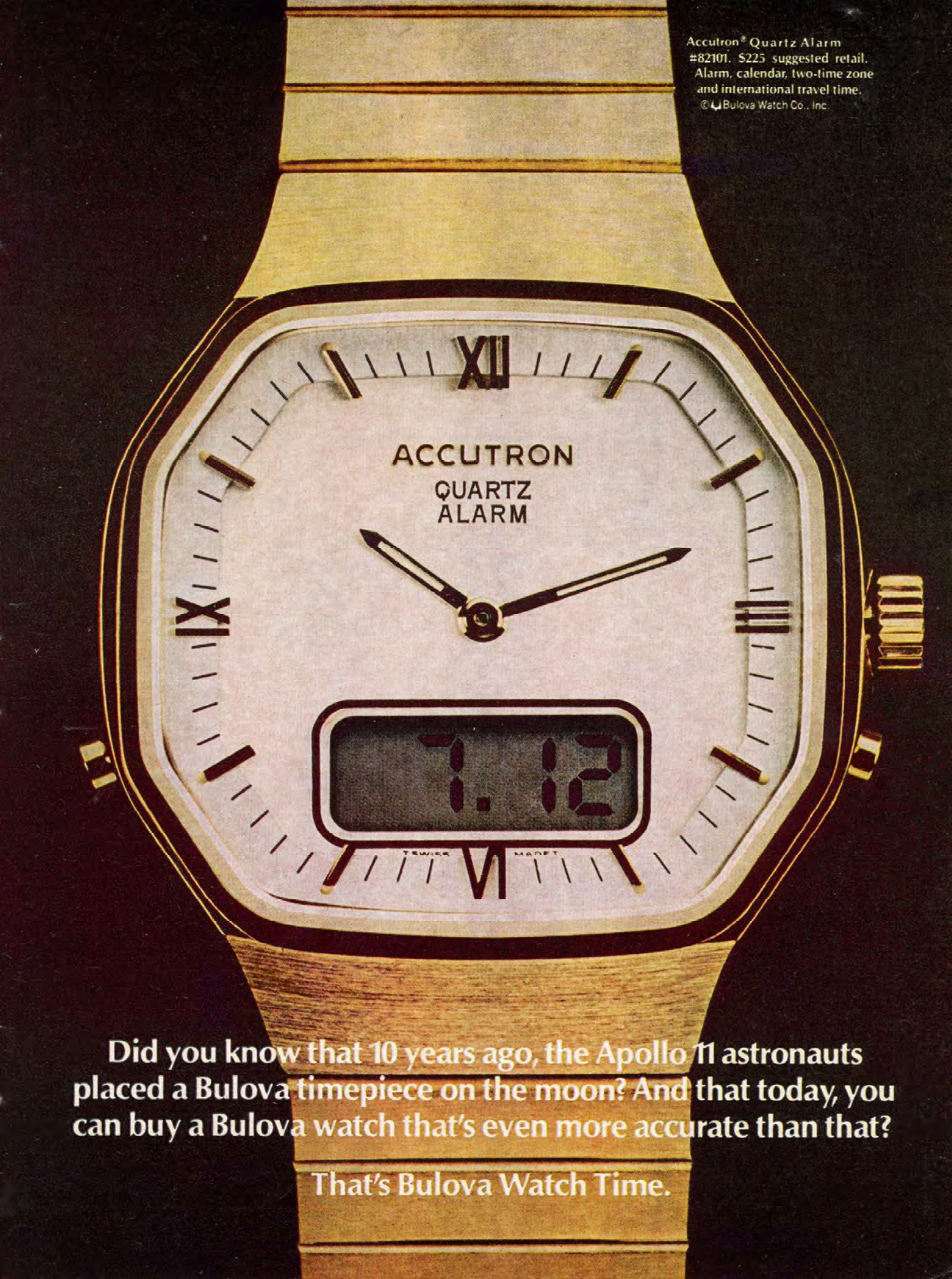
The Braun parents slowly became accustomed to the fact that their daughter was the mistress of the most powerful man in Germany. At first they didn't like it, but it soon became apparent there were certain advantages for them in Eva's status. They were invited to the Berghof, Fritz Braun became a paymaster in the German army, and, as Hitler made certain, Eva's parents were treated properly by his associates.

As for Eva, Hitler still ignored her completely for long periods and exhibited all the characteristics that women detest in a lover who puts his ambition ahead of his romance. Fanny Braun understood her daughter's frustrations and tried to comfort her. In May 1935 Eva was desperate. She hadn't seen or talked with Hitler for three months, although she had seen photographs of him going to the theater or the opera with other women.

Early on the morning of May 29 she swallowed two dozen Phanodom tablets. Within a few minutes she was unconscious. Fortunately, her sister Ilse decided to return an evening gown she had borrowed, and when she found Eva prostrate on the bed, she immediately called her employer, Dr. Marx. Within two hours the doctor had purged Eva of the drug, and she was safe.

This second attempt at suicide completely changed Hitler's attitude toward her. He arranged for Eva to move into a small apartment on Wiedermeyerstrasse, in the Bogenhausen district of Munich, so

"O come, all ye faithful . . ."



Did you know that 10 years ago, the Apollo 11 astronauts placed a Bulova timepiece on the moon? And that today, you can buy a Bulova watch that's even more accurate than that?

That's Bulova Watch Time.

that he could see her without her parents supervising her every move. Later he purchased a villa for her across the river Isar from his apartment in Munich and provided her with an automobile and a chauffeur. He even bought her two Scottish terriers, which she named Stasi and Negus. For the first time since her affair with Hitler had begun six years earlier, Eva was truly happy. Hitler's private show of affection made up for the "back street" secrecy of the affair. She was never seen in Munich society but lived in complete retreat, amusing herself by reading; studying her paintings by Midgard, Gallegos, Popp, Fischbach, and Rosl; sunbathing; caring for her beloved dogs; and exercising. She was careful not to gain weight—much to Hitler's dislike, because he preferred voluptuous women. She also spent a great deal of time applying cosmetics, tinting her medium-blonde hair different shades, and manicuring her nails. She had plenty of time to do all this, because Hitler's visits were not frequent.

When she became "queen" of the Berghof, however, she saw Hitler much more often and more intimately. During her early visits to the Obersalzberg, Angela Raubal, Hitler's stepsister and mother of Geli, was hostile. Eva said little, realizing that she could alienate Hitler if she was not careful. She bided her time and waited for an opportunity.

It came in 1935 at the Nürnberg rally. Eva stayed at the Hotel Kaiserhof, as did Frau Raubal and the wives of high-ranking Nazi officers. Frau Raubal was openly insulting. She called Eva a "disgraceful blonde" who openly chased the Führer and accused her of being worse than a streetwalker. Eva remained silent, hopeful that at least one of the other women would tell her husband about Frau Raubal's overt hostility and the matter would be relayed to Hitler.

It was. When Hitler asked Eva what Frau Raubal had said to her, Eva at first refused to tell him. He insisted. She began to cry and then related the abusive statements Frau Raubal had directed at her in front of the other women. Hitler was furious that his stepsister would dare meddle in his private affairs. As soon as the rally ended, he had his chauffeur drive him directly to the Berghof, where he told Frau Raubal to pack her belongings and leave immediately. Afterward Eva was definitely the queen of the Berghof, and everyone knew it.

Why didn't Hitler and Eva marry then? The expulsion of Frau Raubal from the Berghof sharply upgraded Eva's status. Those of the inner circle who had previously sided with Hitler's stepsister now found themselves in an uncomfortable position. One such person was Julius Schaub, Hitler's longtime adjutant. He decided he would find out just how well he should treat Eva, the woman he had previously ignored or derided. During one of their intimate conversations, he mentioned to Hitler that the others at the Berghof thought he planned to marry Fräulein Braun.

Hitler stared at Schaub for a moment and then said, "I will never marry her. I don't have the time. I am always away and cannot behave to a wife as a married man should."

Eva's real value to Hitler was her ability to comfort him, to soothe his shattered nerves, to calm his anger, and to divert his thoughts to more pleasant subjects when he was upset over a political or military matter. Eventually, Hitler would not visit the Berghof unless Eva accompanied him. Of course, if Hitler was on official business, she had to stay out of sight or pretend she was a secretary on his staff.

Hitler took care, as the years passed, to make certain Eva was recognized and respected properly within his inner circle. He personally gave orders that she should receive the salute reserved for the highest dignitaries and assigned bodyguards to accompany her everywhere.

Hitler's hands made Eva go "quite crazy," she admitted, but he couldn't undress her because he wasn't skillful enough.

He also made certain she had money enough to buy whatever she wanted; and since Eva was obsessed with clothes, she was soon the best-dressed woman in the inner circle.

Sometimes the secrecy of Eva's status caused her annoyance. One day she and her younger sister, Gretl, went to the famous leather store Lederer, in Berlin. Eva was looking for a handbag, but an arrogant clerk, judging her less than affluent, showed her only the cheapest ones. When Eva pointed out a bag she liked, one that was in the window, the clerk shook his head and told her it was much too expensive. Eva became angry and demanded to see the manager. When the manager arrived, she bought everything in the display window.

"I want it delivered to the Chancellery this afternoon," she said, "and give the bill to the Führer's private secretary."

The frightened clerk and the stunned manager watched silently as Eva and Gretl walked out of the store and got into Eva's Mercedes-Benz, with its uniformed SS driver. The purchases were delivered promptly that afternoon, with a large bouquet of flowers from the manager.

It is easy to understand how Eva could handle Hitler. She was so much younger than he; a naturally passionate woman, she had virtually no inhibitions, and she had a good deal of time to prepare for Hitler's visits, since he was constantly beset by problems brought on by his ambitions. If, as some evidence indicates, Hitler was exotic in his sexual behavior, there is no suggestion that this troubled Eva deeply. However, early in the affair she honestly believed that she was merely a sex object to him. The last paragraph of the entry in her diary for March 11, 1935, indicates her feelings:

"He is only using me for very definite purposes. When he says he loves me, he takes it about as seriously as his promises, which he never keeps. Why does he torture me so much instead of just putting an end to the whole thing?"

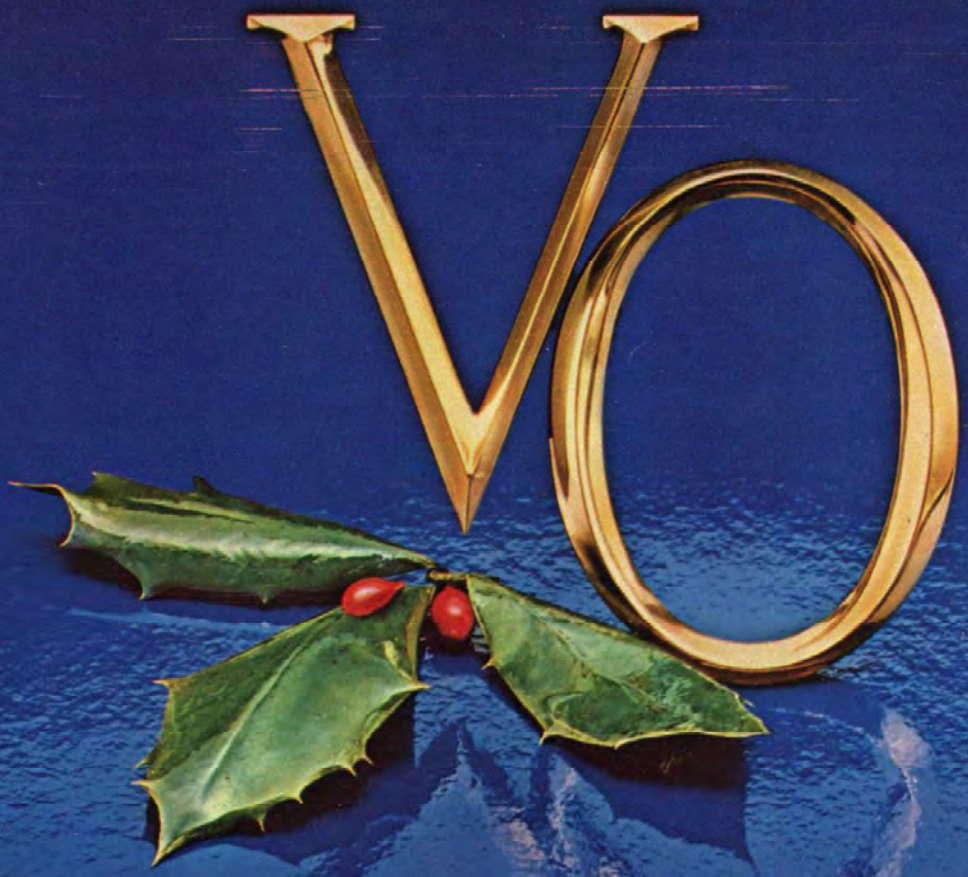
It is known that Hitler often asked Dr. Morell, his personal physician, for injections to make him more virile; so obviously he was having trouble keeping up with his mistress sexually. Eva explained, in another diary entry, that Hitler always wanted to undress her himself. His strong hands made her "quite crazy," she admitted, but he couldn't really undress her because he simply was not skillful enough. When they went to Achensee or Chiemsee in Bavaria to relax, sometimes Hitler would have his SS troops block off an area from the public and then insist that Eva swim in the nude. Hitler himself never went into the water or wore a bathing suit. Once, when Eva was undressing at the Chiemsee, he noticed she wasn't wearing any underclothes, and he roared at her that she was behaving like a whore. Then he said, "It must never happen again. You might fall down. How would that look?"

Hitler enjoyed watching Eva take baths. He would sit beside the tub fully dressed and observe her closely, "as if he wanted to memorize every movement." Nudity fascinated him. Once Eva was sunbathing at the Berghof on the upper balcony when she noticed Hitler stepping out onto the balcony. She pretended to be asleep. Hitler stood for a long time, very still, staring at her naked body. Then he sat down by her side and caressed her smooth skin very gently and softly. A few minutes later he stood up and took a photograph, back view, explaining to Eva later that he wanted such a view so that if the picture accidentally fell into the wrong hands, no one would recognize her. Eva, however, was aware that Hitler collected photographs such as the one he had just taken of her, that he used them as sexual inspiration to help overcome any tendency to impotency.

According to both Albert Speer, minister of munitions and armaments, and Otto Skorzeny, Hitler's commando chief, Hitler's lovemaking was "normal." Skorzeny explained that after the 1943 rescue of Mussolini from the Italian partisans, an operation Skorzeny personally led, Hitler

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

The Standard of Giving.



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CRIES AND WHISPERS

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER

"A jealous rage is sometimes a marvelous thing when it's just between marvelous women..."

Adele's predilection for smooth-talking men was rough on her lover, Cynthia. In turn, Cynthia was rough with Adele. Finding her feline friend out purring and prowling with Toms, she got very hot with rage—and other sensations. An almost innocent man, smitten by Hurricane Cynthia, quaked as the two stormed out.

Wardrobe by Shirley Karki, Venice, Calif.

Behind locked doors in her lair, Cynthia vented the fury of a woman-scorned woman. Yanking the ebony tangles of her prodigal mate, she tore the flimsy dress away from her burning flesh. Adele cried out, pretending tearful remorse, but her heart was deeply divided: she sighed for the softness of woman but yearned for the hardness of man.

Adele, straddled by her dominant partner, felt her fright abate as her passion grew. "Let's make amends," she whispered. "After all, we're two of a kind." She surrendered then to her fate: the punishing dagger of Cynthia's probing tongue, of boot heels stabbing against her thighs. In a furious frenzy, she kneaded the aching flesh of her lover's sex and suckled her hardened breasts to calm the storm...

Boots courtesy of Andy Jilien, Beverly Hills, Calif.; fur bedspread courtesy of Knights, Ltd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Adele's plunging hand worked the wonders of a virile man's weapon, eliciting sought-after cries. Finally, when the trembling began, she knelt to taste her lover's satin dampness and suckle the swollen point of her friend's desire. In its well-practiced, intimate way, her tongue made its private apology. Afterward came a lingering, reconciled kiss. A jealous rage is sometimes a marvelous thing when it's just between marvelous women...

Adolf Hitler

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

invited him to the Reich Chancellery to receive the Führer's personal congratulations. He awarded Skorzeny the Knight's Cross and promoted him on the spot. Then he "rewarded" him in another manner.

"You have been away from your wife too long, Skorzeny, preparing for this rescue," Hitler said. "It is not good for a man to be away from his woman's bed that length of time. Go home and enjoy yourself and make your wife happy."

Later, when Skorzeny related these remarks to Eva, she nodded her head. "He understands. He understands," she told Hitler's commando chief.

Yet later, during an intimate conversation with Skorzeny, she admitted that Hitler was not *entirely* conventional when in bed with her. Sometimes he was discreet, other times direct and blunt. When they were talking and he asked if she wasn't "too hot in her clothes," Eva knew what he meant, and they would go to his bedroom.

"But sometimes he doesn't even take his boots off," she complained to Skorzeny. "And sometimes we don't get into the bed. We stretch out on the floor. On the floor he is very erotic."

She gave no details.

As the war turned against Hitler, he became more and more gentle and protective with Eva and more and more brutal and violent with others. He forbade Eva to go to Munich as the Allied air raids increased, fearing she would be injured or killed. He didn't want her to go skiing, a sport she loved, because she might break her leg. Thinking she might slip and hurt herself, he even forced her to stop taking her long daily walks when the snow was deep.

Eva, of course, worried constantly about Hitler. She was concerned as a woman who had few material or political demands but continued the association with Hitler because she truly loved him. On December 10, 1944, when Hitler told her he was leaving the Berghof to go to Adlerhorst, his field headquarters near Ziegenberg, she tried to change his mind. Hitler's health was deteriorating fast. His hands shook; he had just had an operation on his throat in October; and Morell's drugs were slowly poisoning him. But Hitler insisted that he personally had to give his orders to the generals, because otherwise they would ignore his directives. When Eva told him his health was much more important to her than another victory on the war front, Hitler smiled.

"You are the only one who would say that. You are the only one who cares."

This was one of the most affectionate remarks Hitler ever made to her in public.

On February 8, 1945, after making up his mind that he would stay in Berlin to the end rather than go to the Berghof and try to escape, Hitler arranged for Eva to be driven to the Berghof. He had not told her of his decision to stay in Berlin but pretended he wanted her on the Obersalzberg to greet him when he arrived there later.

By April, each day brought the outer rim of the Nazi-controlled area closer and closer to Hitler's Berlin bunker. By the eve of Hitler's birthday, April 20, the Russians were on the outskirts of the city. Sick to his stomach and suffering a severe headache, Hitler summoned Morell as usual, and the physician gave him an extra portion of his drugs.

There had been only one bright moment during the previous week: on April 15 Eva Braun had suddenly walked into the bunker. Hitler was both amazed and delighted. He tried to sound angry as he reminded her that he had ordered her to go to the Berghof, but it was obvious to everyone who witnessed the reunion that he was happy she had returned.

> "Sometimes he doesn't even take his boots off," Eva said of Hitler. "We stretch out on the floor. On the floor he is very erotic."

The joy of having Eva with him didn't completely outweigh the fact that on his fifty-sixth birthday Berlin came under a heavy bombing attack by the Allies and long-range Russian artillery guns were zeroing in on the city. Even as his inner-circle members and generals paid their final courtesy call on his birthday, Hitler was thinking about the next few days, the last days left for the Third Reich, and what he should do. Keitel and Jodl, his two faithful military advisers, suggested he should leave for Berchtesgaden immediately, while it was still possible to get out of the city. When Hitler didn't respond to this suggestion, Keitel had another. He advised Hitler to move his headquarters to Zossen, 15 miles due south of Berlin. Zossen was headquarters of the German General Staff and the location of Amt 500—the largest long-distance central communications layout in Germany. Hitler grunted. What did he need telephone communications for at this late date? More important, he had no intention of dying in an unknown hamlet. He wanted a superlative stage when the final curtain came down, and there was no better stage than a flaming Berlin.

After the war conference on his birthday, Hitler met with his two remaining secretaries, Traudl Junge and Gerda Christian; Konstanze Manzialy, his faithful cook; and Eva Braun.

"It is best that you go to the Obersalzberg immediately," he told them. "There will be aircraft leaving at dawn."

He turned to leave the room, but Eva quickly walked to his side and took both his hands in hers. As though speaking to a sad child, she said, "But you know that I'll stay with you. I won't let myself be sent away."

At that moment Hitler leaned over and kissed Eva on the lips, the first time any of those present had ever seen him do such a thing in all the years they had known him. Just before Eva and Hitler left the room together, the two secretaries and the cook told him they, too, intended to stay with him. His powerful attraction for women was still intact, even in his hour of defeat.

Hitler and his mistress weren't altogether "roughing it" in the bunker, which by April had become their home. Their apartment, 50 feet underground, was air-conditioned and carpeted and had a private bath. The corridor running through the bunker was 9 feet wide and 21 feet long, and on its walls hung many famous paintings. At the end of the corridor, opposite Hitler and Eva's apartment, was a circular staircase of 13 steps, which led to another part of the bunker. This section had 12 rooms: 4 for the kitchen and pantries, 4 for guests, 2 for servants, and 2 for storage. There were SS guards at each door, and no one could get near the Führer's apartment without the proper identification.

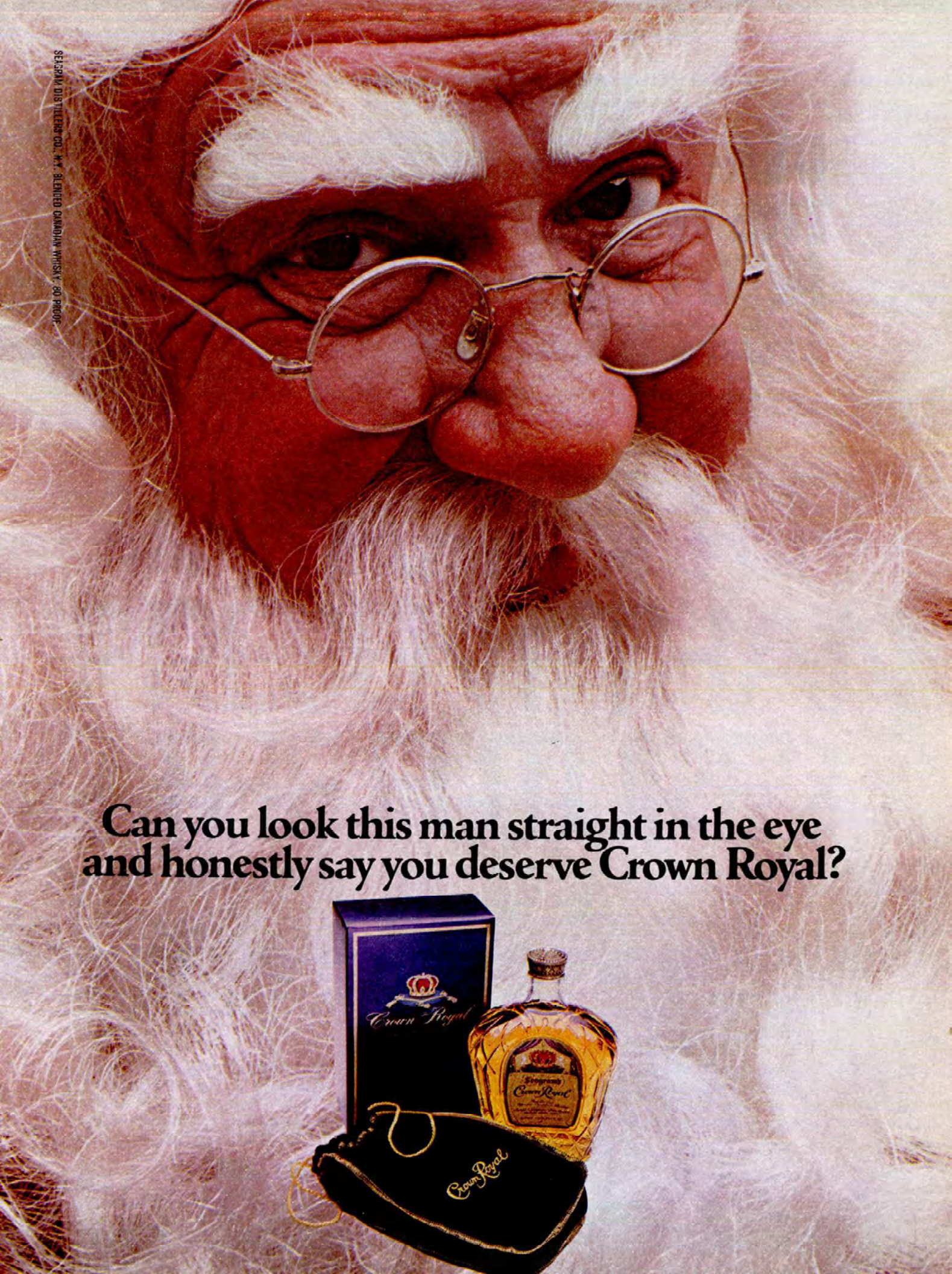
Early on the evening of April 28 Eva Braun received a note of appreciation from a young Waffen SS orderly, Hermann Grossman. Two days earlier she had interceded with Hitler on Grossman's behalf and obtained permission for him to marry his longtime girl friend. She had even convinced Hitler to attend the wedding with her. When she received a note of appreciation from the orderly on April 28, she went to Hitler and read it to him: "If I am killed in battle now I will die happy because I was permitted to marry my sweetheart and the Führer congratulated me personally."

Hitler didn't say a word; he just stared at Eva as she held the note to her breast and murmured, "I am so happy for them."

Eva returned to her chair at the other side of the room, but Junge saw Hitler suddenly get to his feet and walk over to her. He leaned down and whispered into her ear, and Eva appeared shocked at his words. Hitler smiled, nodded to reassure her, and walked from the room. Eva, now smiling broadly, walked over to Junge and said, "Tonight you will cry."

Junge and the others, who had been waiting for Hitler to end his life so that they could try to escape from the bunker, were now certain that Hitler and Eva intended

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174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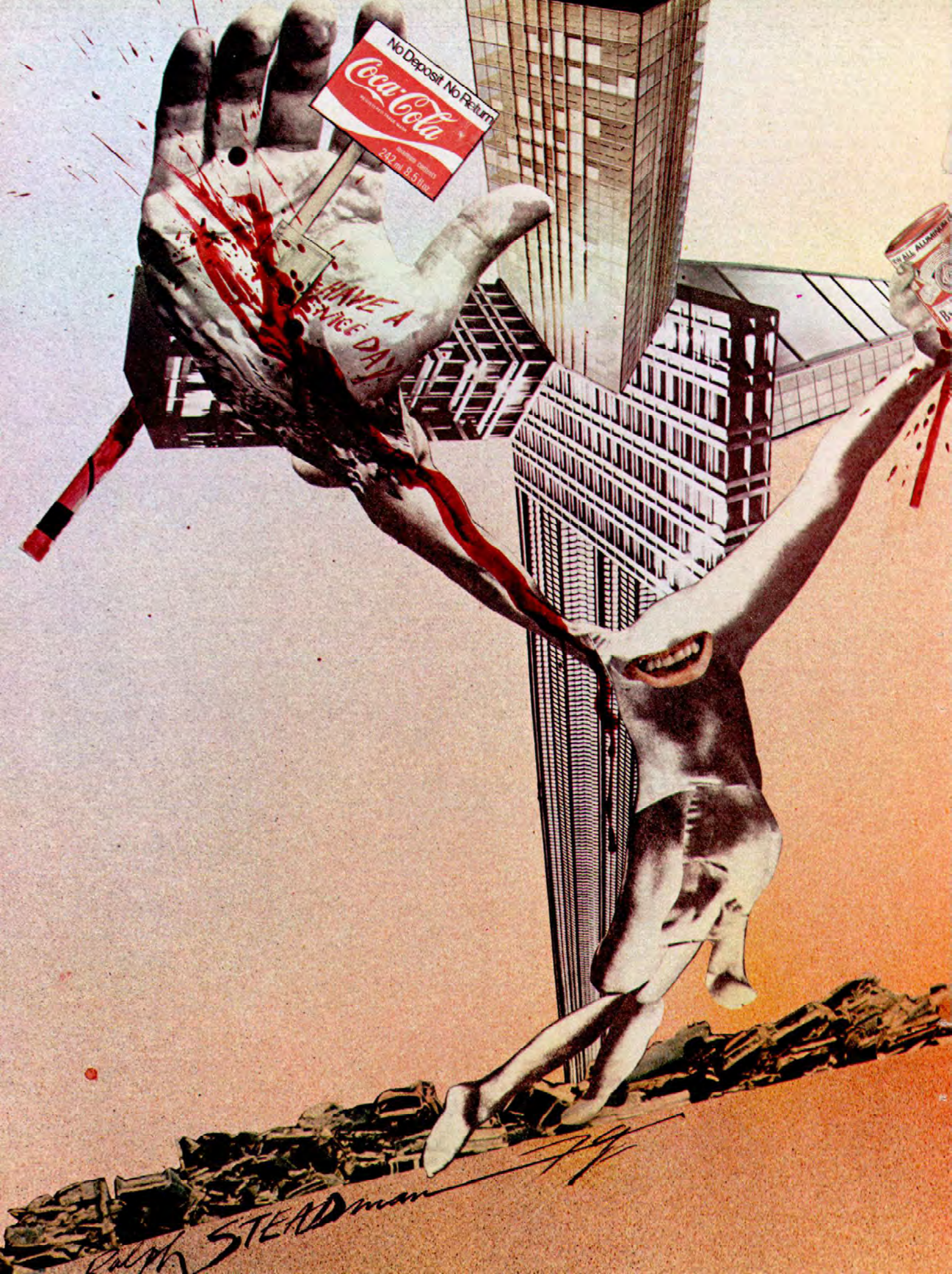
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The SLEAZING OF AMERICA

by Craig S. KARPEL

Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought and quaint expression are as near to us as any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied. — Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Self-Reliance"

The American dream is not success. The American dream is the road. Money and success are merely the keys to the highway. The ultimate goal is perfectly expressed in the designation "interstate." On the road we are transported, not merely from one place to another, but from state to state. And by states we can construe not only the 50 geographical provinces of our country but also a continental diversity of psychological states, existential states, spiritual states. The road is the national myth. The automobile is just the vehicle. See the U.S.A. in your Chevrolet. But what do you see?

U.S. 1. Upon an escutcheon of scarlet, the letters U.S. in the chief, and below, the numeral 1, white. So nominated, this route, which runs from Madawaska, Maine,

to Key West, Fla., ought to be the pride of the nation, a showpiece for travelers domestic and foreign, America's number-one highway. In order to enable you to determine the extent to which U.S. 1 measures up to this expectation, I shall now present, for the first time in a family magazine, exactly one mile of U.S. 1.

We shall commence at the northern city limit of Lake Worth, Fla., population 23,174, and proceed southward for a distance of 5,280 feet. Any reader with a heart condition, emphysema, or any other health problem that might be exacerbated by the process of discovering the truth about the American dream is advised to consult his or her personal physician before reading further.

On our right, a structure on which is painted the legend "Major League Lanes." The hypothesis that this is a bowling alley is supported by the presence, a few feet from the curb, of a 30-foot-high bowling pin. On our left, a Sambo's restaurant. None of the letters on its large, yellow sign with bright, red letters is on the same line—a device that may have been meant by a designer to convey a feeling of informality.

On the left, an Exxon station. On the right under a pair of yellow parabolas, a McDonald's restaurant, 25 billion of whose hamburgers are announced as having been sold. On the left, the Patio Coffee Shop, identified by a monumental sign executed in subdued shades of unripe persimmon, turquoise, and gold. On the right, Ryan's Bar, on whose northern wall is painted a green four-leaf clover five feet across, possibly a reference to the national origin of the proprietor. To the left, Bud's Chicken Take Out. On the right, a former gas station that has been turned into the offices of a local pennysaver newspaper. Also a Cumberland Farms, its sign sustaining the turquoise theme introduced by the Patio Coffee Shop.

On the left, a $ave Quick Food Store. On the right, Lou's Subs 'n' Soup. The long, overstuffed sandwich painted on the front of this establishment would suggest that "subs" refers to submarines, a type of sandwich elsewhere called by such names as grinder, hoagie, and hero. It is useful to take note of what this kind of sandwich is being called on the signs you see as you travel the length of U.S. 1, since if you lose track of where you are, the name by which such sandwiches are known may give you a hint of where you might be.

On the right, the Upper Crust. The implication that this place of business could have something to do with the manufacture or sale of pies is borne out by pictures of several such pastries, painted on the wall of the building and labeled CHERRY, APPLE, BLUEBERRY, and PEACH. Also on the right, the Breezeway Motel. To the left, Crystal gas. The price sign says ".9"—not 73.9 or 76.9, just ".9." We must remember to fill up at Crystal on the way back. Then coming up on your right, Harry's bar and package store. The way you can tell that it's Harry's is that it's got HARRY'S painted on it four times. The way you can tell that it's a bar is that it has the word BAR in six places on its exterior. A hint that it is a package store may be found in four signs reading PACKAGE STORE and three reading LIQUOR SALE. Opposite Harry's is the Curvette Reducing Salon, offering REDUCING, WEIGHT GAINING, and CONTOURING and decorated with two curvaceous female silhouettes on the windows. Next door is the euphoniously named Hank of Hair Beauty Salon. Across the street is a Texaco station, then C&R Auto Sales, "We Buy, Sale [sic], Trade." At least it appears to be C & R, because five signs say so.

On the left, Dixie Alterations, with a makeshift paper sign in the window informing us, intriguingly, that "Helen is Back." Next door, in a former gas station, Suburban Auto Sales. Across the street, the Rose Lodge, offering "eff. apts. VACANCY." To the left, a defunct franchised restaurant, now under renegade private control and offering BREAKFAST SPECIAL $1.19. Next to it the Garden Center, another afterlife for a gas station. On the right, Lake Worth AMC, auto dealers. On the left, M & D Car Wholesalers. Across the street, Moore Chevrolet, offering OK Used Cars, with three illuminated signs. On the left, Young Used Cars, $200 DOWN, CASH FOR YOUR CAR. Next door, Mother's restaurant, Home of the Blimpie. Next to it, the Clock, with signs reading FINE FOOD—ALWAYS OPEN, HAVE A NICE DAY, and that great classic of the American road, BREAKFAST ALL HRS.

> You know that you've reached open country because everywhere you look will be mobile homes on cinder blocks.

Still on the left, Duffey's Tavern, offering FOOD, FUN & GAMES, and GAS, BEER, WINE & FOOD. Another historic preservation of a service station, this one continuing to pump gas for old times' sake. HAPPY HOUR 4-6 DRAFTS 40¢ DOGS 50¢. To your right, a Gulf station. Opposite it, the Black Angus Restaurant, identified by a sign portraying a large black blob with four tiny feet. On its roof are six oversized coach lanterns. Mounted on the exterior wall facing the highway are eight ox yokes and nine wagon wheels, with space for a tenth, which may well have been appropriated by a passerby. Back to the right, AMC Trucks & Jeeps. Then the Highlander Shopping Center, featuring Eagle Family Discount Stores, offering GR CHLORINE 50 $4988. Next, Gulfstream Realty, with a sign with movable letters reading REAL ESTATE ASSOCIAT NEDED. Evidently two E's are also neded. To the left, Jacks Auto Sales, CASH FOR YOUR CAR—an enticing offer, but we still have 1,760 feet to go. Across the street coming as something of a surprise, a human dwelling. Next door, Ken's Auto Repair, also a former guess what. On your left, the First American Bank of Lake Worth, N.A., exhorting us to PUT A BUCK ON THE LINE FOR CRISIS LINE—DONATE INSIDE.

Back on the right, Goodyear Easy Pay Tire, RECAPS 4 FOR 64. Then Abrams Flooring. An actual roll or carpeting mounted vertically over Abram's door, striped in four shades of green. Representations of a jalousied window and a screen door are frescoed on the side of the building, along with the words CARPETS & VINYLS, each letter of which appears in a square evidently intended to suggest a floor tile. The sidewalk in front of this place of business is carpeted. Next on the right, Trudy's Sandwich Shop, followed by Joe Fearnley Realtor, whose sign consists of the words "Fearnley of Florida," written within a large cartographic representation of that peninsula, displaying the motto, FOR EVERYTHING IN REAL ESTATE OR INSURANCE SEE FEARNLEY FIRST.

Then the Pleasant Motel, AIR COND T-V EFFICIENCIES VACANCY CABLE. On the other side of the highway, Kristine's Restaurant, with a large K over each window, a weathervane on the roof, and a sign encouraging us to ENJOY THE BEST. Next to it, Post 3588 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, with three bicentennial flags painted on the building. On the right, the Blue Marlin Cocktail Lounge, occupying the same building as the Nite Owl Restaurant, STEAK EGGS 8PM TIL, its outside decorated with several painted owls. Next door, Sewell Hardware, whose sign suggests, "Try Sewell he might have it." To your left, E. Earl Smith & Son Funeral Home—East Chapel, in a gray building that resembles a mausoleum. And last, but hardly least, surmounted by a 15-foot-long effigy of a shark mounted 20 feet above U.S. 1, Tuppen's Boats & Motors Inc., "A Name You Can Trust."

Imagine that you had been blind from birth and had just had your eyesight restored by a miracle operation and that they had taken the bandages off at the Lake Worth line and that this was the first mile of America that you had seen...

Imagine that just as you passed the giant shark, the entire universe was sucked into a black hole and that the last mile of America that you had seen was your final earthly experience and would

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: FTC Report May 1978. **Of All Brands Sold:** Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. **Golden Lights:** 8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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Golden Lights
The taste high tar smokers want in a low tar.
(Regular & Menthol.)

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reverberate forever as the totality of your eternal consciousness. . .

Imagine that you were alive in America in 1979 and that this was a typical mile of the premier highway of your country.

- Not a single building designed to delight the eye of the passerby or, for that matter, those of its owners or occupants.
- Not a single garden.
- Not a single park.
- Not a single public space.
- Not a single hint that the world existed prior to the advent of establishments devoted exclusively to the sale of motor gasoline.
- Not a single indication, excepting Fearnley's map, that one is in Florida rather than Georgia or South Carolina or North Carolina or Maryland or Pennsylvania or New York or Connecticut or Rhode Island or Massachusetts or New Hampshire or Maine. If there were not a red sign with a 1 on it every so many feet, you could be on any road in any city in any state of a union unified by disregard for the sensibilities of those who ply its highways.

On both sides of the road, rising above it, grasping at it, is the strip. In the *suq* in Tunis the shopkeepers tackle you and try to pull you into their stalls, shouting, "Welcome, friend." You learn to run broken-field past them, and escape is possible. But there is no escape from the strip. The assault of the roadside merchants is not physical; so it can't be fought off or eluded. They claw at us visually, and there is no defense except—to tune out. We tune out on Best Western. There are Best Western signs on more than 2,000 motels. We can't go anywhere without seeing them. I don't believe anyone ever stayed at a motel because it had a Best Western sign on it, but that is another question. What we are dealing with here is the likelihood that by the time we have seen our hundredth Best Western sign, our five hundredth Best Western sign, our thousandth Best Western, we will have tuned out all Best Western signs. The sign has lost its meaning. The word *best* has lost its meaning insofar as it has been applied to establishments that are merely acceptable. The word *western* has lost its meaning insofar as it has been applied to establishments located on the eastern coast. The Quality Inn sign fares no better, and neither do we. You can't drive 200 miles without tuning out the Quality Inn signs. Finally, not only the sign but also the word, the concept, is drained of meaning. As if anyone who understood what the word *quality* meant would display it outside his place of business on a large yellow illuminated sign with rays shooting out of it. What does it do to a child to discover that though we grown-ups have put up signs all across the country that say Holiday Inn, a Holiday Inn is not an inn and has nothing to do with a holiday, nothing to do with a day that is holy, a day on which we experience its holiness, our holiness? To a young child already jaded by the sight of a thousand neon arrows pointing at a thousand stars that signify "no surprises," how could we ever explain that if there really were a holiday inn it would be off the road and fragrant with flowers, a charmed hostel where we were continually surprised?

Try an experiment. Drive for a mile with your normal mindset. Then turn around, drive back, and count the Coca-Cola signs. Horrify yourself by discovering that you have become so dulled by overexposure to such symbols that they go straight to the basement of your consciousness without ever passing through the front door. I promise you that you will not believe how many Coke signs there are per inch, but how few we see with full vision and awareness. And then you may begin to wonder whether it is possible for senses to be fully on while we simultaneously ignore a constant stream of large, bright red symbols positioned at eye level. You may start to consider whether, once we have tuned out Best Western signs and Quality Inn signs and Holiday Inn and Coke signs, there are other more subtle and consequential signals that the world is trying to send us that we can no longer pick up. Can we train ourselves to tune out visually, tune out esthetically, without eventually beginning to tune out morally and tune out politically?

> There is no escape from the strip. The assault of the roadside merchants is not physical. . . . They claw at us visually, and there is no defense except to tune out.

See if you can handle this paragraph:

5,355 Kentucky Fried Chickens. 5,185 McDonald's. 4,820 Dairy Queens. 3,710 Pizza Huts. 2,153 Burger Kings. 2,022 Tastee-Freezes. 1,125 Hardee's. 1,041 Big Boys.

If the strip has any justification whatsoever, it is as testament to American individualism. The designs of two buildings need not harmonize merely because they are adjacent to each other. A revolving neon sign for a mortuary need not be justified or explained; if this is its proprietor's way of expressing the awful dignity of death, it is his right to do so. But the domination of the strip by franchises is the *reductio ad absurdum* of individualism: the right of the individual to be the same. The dissemination of poor taste used to be a haphazard affair, left to individual philistines and slobs. The franchises mandate sleaze at the national level. Wendy's is the fastest-growing hamburger chain in America—1,407 outlets in six years. Never before in history has one small group of people—the designers of the Wendy's sign and building—been able to pimple the face of a continent so quickly. Each new franchise design must be uglier than all others that have preceded it, because it must scream more loudly for attention. Good taste never shouts. But being subdued is not the way to attract people to stop and scarf some glop; so the franchises take the strip from bad to worse. Franchises give any orthopedic surgeon in the 70 percent bracket the right to put up four Rustler Steak Houses, two Burger Chefs, and a Perkins Steak and Bake on the byways leading into and out of his tax home. In olden times you had to have at least enough taste to be able to cook a meal that a trucker wouldn't dump on your head before you could build signs that big. Now all you need is enough cash to snag a franchise and you get the right to assault the public with a design that some promoter drew on the back of a napkin. The use of food additives that cause cancer in laboratory animals is not permitted. Why isn't there a law that franchise-restaurant sign designs have to be tested on rats before they can be inflicted on humans?

If we are about to connipt from the visual overload of the strip, we can head for the interstate, safeguarded since 1965 by the Highway Beautification Act, the legacy of Lady Bird Johnson's concern that, as she put it, "scenery is not obscured by billboards or blight." For 14 years it has been against federal law to put an outdoor advertising sign within 660 feet of an interstate, as a result of which today there are only 192,994 billboards along the system—an average of one illegal sign every thousand feet of the system's 43,000 miles, and that doesn't count Stuckey's turquoise roofs or the signs that are at least 661 feet from the road. Compliance with the act is left to the states, which have varied in their commitment to eliminating sleaze: from Vermont and Oregon, which have removed every offending sign within their borders, to Missouri, which has 6,397 billboards on interstate highways and is removing them at the rate of zero per year, to Georgia, the Billboard State, with 23,589 to its debit, of which 12 were taken down in 1978, and whose native son has eliminated all funds for sign removal from his 1980 federal budget.

If we hope for respite from the sleaziness of the road, let us look at the destinations at either end of it—the city and the country.

We shall bypass the residential neighborhoods of the poor and nearly poor, because we know we can't expect anything there but decay and filth. We will go straight to the business district, where the action is, where the money is, where we

Symbol of the quality gift.

Give the holiday gift everybody wants—Seagram's 7 Crown. Only Seagram's 7 has the unmatched quality that makes everyone's favorite drinks taste better. No wonder it's America's most given gift. And remember to enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

GIFT-PACKAGED AT NO EXTRA COST. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

have a right to expect the highest level of amenity. You have to pinch yourself to believe that in 1979, with all that we now know about congestion, energy, waste, and the sheer virtue of human scale, high-rises are still being built and built with a vengeance, higher and uglier and less efficient than ever. I.M. Pei, Minoru Yamasaki, and Skidmore, Owings & Merrill are, incredibly, still at large. Philip Johnson—the 72-year-old Towering Inferno of American architects, the man who brought the glass box to America, author (with his mentor, the glass-happy Mies van der Rohe) of New York's Seagram Building, the quartz standard of corporate architecture—is about to pounce again, this time with a $110 million headquarters for A.T.&T. in Manhattan. Where this 660-foot slab is not glass it will be pink-gray granite. Flat roofs now being in a category with bouffant hairdos, the top of the building will look like the crest of a grandfather clock, through the round operculum of which the heating system will puff steam on chilly days, ho, ho, ho. The bottom is reminiscent of some of the plans that Adolf Hitler, who was a frustrated architect, drew up for postwar Germany; these can be seen in Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich*. In 1936 Johnson took up architecture and became the apostle of glass to the mass. You and I are still paying the heating and cooling bills that are rolled into the prices of the products of corporations headquartered in the ubiquitous glass houses of Johnson and his ilk, not to mention the medical and psychiatric bills, covered by corporate health-insurance plans, of the people who have to work in them. I am still trying to recover from seeing the tombstones of the Hartford, Conn., Ancient Burying Ground mirrored in the reflective glass wall of an office tower some malefactor has built next to it. Several years ago our wisest architecture critic, Peter Blake, started a magazine called *Architecture Plus*, which began to unmask the fraud of modern architecture. Blake made the fatal error of suggesting, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that perhaps glass was not the ideal building material. Shortly thereafter a major glass manufacturer pulled its advertising out of *Architecture Plus* and, according to Blake, convinced other companies to do likewise, lest they inadvertently supply him with a platform from which to criticize their products. *Architecture Plus* folded, and urban sleaze marches on.

Eyes glazed, nerves shattered by the urban sleazescape, you drive until you have escaped the aesthetic outrages of the city and the strip and have reached the open country. You will know when you have reached it, because everywhere you look there will be mobile homes on cinder blocks.

A few years ago Vernon D. Swaback, an architect with the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation in Scottsdale, Ariz., published a pamphlet called *Production Dwellings*. Swaback refused to believe manufacturers who told him that mobile-home buyers actually prefer ugly design. He presented plans for mobile homes that didn't try to disguise themselves as temporarily parked house trailers or 14-foot-wide chartreuse Williamsburg colonials with flat roofs. Oddly enough, they looked like small, modern houses. One of the largest manufacturers was so impressed with Swaback's ideas that it commissioned him to design a line of nonrepulsive mobile homes. "The models stole the show," said Swaback, "but the dealers said, 'Let's lower the price.'" Code for lowering construction standards. Swaback's mobile homes didn't go into production, and today's models continue to harmonize with the landscape nearly as perfectly as a Budweiser can in a mountain stream.

Two seemingly unrelated cultural/architectural phenomena of the 1970s prove the extent to which America has been sleazed and offer a clue why: the shopping mall and the atrium hotel.

> If you have enough cash for a franchise, you get the right to assault the public with a design that some promoter drew on the back of a napkin.

Recently I spent a day—or was it an hour, or was it a week?—at Hampshire Mall in Hadley, Mass., or at least I think it was Hadley, Mass., because it could just as easily have been Schaumburg, Ill., or Torrance, Calif. It was a mall like any other mall, with those special mall trees that are capable of surviving without sunlight, while being exposed to 50 daily playings of all-string arrangements of "The Way We Were" and an authentic craftsman painting fluorescent cats on black velvet before your very eyes. The central concourse of this particular mall was a line-for-line facsimile of a nineteenth-century small-town American street, complete with brickwork and cornices and upstairs windows with lawyers' names on them in gold leaf, built around a plaza with chairs and tables for eating Japanese, Italian, Chinese, and German fast-food being sold from the old-fashioned storefronts, park benches, a fountain with angels and cherubs, and a bandstand. Through the windows of the second stories I could see galvanized studs holding the stage-set building fronts together. Meanwhile, down the road a few miles is Northampton, Mass., an actual nineteenth-century town with real brickwork and cornices and real lawyers' names in gold leaf on upstairs windows, its real small-town stores hurting from the competition of Hampshire Mall's fake ones.

You may be wondering what shopping malls have to do with the atrium hotels typified by the Regency Hyatt House in Atlanta, built by John Portman; its soaring lobby, tiered balconies, and glass elevator outlined in lightbulbs have been cloned by Portman and others everywhere from San Francisco to Chicago to Dallas to Cambridge, Mass., aside from the fact that each is somewhere perfectly expressive of the past decade.

What they have to do with each other is that each is a glorification of *interior* space. From the outside, the shopping mall does not exist. It is the first building style in history that is purposely featureless on the outside. Any exterior embellishment would be a waste of the developers' money. Shopping malls are meant to be looked at only from the inside. A Portman hotel is likewise a Portman hotel only from the inside.

The reason why commercial architecture has turned itself inside out during the past decade is that both shoppers and travelers are attracted to interiors that shield them from exteriors. The outside world has become so chaotic and discordant that people have a secret desire to get in out of the sleaze. Inside the mall you can shop without having to look at the strip. Inside a Hyatt House, your senses soothed by its plush carpeting, lush vegetation, and twinkly lighting, you can take care of business without having to venture among the pop-out plate glass towers and windswept plazas of downtown.

It is told that Field Marshal Potëmkin—bedmate and regent of the eighteenth-century Russian empress Catherine the Great—afraid that his mistress's delicate sensibilities would be bruised by seeing the squalor of the country he was ruling on her behalf, had whole villages built in two dimensions along the sides of the roads, painted flats held up by braces, to mask the hovels of the poor. It is said that he built what have come to be called "Potëmkin villages" to make visiting enemies believe that Russia was formidably prosperous and to impress the Austrian emperor Josef II as he floated down the River Dnieper.

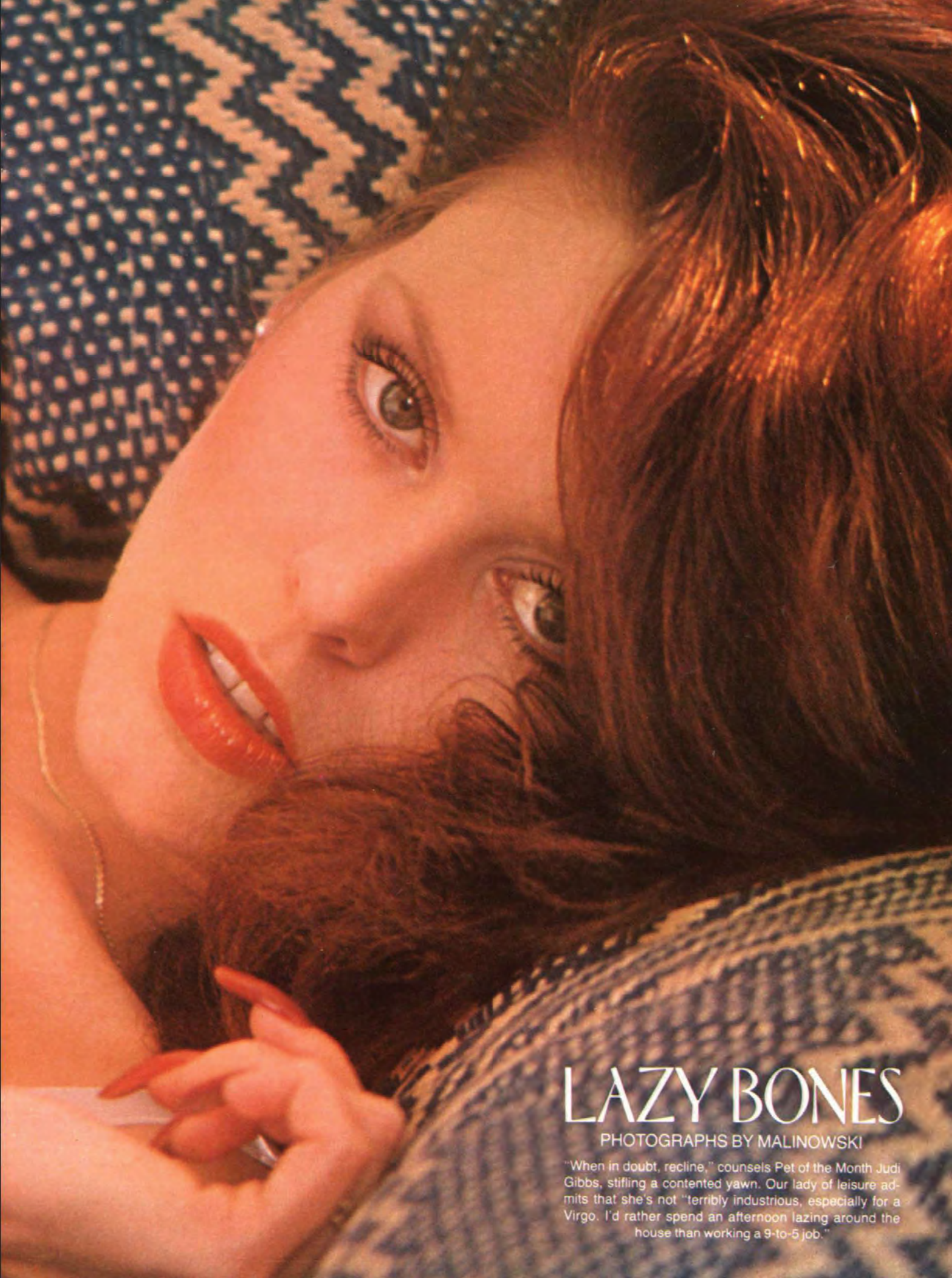
It is told, and it is said, but as strangeness would have it, it is not true. The stories are pure legend. It was not until the 1970s that the first real fake villages were built, in places like Hampshire Mall and Olde Town Mall near Los Angeles and Independence Mall in Chadds Ford, Pa. These Potëmkinized early American storefronts were built, not outdoors but indoors, not to spare the royal retinas but to shield us shoppers from having to confront the sleaze that lies outside.

The innermost meaning of American

CONTINUED ON PAGE 214

JUDI

"I'm like the lazy grasshopper in the fable . . . but, luckily, girls like me are never left out in the cold!"



LAZY BONES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

"When in doubt, recline," counsels Pet of the Month Judi Gibbs, stifling a contented yawn. Our lady of leisure admits that she's not "terribly industrious, especially for a Virgo. I'd rather spend an afternoon lazing around the house than working a 9-to-5 job."

"I'm like the lazy grasshopper in the fable," she says with a musical laugh, "but, luckily, girls like me are *never* left out in the cold!" She's right about that. Judi's unearthly green eyes, auburn hair, and delicate features make her a photographer's dream. Appearing in *Penthouse*, she says, is a dream in itself. "It's the most tantalizing feeling," she says, smiling, "like being on center stage for an entire month!"

Judi had her first taste of center-stage celebrity when she won a beauty contest in Montgomery County, Alabama, in her high school years, and now aspires to a career of acting and modelling. "Someday I'll have a star on my dressing-room door," she claims, "but right now I'm still the girl next door with a dream."

"Appearing in Penthouse *is . . . tantalizing . . . like being on center stage for an entire month!"*

Even though Judi has spent much of her life in California, she's not much of a sun worshipper. ("It gives me freckles," she explains.) In her opinion, "The outdoors is something I like, but except for scuba and flying, sports leave me unmoved. The only physical exertion that really appeals to me is between the sheets, and even then I do a lot of lying around!"

Good sex, Judi feels, is like any satisfying performance or work of art. "It has to get off to a slow, easy, drifting start, gradually build up in tension to a strong, powerful climax, then slowly drift back to reality. Men with *that* kind of rhythm," she says, grinning, "will always get top billing as far as I'm concerned!"

"The only physical exertion that really appeals to me is the kind between the sheets."

Her only other serious requirement for any future lovers is that "they'd better have a lot of time on their hands, because I like a whole lot of attention! When I was a baby, my parents told me I used to cry or pout when they quit playing with me. Now I'm that same way with my lovers!"

Right now Judi has, as she admits, "forced my lazy bones to be more active than usual . . . taking dancing lessons in the afternoon and making the rounds of acting auditions around L.A. I have one small part now," she boasts, "but my real goal is to someday star in a great Broadway musical like *My Fair Lady*. I know that will take a lot of work and patience." In her case, we're sure of one thing: practice has already made perfect.

MISS JUDI GIBBS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE PENTHOUSE
1980
DESK CALENDAR

1980

JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
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27	28	29	30	31		

FEBRUARY

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MARCH

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30	31					

APRIL

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JUNE

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29	30					

JULY

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AUGUST

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31						

SEPTEMBER

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28	29	30				

OCTOBER

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NOVEMBER

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DECEMBER

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28	29	30	31			

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JANUARY

1	T	New Year's Day
2	W	
3	T	
4	F	
5	S	
6	S	
7	M	
8	T	
9	W	
10	T	
11	F	
12	S	
13	S	
14	M	
15	T	
16	W	
17	T	
18	F	
19	S	
20	S	
21	M	
22	T	
23	W	
24	T	
25	F	
26	S	
27	S	
28	M	
29	T	
30	W	
31	T	

PENTHOUSE ®

DUSTY JACKSON PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL WACHTER JANUARY 1979

PAMELA RHODES PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN COPELAND FEBRUARY 1979

FEBRUARY

1	F	
2	S	
3	S	
4	M	
5	T	
6	W	
7	T	
8	F	
9	S	
10	S	
11	M	
12	T	Lincoln's Birthday Celebration
13	W	
14	T	Valentine's Day
15	F	
16	S	
17	S	
18	M	Washington's Birthday - Obsvd
19	T	
20	W	
21	T	
22	F	
23	S	
24	S	
25	M	
26	T	
27	W	
28	T	
29	F	

PENTHOUSE ®

MARCH

1 S
2 S
3 M
4 T
5 W
6 T
7 F
8 S
9 S
10 M
11 T
12 W
13 T
14 F
15 S
16 S
17 M St. Patrick's Day
18 T
19 W
20 T
21 F
22 S
23 S
24 M
25 T
26 W
27 T
28 F
29 S
30 S
31 M

PENTHOUSE ®

SHASTA LINDSTROM PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN COPELAND MARCH 1979

CONCETTA ARDIGO PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT BRICCO APRIL 1979

APRIL

1	T	
2	W	
3	T	
4	F	
5	S	
6	S	Easter Sunday
7	M	
8	T	
9	W	
10	T	
11	F	
12	S	
13	S	
14	M	
15	T	
16	W	
17	T	
18	F	
19	S	
20	S	
21	M	
22	T	
23	W	
24	T	
25	F	
26	S	
27	S	
28	M	
29	T	
30	W	

PENTHOUSE ®

BRIEANNA BUJOLD PHOTOGRAPH BY DARK STAR MAY 1979

MAY

1 T
2 F
3 S
4 S
5 M
6 T
7 W
8 T
9 F
10 S
11 S
12 M
13 T
14 W
15 T
16 F
17 S
18 S
19 M
20 T
21 W
22 T
23 F
24 S
25 S
26 M
27 T
28 W
29 T
30 F Memorial Day - Trad.
31 S

PENTHOUSE ®

LYNDA CLARK PHOTOGRAPH BY MALINOWSKI JUNE 1979

JUNE

1 S
2 M
3 T
4 W
5 T
6 F
7 S
8 S
9 M
10 T
11 W
12 T
13 F
14 S
15 S
16 M
17 T
18 W
19 T
20 F
21 S
22 S
23 M
24 T
25 W
26 T
27 F
28 S
29 S
30 M

PENTHOUSE ®

JAYCEE WEST PHOTOGRAPH BY MALINOWSKI JULY 1979

JULY

1 T
2 W
3 T
4 F Independence Day
5 S
6 S
7 M
8 T
9 W
10 T
11 F
12 S
13 S
14 M
15 T
16 W
17 T
18 F
19 S
20 S
21 M
22 T
23 W
24 T
25 F
26 S
27 S
28 M
29 T
30 W
31 T

PENTHOUSE ®

DIANE WEBER PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN COPELAND AUGUST 1979

AUGUST

1 F
2 S
3 S
4 M
5 T
6 W
7 T
8 F
9 S
10 S
11 M
12 T
13 W
14 T
15 F
16 S
17 S
18 M
19 T
20 W
21 T
22 F
23 S
24 S
25 M
26 T
27 W
28 T
29 F
30 S
31 S

PENTHOUSE ®

SEPTEMBER

1 M Labor Day
2 T
3 W
4 T
5 F
6 S
7 S
8 M
9 T
10 W
11 T
12 F
13 S
14 S
15 M
16 T
17 W
18 T
19 F
20 S
21 S
22 M
23 T
24 W
25 T
26 F
27 S
28 S
29 M
30 T

PENTHOUSE ®

KATE SIMMONS PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB GUCCIONE SEPTEMBER 1978

VERONIQUE DE VALDENE PHOTOGRAPH BY H. ZUBER OCTOBER 1978

OCTOBER

1 W
2 T
3 F
4 S
5 S
6 M
7 T
8 W
9 T
10 F
11 S
12 S Columbus Day - Trad.
13 M
14 T
15 W
16 T
17 F
18 S
19 S
20 M
21 T
22 W
23 T
24 F
25 S
26 S
27 M
28 T
29 W
30 T
31 F

PENTHOUSE ®

NOVEMBER

1 S
2 S
3 M
4 T
5 W
6 T
7 F
8 S
9 S
10 M
11 T Veteran's Day
12 W
13 T
14 F
15 S
16 S
17 M
18 T
19 W
20 T
21 F
22 S
23 S
24 M
25 T
26 W
27 T Thanksgiving Day
28 F
29 S
30 S

PENTHOUSE ®

MALIA REDFORD PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN JOHANNSEN NOVEMBER 1978

AMBER RAMSEY PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN COPELAND DECEMBER 1978

DECEMBER

1 M
2 T
3 W
4 T
5 F
6 S
7 S
8 M
9 T
10 W
11 T
12 F
13 S
14 S
15 M
16 T
17 W
18 T
19 F
20 S
21 S
22 M
23 T
24 W
25 T Christmas Day
26 F
27 S
28 S
29 M
30 T
31 W Happy New Year

PENTHOUSE ®

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

For veterans and nonveterans alike, the problem of dealing with or trying to receive assistance from the federal bureaucracy is like trying to get a straight answer from the Wizard of Oz. One result of this bureaucratic obfuscation and ineptitude has been the creation of Vietnam-veterans self-help organizations. These organizations continue to assist individual veterans in pressing their legitimate claims in a wide variety of areas, such as disability ratings, pensions, educational entitlement, and discharge upgrading.

The idea of Vietnam veterans helping each other is compelling. It is in keeping with their experience of surviving during the Vietnam War. And the necessity for Vietnam-veterans self-help organizations is an important measure of the government bureaucracies' inability or unwillingness to do their job of providing legally mandated services and assistance.

For years most efforts in behalf of Vietnam veterans have been directed toward breaching bureaucratic barriers in the Veterans Administration, the Department of Defense, and, to a lesser degree, the Department of Labor. These efforts coincided with the initial needs of Vietnam veterans in their difficult and often painful attempts to get back into the American mainstream. The litany of Vietnam veterans' woes in confronting an unsympathetic—if not hostile—society and government needs no repeating here. Since the first veterans began to straggle home from the Vietnam War, they have encountered one difficulty or obstacle after another. Today, though many Vietnam veterans have "made it," there still remain a large number who have not, veterans who still lack the appropriate education and training and economic opportunity to become full-scale participants in American society.

> Although the Small Business Administration assists women and minorities, it has neglected Vietnam veterans—a perversion of its own regulations.

To help overcome this deficiency, a group of young Vietnam veterans has created a new self-help organization called the Vietnam Veterans Foundation. The VVF (1234 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Suite 1016, Washington, D.C. 20005, 202-347-1341) is somewhat different in its orientation from earlier self-help organizations. Its ultimate goal is to bring Vietnam veterans into the mainstream of private enterprise. The VVF believes this can be done by identifying, educating, and providing technical assistance to Vietnam-veteran entrepreneurs throughout the United States.

An initial VVF project, now under way, is to identify Vietnam-veteran-owned businesses across the nation. Incredible as it may seem, no single federal agency can determine to what extent Vietnam veterans have participated in small-business enterprise through economic-development or governmental procurement programs. Currently there is no identification process or any statistical data available relative to Vietnam veterans in business for themselves. No government agency can determine the number of small businesses that are presently owned by Vietnam veterans.

Advisers to VVF include a team of mortgage bankers, a senior CPA, a corporate attorney, an economist, a communications expert, an employment expert, and six senior-level business executives. The VVF team has been formed to assist Vietnam veterans in doing business with the U.S. government and in taking advantage of their entitlements in the economic-development area. These advisers believe in educating Vietnam veterans in exporting products and expanding one's business (by utilizing government programs and procurements) and intend to provide prospective Vietnam-veteran entrepreneurs with much-needed technical assistance.

The desire to have one's own business, along with the desire to own one's home, is an important part of the American dream. But to avoid having that dream turn into a nightmare, any prospective entrepreneur needs help. To this end, recognizing that veterans have long been neglected in many government programs responsible for development of the small-business sector of the nation, Congress established under P.L. 93-237 of the Small Business Act of 1975, as amended, that veterans are entitled to "special consideration" in all Small Business Administration programs.

The intent of the Congress and these SBA regulations is clear. However, since their enactment on December 9, 1975, next to nothing has been done to implement them. Instead, the SBA has responded to political pressures and used its resources chiefly to assist business enterprises of women and minorities. We certainly don't oppose this effort, but the SBA's "benign neglect" of Vietnam veterans constitutes a willful perversion of congressional regulations.

To help Vietnam veterans receive their rightful due from the SBA and other federal agencies currently administering programs of small-business assistance, we urge Vietnam veterans who are already in business for themselves or who would like to own a small business to contact the Vietnam Veterans Foundation.

The idea of the Vietnam veteran as not only job seeker but also employer is one whose time has come. With enough determination and effort, it should be possible to broaden the self-help concept of "veterans helping veterans" to include "veterans hiring veterans."—*William R. Corson*

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Discover Camel Lights satisfaction.

The Camel World of satisfaction comes to low tar smoking.

This is where it all started. Camel quality, now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth, low tar smoking. Camel Lights brings the solution to taste in low tar.

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

By Bill Clark

The author is vice-president of Friends of Animals, which is based in New York City. He is currently writing a book, *Pribilof Diary*, about the American government's seal slaughter.

STOP KILLING SEALS

Bureaucracies, reportedly being composed of living creatures, tend to obey the basic tenets of biology. The first tenet that bureaucracies obey is the much-abused law of self-preservation.

No bureaucracy ever volunteers itself into extinction. Bureaucracies never quit the public payroll no matter how useless they have become, indeed, no matter how detrimental they may be to the society they allegedly serve. When times get tough, when public scrutiny gets intense, bureaucracies scramble to clutch any thread to justify their own existence.

More often, however, they simply try to escape the curious inquiries of the public and melt into the shadows of the system. The less publicity a bureaucracy gets, the better its chances of survival. An outstanding example of this syndrome is the Pribilof Island Program, which is a child of the National Marine Fisheries Service and a grandchild of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration and a great-grandchild of the U.S. Department of Commerce.

The "mission" of the Pribilof Island Program is to kill seals on Alaska's Pribilof Islands. Its job is to plan, execute, and justify the slaughter of tens of thousands of seals every year. Of these three functions, this bureaucracy is most adept in performing the executions. Planning is merely cursory, and justification is shrouded in deception. And in an abuse of language worthy of Orwell's *1984*, the bureaucrats call this mass murder a "seal harvest."

Besides executing seals, the Pribilof Island Program has done a pretty good job of executing the public treasury, too. In 1978, for example, the Pribilof Island Program consumed 4,613,300 appropriated tax dollars to kill seals. The sale of sealskins brought in $684,036. And the taxpayer got to make up this bureaucracy's deficit.

An amusing irony is the fact that the sealskin market in the United States is just about dried up. It is no longer considered fashionable to trot down Park Avenue with the skin of a marine mammal on one's back. So the skins are now sold chiefly to European fur dealers, and the U.S. taxpayer is put in the lamentable position of subsidizing fashionable fur coats for wealthy European matrons.

The progeny of the U.S. Department of Commerce apparently are no longer concerned with the balance sheets of commerce. Thus, they strain to catch any other argument to defend the slaughter upon which their bureaucracy rests. For decades the main line of defense has been "international relations."

The U.S. seal slaughters in the Pribilofs come under the Convention on the North Pacific Fur Seals, a document that dates back to 1911, when pelagic (open sea) seal killing threatened the species with extinction. These were the days that Jack London wrote about in *The Sea Wolf*, days when sealing schooners sailed about 50 miles from the continental shore and freely slaughtered the seals along their migration routes.

To control the slaughter better, the United States joined with the governments of imperial Japan, imperial Russia, and Great Britain (on behalf of Canada) and ratified this treaty that banned pelagic sealing in the North Pacific. Because the seals come ashore only on U.S. and Soviet islands today, the seal treaty provides that Canada and Japan get 15 percent each of the skins taken on the Pribilofs and 15 percent each of

The mission of the U.S. Department of Commerce's Pribilof Island Program is to kill tens of thousands of male adolescent seals every year, which costs the American taxpayer $4 million.

the skins taken on the Soviet islands for their agreement to stay out of the pelagic sealing business. Canada and Japan split a blood ransom of about 10,000 sealskins a year for agreeing to do nothing.

But back in 1911 the seal's migration routes were outside the old 3-mile limit. Today, with the 200-mile limit, the seals migrate within territorial limits and can be protected by domestic law. The seal treaty is superfluous.

With this argument deflated, the bureaucrats scamper to find a new one. Recently they came up with the startling biological discovery that seals eat fish. Commerce's press releases hit the mails, proclaiming that northern fur seals are eating more than 500,000 metric tons of fish annually, thereby suggesting that they pose a threat to human nutrition and thus giving a new reason for restricting the seal population.

But if one digs a bit into the biology of the seals, one finds that they eat less than 2 percent of the standing fish stocks of the Bering Sea. Also, the seals are eating more than 50 species of fish and 9 species of squid, most of which are not taken by commercial fishermen. And on top of this is the simple arrangement of a seal's teeth. They interlock, all the way back to the last molar. This is great for biting, but not very good for chewing. And this means seals can't eat big fish; they simply can't prey upon the big Alaska salmon that the commercial fishermen are after.

Furiously pursuing a new excuse for the seal slaughters, the bureaucrats are now saying that the livelihood and traditions of the Pribilofs' Aleut community will be threatened if the seal slaughters are stopped.

First—the livelihood. More than $9 million a year is pumped into the Pribilof Islands, and most of this goes to public relief for the Aleut community. There are food stamps, low-income public housing, welfare, education subsidies, and the full gamut of public assistance. Seal killing, on the other hand, amounts to less than 4 percent of the island's budget. It employs about 70 adults for five weeks at laborer's wages and amounts to only a very small fraction of the island's livelihood. Besides, the Aleut community of the Pribilofs received an $8.5 million award from the U.S. Court of Claims on June 29, 1979, plus another $4 million in the past couple of years through the Alaska Native Claims Settlement.

The Pribilof Aleut community has a bankroll of at least $12.5 million, clear title to all their homes and public buildings and facilities, and more than 90 percent of the land area of the islands, with no mortgage or debt service to burden them. And all this is distributed through an adult population of 250 people. Indeed, the Aleuts should be making more money from interest on their bank account than they do from killing seals for the government. Furthermore, it costs the government more to administer the Pribilof Island Program and its related services than the Aleuts receive for the seal slaughter.

Second, the issue of preserving a "tradition" is also fraught with inconsistencies. Aleuts were brought to the Pribilofs as slaves by Russian sealers during the last century. Before this time there was no Aleut tradition of raiding rookery islands and slaughtering seals on a commercial scale. On the Aleutian Islands, a few hundred miles south of the Pribilofs, where the Aleuts came from, seals simply do not leave the water. Only a few could have been killed by hunters in kayaks on a subsistence basis, and never the 25,000 seals that are currently being slaughtered each year.

One must also ask what other Aleut traditions have been preserved. The Aleuts' language is English; their religion is Russian Orthodox; they carry Russian surnames; they live in standard American housing with central heating, hot and cold running water, and even electric garbage compactors. Seal killing seems to be the only "traditional" Aleut activity on the Pribilofs.

Saying that seal killing is an important aspect of Aleut culture is tantamount to saying that picking cotton is an important aspect of African culture. These are the labors imposed by slavery. The only logical explanation for the bureaucracy's insistence on continuing the slaughters is the survival of the bureaucracy itself. More than $700,000 a year is tossed off to "fur seal research"—bureaucrats who fiddle with electronic calculators to make the seal herds appear larger than they really are so that they can come up with new reasons for killing more seals. Then there are the costs of personnel and offices for the seal-killing bureaucrats in Washington, D.C.; Seattle, Wash.; and the Pribilofs. There are project directors, administrators, supervisors—bureaucrats galore. And the end of seal killing poses a very real and present threat to their jobs.

Domestic spying is not monopolized by the CIA, the FBI, or other supersleuth organizations. Indeed, nearly every bureaucracy has its own snoops on the payroll, including the National Marine Fisheries Service. The NMFS assigned two of its operatives to spy on those who went to the Pribilofs to witness the seal slaughter. Reporting to their superior, Assistant Special Agent-in-Charge Milstead Zahn, the field sleuths said their presence "helped inhibit interference with the seal harvest by any groups or individuals." In truth, however, their presence was not even known by anyone until after the episode was over and suspicions led to inquiries under the Freedom of Information Act.

I have stood on the Pribilof tundra and watched as the bludgeons descended upon hundreds of seals. I have seen the Arctic grasses soaked red with blood. I have heard the seals bark and cry and whimper as they fell, one before the other, in the brutal and methodical carnage.

It's a bureaucratic system from which nobody benefits except the bureaucrats. The American taxpayer loses with a perpetual drain on the public treasury. The Aleuts lose by being locked into the slaughter syndrome—indeed, the U.S. Department of Commerce, which oversees and regulates the largest, most complex commercial system in the history of humanity, has been either unwilling or incapable of finding steady, respectable employment for an adult community of 250 people. Fortunately, with their recently won revenues, the Aleuts don't need Uncle Sam's misguidance any longer and can start determining their own future.

And the seals lose. They lose tragically.

There is one bright star on the Pribilof horizon. In early August, Rep. Lester Wolff (Dem.—N.Y.) submitted legislation (H.R. 5033) that would ban the seal killing and create seal sanctuaries on the rookery islands and in the surrounding territorial waters. It's a long way between authoring a bill and getting the president to sign it into law. It's a way that will be resisted by bureaucrats from Constitution Avenue to Foggy Bottom. But it's the only way to end America's tragic seal killing. O

PENTHOUSE PRESENTS

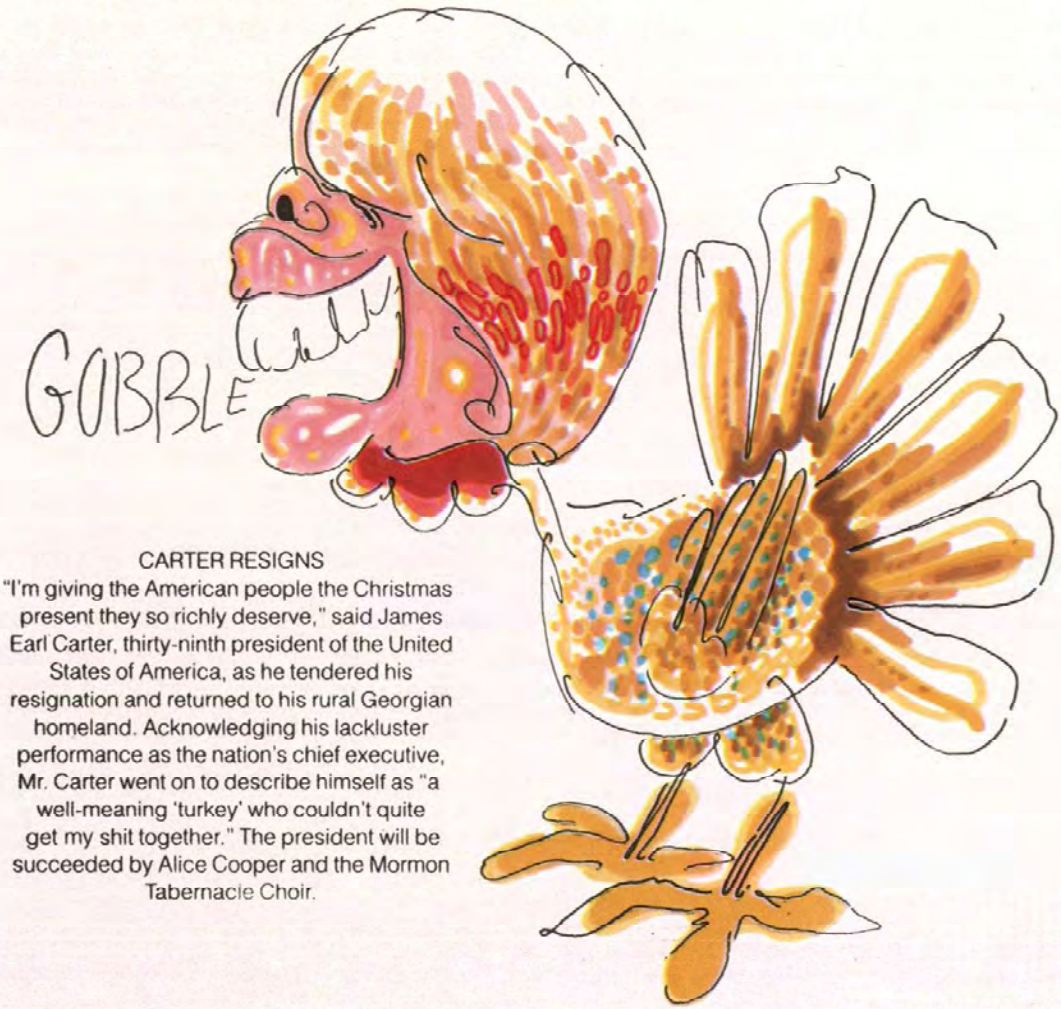
Good News for Christmas

A SATIRICAL HOLIDAY MEDIA GIFT FOR
OUR READERS FROM

Bill Lee

NETWORK EXECUTIVES
VOW TO IMPROVE
QUALITY OF TELEVISION PROGRAMMING

"We've canceled the 'Troy Donahue Film Festival' and an all-new celebrity game show titled 'Cunnilingus for Dollars.' It's not much, but it's a step in the right direction," said industry spokesman George Washington Schwartz. He went on to discuss the "vast wasteland" that is television, lamenting the fact that it has never reached full bloom in spite of a three-network programming effort that has resulted in an enormous output of pure manure.



CARTER RESIGNS

"I'm giving the American people the Christmas present they so richly deserve," said James Earl Carter, thirty-ninth president of the United States of America, as he tendered his resignation and returned to his rural Georgian homeland. Acknowledging his lackluster performance as the nation's chief executive, Mr. Carter went on to describe himself as "a well-meaning 'turkey' who couldn't quite get my shit together." The president will be succeeded by Alice Cooper and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

HOWARD COSELL TAKES A VOW OF SILENCE

"This canyonlike orifice shall be tightly sealed for the duration of the winter solstice as a magnanimous gesture on the part of this brilliant sportscaster and exciting public personality, a holiday offering to the millions of fans out there who worship the very adjectives I walk on," said humble Howard Cosell, master of the run-on sentence.

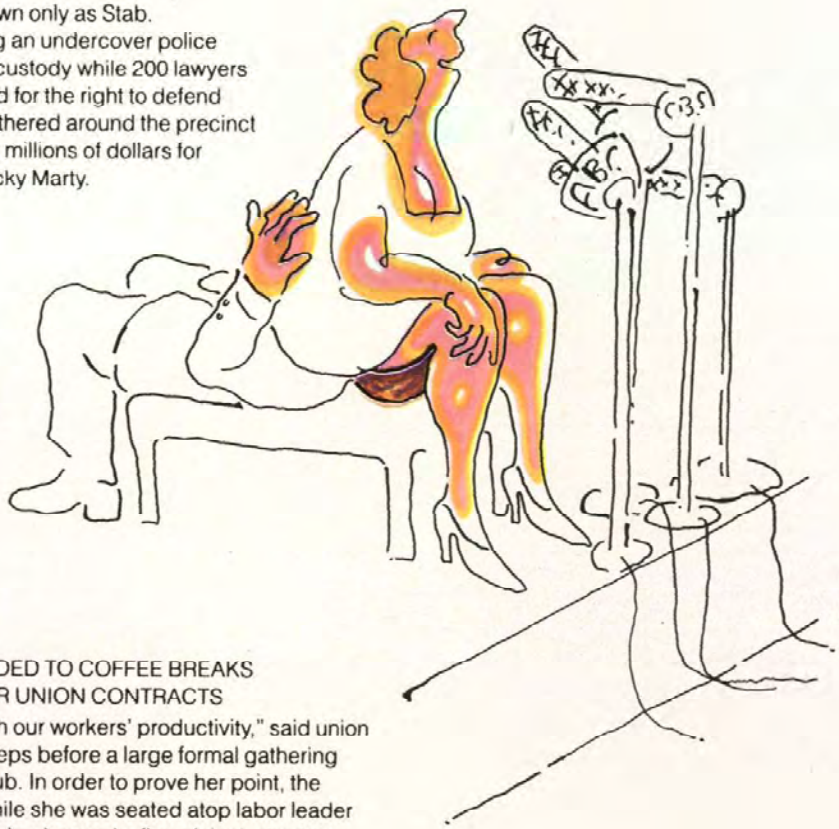
FOOD PRICES FALL AS "PEOPLE HEROES" BECOME A DEFINITE POSSIBILITY

Cannibalism, long thought of as a no-no in most civilized societies, was recently recommended by government nutritional experts as a possible solution to skyrocketing food prices and the twentieth-century problem of population control. The slogan "Love thy neighbor, al dente" has already replaced other legendary bumper stickers, such as "Honk if you love thumb screws" and "Caution: I brake for politicians."

MARTIN BORMANN FOUND

After 35 years of successfully being disguised as a transvestite bartender in the Greenwich Village section of New York City, the infamous Nazi war criminal Martin Bormann has finally been brought to justice. Employees and patrons of "The Ruptured Spleen," a popular New York night spot, were both shocked and confused by this unusual turn of events. "He was just one of us things," said a bar patron known only as Stab.

Charged with mass murder and impersonating an undercover police officer, the former reichs marshall was taken into custody while 200 lawyers from the American Civil Liberties Union begged for the right to defend him. Scores of publishers' representatives also gathered around the precinct house at the time of his arraignment, bidding millions of dollars for the first rights to his memoirs. Lucky Marty.



"SEX HOUR" ADDED TO COFFEE BREAKS IN ALL MAJOR UNION CONTRACTS

"Oral sex will not interfere with our workers' productivity," said union spokeswoman Gladys Greps before a large formal gathering at the National Press Club. In order to prove her point, the entire speech was given while she was seated atop labor leader Leonard Karp's face, proving beyond a five-o'clock shadow of a doubt that Ms. Greps gives good seat.

GROIN SCRATCHING BANNED
IN ALL MAJOR-LEAGUE BASEBALL PARKS

Good news for you family-oriented baseball fans as a move has been made to eliminate the "X" rating from all televised baseball games. The Major-League Players Association has recently arrived at an almost unanimous decision to ban all acts of exhibitionist perversion in the playing area. Specific (enclosed) areas of the field will be set aside for those athletes who wish to scratch, pull, or generally toy with the lower (private) parts of their bodies during the course of the games. While "nose picking" will still be allowed, the slapping of individual rear ends by managers and third-base coaches during the course of the game will be limited to brief displays of emotion, such as the hitting of a "home run" or a replacement on the pitcher's mound.

YES, VIRGINIA,
THERE REALLY IS A SANTA CLAUS

Informed sources in Washington have confirmed rumors of the existence of Santa Claus as a member of that world-renowned body of lawmakers known as the United States Senate. Media wags have pinpointed his identity as a merry old soul who, on more than one festive occasion, has distributed expensive gifts to the bevy of attractive young women on his office staff.

Senate ethics (a contradiction in terms), which have routinely frowned upon such behavior in the past, will make special allowances for this jolly old elfin lawyer whose public popularity could work vote-getting wonders for a divided Senate that (in the past several years) couldn't get together long enough to pass water.

FUEL CRISIS
ALLEVIATED – HUGE DEPOSITS
OF OIL DISCOVERED
ON BROOKLYN MAN'S HEAD

A team of oil company dermatologists has recently discovered enormous oil deposits in the hair of Ernesto (Cheech) Rodrigues, a young street tough from the Hell's Scrotum section of Brooklyn, New York. The area commonly known as "the big apple's *balls*" is bracing for an economic boom that may very well bring flush toilets and soap to a tenement neighborhood whose only previous claim to fame has been a VD rate far exceeding the national average among local clergymen.

GOOD NEWS FOR MUSIC FANS:
THE BEATLES ARE UNITED!

Paul and Ringo engaged in the traditional "missionary position" while John and George, generally known for their antiestablishment views, enjoyed offbeat "doggie-style." The morning after, those well-known insect namesakes enjoyed a modest breakfast of coffee and cigarettes, bringing a peaceful conclusion to the long-awaited Beatles' reunion.

ASSHOLES RESIGN FROM ALL
GOVERNMENT JOBS; HUGE TAX CUTS FOLLOW

Thousands of incompetent assholes resigned from their high-paying government jobs today, putting an end to the practice of wasteful patronage that has continually drained the public coffers. In an unexplained act of fiscal penance, civil-service lemmings all around this great nation have leaped en masse into the sea of unemployment benefits.

NIXON WEDS AMIN

In a move that surprised both State Department officials and Pat Nixon alike, former President Richard M. Nixon announced his secret marriage to the former Ugandan strong man and "president for life" Idi Amin Dada. "I love the big lug," said Dick in remarks made at a press reception held in the Leatherett Bathhouse in Laguna Beach, Calif. Idi wore basic beige, with a midnight-lace trim, framing the charm of his delicate 400-pound form. "This time it's for keeps!" said Amin, a widower of 735 previous marriages.

NUCLEAR POWER REPLACED BY PERVERT POWER—ANTINUCLEAR COALITION APPLAUDS THIS SIGNIFICANT SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGH!

A chemical ingredient contained within the nylon footpads of attractive young women has been found to contain tiny electronic particles that can (when properly harnessed) provide a major portion of the power supply for a city the size of Gomorrah, Ill.

RABBI REPLACES POPE

"So why not? He was one of our boys," quipped Rabbi Isodore Balducci to the adoring throngs of well-wishers, newsmen, and Gentile tourists gathered in the newly decorated delicatessen area of the papal palace. When asked about the Italian sound of his name, Pope Izzy the First replied, "When in Rome . . ." As an indication of his teenage years spent as a nightclub comedian in New York's Catskill Mountain resort areas, the Kosher Prelate went on to perform a "celebrity roast" of his Vatican predecessors: "How many popes does it take to change a light bulb? The correct answer is four! One to hold the bulb and three to turn the ladder." As the masses roared with obedient laughter, he brought down the basilica with a knee slapper: "Take my nun, please!"

FORMER ENERGY CZAR SCHLESINGER TARS AND FEATHERS HIS OWN BODY, RUNS HIMSELF OUT OF WASHINGTON ON A RAIL.

"I just wanted to beat you all to the punch," said former Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger in his final press conference before performing the act of penance that will beautifully gain him entrance into the kingdom of heaven. When asked by reporters "Where did you get the *tar*?" the former White House aide replied that in order to obtain that petroleum by-product, he was forced to stand in a tar line for three and a half hours.

ORAL SEX PREVENTS CANCER

"Rats that engage in oral sex tend to have a lower cancer rate than those rodents that limit their sexual activities to backgammon and 'The Johnny Carson Show.'" That recent report from *The American Journal of Medical Irrelevance* is supported by recent discoveries made by a team of French medical experts who recorded a definite decline in all forms of cancer among middle-aged French men, specifically those who had recently married teenage girls.

GOMEZ

Can too much poetry,
art, writing, music, movie acting, and
Tiriac ruin a pro's game?

GUILLERMO VILAS
RENAISSANCE TENNIS STAR

Tennis, in case you haven't noticed, is no longer only the elitist sport of aristocratic WASPS; it's a fiercely competitive business as well, and it includes players who now display a range of stylistic and personality quirks: that is, Swedish iceberg Bjorn Borg; Romania's savage child Ilie Nastase; Peck's Bad Boy Jimmy Connors; the New York street kid Eddie Dibbs; the private-school brat John McEnroe; self-made playboy Vitas Gerulaitis; and, of course, soulful and sensitive Argentine poet Guillermo Vilas.

Moreover, there's something about the tennis body and this new tennis personality that suits the temperament of our times. Today brawn in and of itself holds less fascination than do wiriness and angularity. Namath, the beefy quarterback playing team games on the field, is less interesting (and less sexy) than Jagger, the lean and androgynous athlete prancing *solo* on the stage. With the exception of track stars, tennis players are the most slender of athletes; they wear their hair long, and they each have enough time alone on court-stage to develop personalities and endear themselves among grandstand fans. Swift, yet muscular, graceful, yet masculine, these idiosyncratic celebrities are the closest that jockocracy comes to the sycophantic world—and spoiled stars—of rock music. And so today's players are being rewarded appropriately. With money. And with adoring fans—tennis groupies.

None among all the tennis players is more appealing than Guillermo Vilas, and none more of a heartthrob, a matinee idol, to the ladies. In fact, he's an international star of astonishing magnitude. At home in Argentina, for instance, Vilas's celebrity is perhaps equivalent to that of Muhammad Ali's here. Some say he's a young prophet who has put his country on the map again. In the cities and provinces, he's mobbed. In restaurants waiters beg him to pose for photos; in the streets girls tear his clothes off. Furthermore, he is perhaps the only tennis player whose face regularly appears on the covers of chic magazines in France, Italy, and Germany. But that's understandable, given the remarkable physical reality of the man. With large, soft-edged, sensual features, languid and dreamy green eyes, and masses of curly Pre-

BY MARJORIE ROSEN

Raphaelite hair that cascade about his face, Vilas, more than any of his colleagues, suggests the look of the rock stars he occasionally fancies he'd like to be.

Vilas is a living, breathing press agent's dream. He seems to have the soul of a poet imprisoned in his athlete's body, his brawn tempered by ostensible intellect, and he looks like he'd be kind to children and bring flowers to ladies. Not only is Vilas committed to tennis, but also he's a dedicated writer who makes much of his passion for poetry. He has already finished two poetry books, one published at his own expense in Argentina and the other published here last summer. He also has a novel, a tennis autobiography, a screenplay, and many unpublished works in various stages of development. He considers himself a serious lyricist as well.

Not bad for a jock.

Celebrity, as we all know, can be a spoiler. Charisma, for all its appeal, can decimate its bearer. Talent may be an albatross; money, a cross. And beauty is sometimes a killer as well.

But even worse, perhaps, than talent is the illusion of talent. And this may be the burden and undoing of Guillermo Vilas, whose Renaissance gifts may exist only in his own self-image.

Vilas's tennis brilliance is astonishingly inconsistent. Although his game has recently been so plagued by listlessness and poor concentration that some feel his career has peaked, he is currently ranked sixth in the United States Tennis Association's tennis computer. And his breathtaking streak of wins in 1977 is still incredible tennis history. Then he was virtually unbeatable, winning 57 consecutive clay court matches (this included 44 consecutive tournament victories), earning the coveted titles at the French Open and the U.S. Open, and walking off with over three-quarters of a million dollars in tournament earnings alone.

Tense, high-strung, and utterly uneven, Vilas's game of tennis is thought by many people to be an absolute reflection of the man himself and of his cerebral quality. For in his spare time the athlete not only writes but also reads, chiefly Eastern philosophy. After you spend time with him, it's apparent that the 26-year-old Vilas is not just another jock; with his intellectual ambitions he shatters the stereotype of the mindless athlete, and with his poetic yearnings he creates the dilemma of his existence. It is ironic that Vilas's own charismatic coach, Romanian Ion Tiriac, suggests that maybe athletes *are* better off mindless (since they must contend with the sameness of drills, the rigidity of touring schedules, the isolation of motel life, and the dangers that any emotional or intellectual distractions might provide).

Tiriac knows that Vilas can write his poetry when he's an old man; his tennis prime, however, is *now*. And Ion Tiriac wants his restless, romantic charge to remain the prince of the new tennis royalty, *not* its poet laureate.

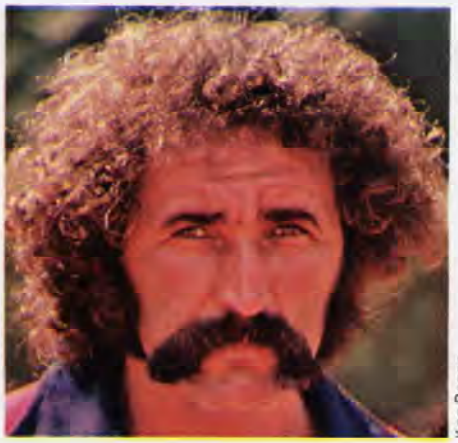
Birmingham, Ala., winter 1979

The motel room looks like it might be hiding a runaway kid from summer camp. T-shirts and underwear, sweat socks and sneakers, sit in casual clumps on the bed, on the floor, on chairs and tables. Where there's space there's a pile.

"Very neat, your room."

Guillermo Vilas smiles. For an instant his wide, green eyes crinkle, and his face goes sweet. "Yes, you like," he gestures and then shrugs. This is the way they live on the road. Out of suitcases.

However, this room betrays the contradiction of the man himself. Half a dozen Head tennis rackets designed especially for Vilas fan across the bed, along with athletic shoes and warm-up suits, the usual. Yet equally important as Vilas's rackets is his small, pummeled metal



Ken Regan

Ion Tiriac, coach and tyrant.

trunk, a trunk that must weigh 50 pounds and without which Vilas goes nowhere. Inside are his books, his writings: notes he writes to himself on hotel pads and restaurant napkins, on scratch paper and tournament programs; works-in-progress, including a novel, his poetry, books he's currently reading (among them, the three-volume, small-print *Arpas Negras*, not yet available in America). You can bet your tennis gut that comic-book freak Bjorn Borg doesn't read himself to sleep with such as this. But these artifacts correspond to the interiors and concerns of Guillermo Vilas's mind. To the dead-serious aspirations of his soul. He's a man who wants it all. He wants to play championship tennis. And also to write Important Works. "For me, it's important that through tennis I've been able to meet very interesting people in order to make prototypes for my books," he says, groping for the correct English. "And it's important that I can go back to my motel room, no matter where it is, no matter how similar it looks to the one I was in last week, and create worlds from my imagination.

"I like to write. Some people like to laugh, some people like to shout, people like to sleep when they're in a place where they feel comfortable. *I* like to write. I cannot laugh, I cannot shout, I cannot sleep," he adds. "I only can write."

For Vilas things are the same as for other tennis players; yet they are different as well. These days playing competitive tennis means living on the road, and taking along your own music can be the homey equivalent of taking along your favorite blanket knitted by Mom. Like other young players, Vilas doesn't budge without his elaborate tape recorder, its speaker, and the innumerable music cassettes he schlepps across cities and continents. In Birmingham, as in Philly or Richmond, cassettes sit stacked on one another, occupying ledges on all the blond-plastic tables. The audio booms at top level, but here, too, there's a difference. Sometimes it's Chuck Mangione, Chick Corea, or Astor Piazzola. Occasionally, it's an exquisite and gorgeously un-American-sounding melody:

The children of the bells are laughing,
And those are pretty sounds of joy.
The very words of love they're saying. . . .
I think that summertime is gone. . . .

Very jazzy, this one, somewhat Todd Rundgrenish. Vilas likes that tune. His friend, Argentine rock star Arturo Spinetta, wrote the music, and he himself wrote the lyrics, which he says are about God and the love and spirit inside us all. And it's actually quite lovely. "You know the line 'I only came to love you from afar,' " Vilas explains after playing a tape. "It's about a person ready to find another person; he's looking for something, preparing himself, and when it happens, he's ready to take it. For me the important process isn't finding or *not finding* something; it's *looking for* it. That's what it's really about."

Now Vilas sits at a small table, where he painstakingly goes through the process of preparing his equipment—applying lead tape to the heads of five rackets in order to achieve a more suitable balance. Room service brings in a tray, on which sit two boxes of cornflakes, two containers of milk, a basket of apples, and a portion of strawberry cheesecake. It's 5:00 P.M. Vilas plays a match sometime around 7:00; after that he and Tiriac play doubles, and this may be the last meal of the day. "I eat when I can," he says as he polishes off the food. Then he turns his attention to his passion—his writing.

"I only write for myself," he explains. "There are some things that I keep. I have about twenty books that I've already written, but they are only for me. Others don't belong to me; they go beyond me. I am a very selfish person, but such things I can't keep to myself; such things are part of everybody. I mean, they belong to whoever taught me at school, whoever wrote the books that I've read, and whoever created the movies that inspired me.

"If you ask me which I like more, tennis

CONTINUED ON PAGE 236

The new convertible TR7—the first new production convertible in a decade. Modern engineering has been skillfully wed to legendary excitement in the newest Triumph, the TR7 convertible.

Its bold wedge shape cheats the wind at every turn. It handles the open road with competition-proven performance. Response of the 2-liter overhead cam engine is instantaneous and the 5-speed transmission is precision itself. For those who prefer not to shift, a 3-speed automatic is optional (not available in California).

The EPA estimate with manual transmission is (19) mpg, with a highway mileage of 28 mpg. Remember the circled EPA estimate is for comparison; your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather, and trip length. California figures are lower, and your actual highway mileage will probably be lower than the highway estimate.

TR7's list of sports car features will warm any purist's heart: MacPherson struts... rack and pinion steering... front disc brakes... and wide steel-belted radials. Refinement of the TR7 has led to numerous changes, from a modified cooling system to a new Triumph emblem. Triumph engineers even developed a unique front bumper for the convertible which helps filter out harmonic vibrations.

The interior of the TR7 is designed around the serious driver, and is at once both functional and comfortable. Controls and instruments have been logically and conveniently arranged for easier, more enjoyable driving.

Attractive and uncomplicated, TR7's convertible top gives you unobstructed vision through the 3-piece rear window. Putting the top up or down is a simple one-person operation.

Now, a true convertible sports car at an affordable price. From Canley, England, where Triumph craftsmen have harbored a passion for the open sports car for over 50 years, comes the new TR7 convertible.

TRIUMPH

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TRIUMPH INVITES YOU TO A NEW OPENING

Is life in a disco worth living? A reporter survives 94 new discotheques and describes the scene that made the Village People and warped a nation.

BY BOB WEINER

Disco has become a way of life. After a decade as a subculture that showed lots of promise, disco is now a major-league national pastime, like throwing Frisbees and picking television's next neo-new Suzanne Somers. The $4 billion disco industry (it's now officially bigger than the movie business in America) is selling disco jeans; disco novels; disco Broadway musicals; disco-fever pinball machines; tons of disco jewelry, including chain necklaces with painted bottlecaps, watermelon-slice brooches, and plastic lobster pins; satin shorts; glitter T-shirts; and even disco sheets and pillowcases, to say

(right) A night at the Civic Theatre Disco in New Orleans, where Mary Martin once played before the disco beat took over.

Letterforms by Gerard Huerta. Photograph by Kym Frymire

Peter Bosari

A horror-show disco in Los Angeles named Dillons.

nothing of records and tickets of admission to dance palaces. Disco fever spawned high-fashion models who have attempted to become disco stars by singing in five keys simultaneously—and succeeded. The Arthur Murray Dance Studio offers to teach Touch Disco. A kiddie disco-musical, *Discoella*, an updated musical-comedy version of *Cinderella*, was performed at a luncheon-theater disco. A porno star married a sex changee in a midnight disco ceremony. And a professor of anthropology addressed the fourth annual Billboard Magazine Disco Convention on the subcultural ramifications of the disco phenomenon.

Until now, I thought I understood all of this. After all, I've been writing about discos in various publications for the past six years. I considered myself an authority on the discotheque scene. Boy, was I wrong! New York is where lots of trends begin, and it often anticipates by months or years what's about to happen around the country. So who would have thought that discos in Kansas City, Fort Lauderdale, or Dolton, Ill., would be every bit as exciting as the hot spots back in Fun City?

I began my tour of 94 discos in 17 cities by using New York's celebrated Studio 54 as a yardstick, only to discover that the action is not happening only in that discriminatory dance jungle. The fact that my disco odyssey took place in only 20 days may make me a candidate for the *Guinness Book of World Records*. It should at least add to my credibility as a new kind of reviewer: the discotheque critic. Patience, editorial space, and a bad memory have prevented me from including in this review all 94 discos I visited on my tour. Listed here are just the best and the most interesting discos (that is, "interesting" need not be translated as "good"), and I am happy to report that America is alive, well, and shaking its ass off to the disco beat in some really fantastic environments. Unfortunately, I found very few of them on my first stop—the West Coast.

Billboard Magazine's Associate Publisher Bill Wardlow stated that "the Disco Revolution is the hottest thing to hit show business in 25 years. It is a serious business, a sociological happening that helps relieve tensions." The only thing the Los Angeles discos did for me was to beget anxieties. The first place I hit was a new, $2 million mess called **Scandal's**. It looked like a Ramada Inn in Las Vegas and soon went bankrupt, only to reopen as **Chapter Twelve** a few months after I left town.

Next I tried **Dillons**, a four-story horror show in affluent, U.C.L.A.-dominated Westwood. It is taking money from its patrons by offering cramped quarters, low ceilings, and terrible music. Out in Orange County, home of rednecks and Disneyland, there is a huge (1,500 capacity) disco called **Crescendo of Anaheim**, which on a Saturday night was packed with a bunch of people too drunk to talk, and so they jiggled. This huge former rock-'n'-roll venue boasts the world's largest bass speaker. Actually, the entire stage area—48 by 28 feet—is the speaker, and the rumble from this monster is so severe that the disc jockey's turntables are mounted in cement. Crescendo has waitresses who are clad in revealing red bathing suits, and a dress code prohibiting denims: "We don't let bikers in," said co-owner Jack Wade as he watched his security guard demand IDs from every prospective entrant.

The whole secret of disco is energy, and **Studio One**, acknowledged as 95 percent gay, is *the* one Los Angeles disco giving off great energy, while **The Odyssey**, an after-hours disco catering to a young teenage crowd—mostly male hustlers who after a night on the street want to spend a night with each other, making "real love"—is cute and entertaining. It sports a restaurant and a game room in addition to a good disc jockey. Unfortunately, both places have a minimum of special effects and rely on the sexual element to offset the cheap fixtures. Only **Chez Moi**, a private club near the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, looks as if anyone spent a dime on it. However, the decor is a hodgepodge, as though the interior decorator had smoked a little too much hash, leaving you with lots of aquarium tanks, private booths, water displays, dry ice giving off smoke, and a gold pheasant and giraffe on the wall. The disc jockey was hot, which made up for the eclectic designs.

But Los Angeles is really in need of a place where you can go and dance your ass off. Which might just happen: the New York operators of Studio 54, Ian Schrager and Steve Rubell, have partnered with Casablanca Records president Neil Bogart and are looking for a location to house Studio 54 West. Meanwhile, it has been announced that the operator of Paris's Le Palace disco, a French version of Studio 54, will convert the Hollywood Palace, a large theater, into a disco fantasy. In a town where reality is at a premium, one more fantasy could slide by unnoticed.

It has been estimated that there are approximately 10,000 discos in the United States, with new establishments being planned daily. The majority of them are patronized by heterosexuals. In San Francisco, a city with a huge gay population, gay discos proliferate. Most of them are rather tacky. The two exceptions are discos for the straight crowd. The **Park Exchange** is a private disco that functions as a restaurant during normal dining hours. Located in Transamerica's pyramid-shaped white tower, it boasts hanging ferns, huge plate glass windows, and an overhead skylight, revealing the Frisco sky. "I think we're the only disco without overhead lights that has waiting lines," bragged owner Joe Betz. His disc jockey, Rusty Nails, decribed by Betz as the most expensive DJ in the city—$150 a night—said, "I like it without the lights; it's chic." Sports figures and visiting celeb-

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rities are regulars at this well-designed hot spot, which has weekly contests for the best-dressed couple. "We give away the use of a car and chauffeur for a week—usually the girl with the least amount of clothes wins," said Betz, who also claims, "Right now, I think we sell more Dom Perignon than anyone else in the city."

The other straight disco of note was **Oz**, located atop the elegant old world St. Francis Hotel. Naturally, it attempts to be exclusive by requesting that one be attired in "casual elegance." When I asked what that meant, someone at the door replied, "It means you can't come in looking like a bum off the street. We are a club, not a disco, and we are trying to be a very exclusive club." Well, excuse me. Just because Oz cost about $600,000, is 32 floors above the city, tries to capture a *Wizard of Oz* theme, and is entirely glass enclosed—with a view of the city including the bay and the Golden Gate Bridge—is no reason to be so uppity. Besides, the music sucks. It is soft, middle-of-the-road stuff—which means you can speak and hear your partner. Strictly for the tourist trade and very plastic, albeit very pretty plastic. A far cry from Oz is the **Trocadero Transfer**, a high-ceilinged place, catering to the "leather and earring" gay crowd. Supposedly the largest disco in the city, with a 4,000-square-foot dance floor and 240 speakers, Trocadero Transfer, like Studio 54, is located in an old television studio building. The **I-Beam**, featuring laser beams and sculptures, is the best of the gay discos I attended. The music was good, and the crowd was having lots of fun. Touring the discos in San Francisco means constantly changing clothes to accommodate the many different disco dress codes. I thought I seemed a bit peculiar to the limo driver as I changed from suit and tie to T-shirt and torn blue jeans. But then he told me: "Did you know I plan to take over a mortuary and convert it into a disco called The Dead End?" Very Frisco.

Rock stars have been carried away by the disco madness. Rod Stewart's hit "Do You Think I'm Sexy?" was Warner's largest-selling single. The Rolling Stones had a blockbuster with "Miss You," and Blondie's crossover success, "Heart of Glass," has a strong disco influence. Is it any wonder then that recording star Paul Anka has opened a Las Vegas restaurant disco? Paul, his dad, Andy, and four Chicagoans have opened **Jubilation**, a $3.5 million spot that might be the only place in town without a slot machine. What, might you ask, is Vegas doing with a handsome red brick building that took two years to construct? It looks like a suburban gourmet restaurant, what with all the olive and pine trees and plate glass windows. As I walked from Caesar's Palace, a hotel of unparalleled bad taste, a blowsy bleached blonde in a red sports car stopped abruptly in the street, beckoned me with her finger, and said: "Get in. It's only $20." "I'm previously engaged," I said, and she quickly revved up and sped away. My next surprise was the metal detector positioned at the entrance to Jubilation. "It catches lots of women. We tell them to put their guns in their cars," said a managerial type. Jubilation caters to a classy 25-to-50-year-old crowd, with an occasional visit from Las Vegas chorus kids after their midnight shows are over. The place stands out like the proverbial sore thumb in a city given to tastelessness. The least money in this multi-million-dollar operation appears to have been spent on the disco, which is practically bare. The best things about the establishment are the food, the stock-market ticker tape over the bar, and the men's toilets, which are private and have their own individual sinks and hairdryers.

With **Biba's**, an elegant art-deco-designed disco, Kansas City is far ahead of Los Angeles, San Francisco, and many clubs in New York City. Biba's, which opened at a cost of more than $700,000, is one of the top discos in the country, and has a cool, elegant crowd. The tiny marble dance floor has the speaker system enclosed over it so that you can talk in the separate bar area. There are hand-woven fabrics on the walls, velvet chairs, and silver birds of paradise, and the art deco panels were acquired from the out-of-business, formerly trendy London department store from which the club gets its name. Who would have thought that there would have been a knockout dance club in the middle of the Bible Belt? On the amusing side was the sign at Biba's entranceway: "The following items are generally prohibited: jeans, khakis, or other casual-type trousers, men's short-sleeved shirts, athletic shoes (tennis or other), shorts, men's hats, ladies informal halter tops." I guess it is easier to get in if you are nude.

> When I smelled the poppers and grass rising from the crowded, sweaty dance floor, I knew why the city of Atlanta was number one in VD.

Chicago is a wonderful city—clean, nice people, wonderful restaurants—but like Los Angeles and San Franciso, it could use a mixed disco like Studio 54. This type is generally the most enjoyable, because people come to participate in or observe the dancing ritual and wait until closing time to score with whichever sexual persuasion suits their fancy. My tour guide was the *Chicago Tribune*'s popular columnist Aaron Gold. We hit 11 discos in one evening. I think that I wore Aaron out. It is not too surprising that an 80 percent gay disco, **Dugan's Bistrotheque**, was the hottest place we visited—hot in the sense of a great crowd that wanted to dance to terrific music played over wonderful speakers. Many straight couples came in announcing: "This is the best disco in Chicago." Friendliness oozed out of the staff and the customers, including a local attraction—Bobby the Bearded Lady—who did a nightly dance on a raised platform overlooking the always crowded dance floor.

It was at another gay, though much less classy, Chicago disco called **Alphi's** that I ran into one of those bizarre entrance codes: "For admittance to this bar you must present four of these legal IDs: (1) Driver's license, (2) Birth certificate, (3) Passport, (4) Military ID, (5) Draft classification, (6) State notarized ID. It is against Illinois State Law to falsify or use someone else's ID—those doing so will be prosecuted, fined, and jailed."

"Isn't that a little extreme? Who carries around that much ID?" I asked the guardian of the door. The doorman would not allow a black drag queen to enter despite his insistence that his apartment had burned down. "I need some form of ID," insisted the keeper of the gate.

"It's become chic in Chicago to have fun," Aaron Gold told me. He was right about the happy crowd at **Zorine's**, a club that appears to be part of a slight nationwide trend—the dinner disco. The waiters and chef start the dancing each evening on the fabulous theater-style dance stage. The club has a lucite piano, a game room, and flashing light bulbs in the lucite dance floor. Reservations are very necessary, because the club's capacity is only 200. The heterosexually oriented establishment has just one problem: it dies around midnight. Everyone leaves. Possibly there has been so much good food and drink that nobody wants to dance anymore.

The biggest surprise was outside Chicago. Would you believe there is a $1 million disco in a tacky **Ramada Inn** halfway between Chicago and Gary, Ind.? Would you also believe that it was the closest item to Studio 54 at that point in my journey? The crowd wasn't great, but the disco was spectacular. Twelve hundred people could fit into the place. It had four tiers of tables, great sound, and a feeling of spanky cleanliness. At one point curtains open on a stage area, revealing two silver pyramids on revolving turntables. Overhead, behind the turning pyramids, blue-and-white neon clouds are occasionally disturbed by flashes of red-neon lightning bolts. The dress code proclaims: No Levi's unless "disco jeans." To which the manager added, "If they have a bad mouth or look drunk, they get

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"I feel the same way about all holidays."

If you want to improve your stereo system, you don't have to throw out the speakers with the turntable.

SIMPLE ADDITIONS TO STEREO

BY PETER DANIELS

You know this scene by heart: a friend invites you over to see his expensive new audio system. Note that he said "see" and not "hear," for too often your friend's megabuck investment in a system replete with flashing lights and jazzy looks fails to yield a return in real sonic quality. Don't make the same costly mistake. Even a mediocre system can be upgraded to a superb one with the addition of just one or two new components, and you don't have to rob a bank to do it.

The easiest way to improve the real performance potential of your record-playing system is to get a new phono cartridge. If you own the standard $399 package system, with a cartridge "thrown in" by the dealer, or if your present cartridge is more than three years old, expect a quantum leap in fidelity with a new phono pickup. Don't scrimp on price; the phono cartridge is really the heart of a stereo system. An excellent performer is the Shure V15-Type IV. Known for its crisp, clean sound, the Shure pickup has the added benefit of being able to track even badly warped records. Or try Empire's new EDR-.9 pickup. The people at Empire claim that they have managed to engineer a transducer capable of essentially flat frequency response across the entire audible spectrum. Before you make a final choice, however, it's wise to listen to several pickups, for each phono cartridge imparts its own coloration to the music it reproduces.

Of course, a cartridge as fine as the Shure or the Empire won't perform very well in a broken-down record changer with a three-pound tone arm. If your present turntable or changer grinds noisily or changes the pitch of Dolly Parton to something closer to Marlene Dietrich, it's probably time to replace it. If you want to stack records and sit back for a couple of hours while the machine does the work, then check out B.I.C.'s Model 80Z. This belt-driven changer incorporates a microprocessor to sense and correct turntable speed, as well as an ultra-low-mass tone arm. For those who don't mind a little more involvement in the record-playing process, there's Sansui's direct-drive, semiautomatic FR-D3 and ADC's belt-driven 1510-FG. For under $200, each of these units provides a level of performance that puts it on a par with the most sophisticated turntables around.

Speaking of sophistication, Sony's PS-B80 turntable is worth more than just an admiring glance, even if its price is beyond the pocketbooks of most music lovers. With this electronic marvel, vertical stylus force and antiskating bias are set electronically, and the exact pressure in grams is displayed on a front-panel LED readout. Even the stylus is cleaned automatically. When the tone arm is brought back to the lock position, a built-in motorized brush automatically lifts dust and grit from the delicate diamond tip. Another turntable wonder comes from Technics, the company responsible for the introduction of direct drive ten years ago. In the model SL-10 Technics has made it a direct drive platter to a linear-tracking tone arm. In this scheme the cartridge travels directly across the surface of the disc in an absolutely straight line, resulting in zero tracking error. Though not intended for such use, the linear tracking system is so stable that the SL-10 can be operated in a vertical position. Imagine what would happen if you stood a conventional turntable on its side! The SL-10, which comes complete with a moving-coil cartridge and head amp, will not be available in this country until next March.

If you haven't shopped for receivers, tuners, or amplifiers lately, you'll be astounded at the electronic innovations. To help guarantee drift-free, on-target FM tuning, audio designers have utilized the unerring oscillations of tiny quartz crystals. The frequency range of amplifiers has been extended to well beyond the limits of audibility to make sure that the most subtle harmonics are captured and reproduced. Special high-speed circuits, capable of responding to the most rapid musical transients, are now finding their way into consumer audio amplifiers. In other words, by upgrading your old receiver or making the jump from a one-piece compact stereo to a component setup, the audible difference will be well worth the investment.

If space is at a premium, the new micro-components from Toshiba were designed for you. Elegantly styled and exquisitely minute, these pint-sized products pack a full-sized musical punch. The tiny SC-M15 power amp puts out a respectable 40 watts per channel and is just four inches high and eight inches

Photographs by Tohru Nakamura

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(clockwise, from top) The ADS L630 speaker system ($300 each) is known for its super-deep bass reproduction and high-frequency dispersion. Its high-quality midrange is almost unsurpassed in reproduction of the human voice, and the sound is consistently detailed and definite. The L630 sets the standard in its price range and is the preferred system for music lovers whose tastes range from classical to rock 'n' roll. H. H. SCOTT's 166 speakers ($119.95 each) are bookshelf components designed to handle up to 100 watts of power. Don't be misled by its small size; the 166 delivers excellent sound. The ALTEC LANSING Model 14 speaker system ($529.95 each) is oversized for most homes but produces some of the finest sound reproduction available. And though these speakers are expensive, it's impossible to blow them out: whenever the power input is too great, a warning light goes on and the power is reduced. The Model 14 is also designed to enlarge the "listening sweet spot," giving you clear and definite sound, even if the speakers are not equi-distant from you. ULTRALINEAR's TM-116 speakers ($429.95) are a unique tri-modal system, composed of two mini-speakers and one floor-standing, bass-only reproducer, another alternative for those who haven't the space for the traditionally gargantuan speakers.

(clockwise, from top) The BIC 80Z changer ($239.95) incorporates a micro-processor to sense and correct turntable speed. The actual platter speed appears on a four-character digital LED readout. The 80Z has six-record capability, making it ideal for the enthusiast who desires a high-performing record changer. The FISHER RS 2007 receiver ($399.95) not only delivers 75 watts per channel but also has a built-in five-band graphic equalizer to remedy poor room acoustics. Its subsonic filter eliminates low-frequency rumble. FOSGATE's Tetra II ($995) takes a normal stereo signal and puts it through a complex matrix decoder. The LED readouts allow the listener to "place" himself anywhere within the music. It requires two additional speakers, but the result is extraordinarily lifelike sound. The JVC SEA-80 ($599.95) is a remarkable add-on that permits the listener to shape the music so that it adjusts to a particular room's acoustics. KENWOOD's KR-8050 amplifier ($820) has a special power-boost switch that increases the output from 120 watts per channel to 150. The tuner in this amplifier is excellent at retrieving FM signals and reduces distortion by 50 per cent. NIKKO's ATD-1 ($450) ambience generator delays the normal stereo sound signal and then feeds it to two rear speakers to give the listener a sense of echo and reverberation.

(clockwise, from top left) The ADC 1510 FG belt-driven turntable ($189.95) is recommended if you are looking for an economical, high-performing replacement for your present turntable. The TECHNICS SU8011 ($175) is an integrated amplifier (preamp plus power amp but no tuner) that delivers 25 watts of power with remarkably low distortion. The OPTONICA SM-7305 ($460) is a more powerful, integrated amplifier, providing 70 watts per channel with two phono inputs. The ONKYO TX-20 micro-receiver ($329.95) stands only three inches high but delivers 30 watts per channel and has a servo-circuitry tuner to lock into FM broadcasts. The TX-20 also has several other features to ensure noise- and distortion-free radio reception. PIONEER's RG-2 Dynamic Processor ($195) is a unique component that expands the range of recorded music, duplicating the effect of a live performance. It effectively eliminates record surface noise and tape hiss. TOSHIBA's micro components, the M15 amp ($349.95), the C15 preamp ($309.95), and the F15 tuner ($369.95) were designed for the demanding audiophile who has limited space. TECHNICS's SL-10 turntable ($600.00) is a highly sophisticated unit. The cartridge travels directly across the surface of the record, so the tracking error is zero. The SL-10 can even be operated in a vertical position.

Adolf Hitler

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

to commit suicide together, possibly that very night. Junge, however, couldn't understand why Eva seemed so happy.

The secretary soon found out. Hitler summoned her and told her he wanted to write his private testament and will. As soon as he started dictating, Junge knew the reason Eva was so happy.

"Although during my years of struggle I believed I could not take the responsibility of marriage, I have now decided at the end of my life's journey to marry the young woman who, after many years of true friendship, came of her own free will to this city when it was already almost completely under siege in order to share my fate," Hitler said. "At her own desire she will go to her death with me as my wife. This will compensate us for what we both lost through my work in the service of my people."

Eva was not going to die that night. She was going to be married. Joseph Goebbels, the propaganda minister, dispatched several soldiers from the bunker to get Walter Wagner, a justice of the peace who had been drafted to fight in the front lines during the final defense of Berlin. After Wagner arrived, Eva and Hitler appeared for the ceremony. Eva was wearing Hitler's favorite dress, a black silk with pink shoulder straps. Her accessories were black suede shoes, a pearl necklace, and a platinum watch with diamonds for numbers.

After the wedding Eva and Adolf and their bunker friends went to Hitler's study for the *Hochzeitsmahl* (wedding breakfast). It was now about 2:00 A.M., and after a few toasts and idle conversation Hitler once again joined Junge to complete the draft of his will and testament. The next morning Below, the Luftwaffe adjutant, left the bunker to try to get a copy out of Berlin so that it would be preserved for history. Just when Hitler joined Eva for their first night as man and wife is not known, but it was very close to dawn on April 29.

April 29 was the pivotal day for the Führer and his new wife. Eva, radiant, appeared at the breakfast table at 11:00 A.M., and when the others didn't know how to address her because she was now married, she solved the problem easily. "You may call me Frau Hitler." She joined Hitler at the table and was pouring herself a cup of coffee when an adjutant handed a note to the Führer. Hitler was so engrossed in the message that he spilled his tea on his pants. Eva, using a towel, began to wipe the tea from his clothing, but he just shook his head and handed her the note.

"Benito Mussolini is dead. Captured by Italian partisans as he attempted to escape into Switzerland from northern Italy, he was taken before a tribunal and sentenced to death. In the village of Dongo the sentence was executed by partisans who machine-gunned him in the back. His mistress, Clara Petacci, who was with him at the time of his attempted escape, was also captured and killed with the ex-Duce. Their bodies were taken to Milan and subjected to public degradation. After being dragged through the streets they were hung head downward in the public square where thousands spat at and reviled the corpses."

Hitler motioned for Dr. Ludwig Stumpfegger, the quiet, unassuming doctor who had replaced Brandt and Morell, to join him. "Would my dog Blondi respond to the cyanide the same as a human?"

"Yes, mein Führer."

Hitler gave the doctor a cyanide capsule and motioned toward the small anteroom where the dog was kept. A minute later there was the bitter-sweet odor of the poison, and Stumpfegger returned.

"The dog is dead."

Eva kept fingering her capsule and staring at the table. She didn't say a word. Hitler, however, wanted to know whether he would still have the strength to pull the trigger of his pistol once he took the poison. Stumpfegger assured him he would. It was obvious to everyone in the room that the stage was set for the final act.

On April 30 Hitler didn't appear until nearly noon. Eva, however, was up early and took care of several personal matters. While walking past the adjutants' room, she heard Otto Günsche, one of Hitler's personal adjutants, ordering jerricans full of gasoline to be placed near the bunker exit so they would be available to "burn the bodies of the Führer and his frau."

At 2:30 P.M. Eva and Hitler had lunch with Junge, Christian, and Manzialy. Hitler had a small dish of spaghetti; Eva had only a cup of tea. After eating, Eva went to her bedroom. Hitler went to his study and spoke with Baur, his personal pilot. Baur once again suggested Hitler try to escape to Argentina or Japan, but Hitler only smiled.

At 3:30 P.M. Günsche announced throughout the bunker that the Führer wished to bid farewell. Hitler and Eva appeared in the corridor outside his study. Eva's hair was freshly washed and set. She wore Hitler's favorite dress and the watch he had given her several years earlier. Incredibly, she was smiling.

Hitler motioned for Eva to go into the study, and he followed her. Just before the door closed, Eva turned and looked back at Junge and smiled. There was complete silence in the bunker. Suddenly a shot rang out. No one moved for several seconds. All were stunned by the knowledge that the Third Reich was no more. Then the door was opened.

Hitler was slumped on one end of the blue-and-white couch, blood running down his face from the single bullet he had fired from his Walther 7.65 pistol after he had swallowed the poison. On the other end of the couch Eva was reclining as though asleep, her feet pulled up underneath her. Her little pistol was beside her, unfired.

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POD 79

PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"They said my smile was winning, but I didn't think it was quite *this* winning," beamed Debora Zullo when she was chosen our 1979 Pet of the Year Runner-Up in *Penthouse*'s closest election ever. So close, in fact, that it was virtually a photo-finish tie . . . an understandable outcome with such photogenic contenders. "The title is thrilling to have, but mostly I'm happy to have lived up to Bob Guccione's high expectations. I insisted he pose with me (see below) as my favorite campaign manager!" The voter turnout was amazing, but men have been turning out in droves for Debby most of her life. "My parents worried that I'd get into trouble, but instead," she says, grinning, "I just got into a lot of fun!"

"Being associated with *Penthouse*," claims 36-23-35 Debby, "has been more fun than any adventure in my life. It's a real high to see yourself become a fantasy figure for millions of men. Traveling around the world has taught me that admiration, like love, is a universal language." In the pictures shown here, Debora regally posed in an 800-year-old castle on the Italian Riviera. "It had everything," she tells us, "Baccarat crystal, fountains, satin sheets, eight-course meals, and enough servants to run a small hotel. I was in heaven—like being Queen for a Week!" she enthuses.

"They say a man's home is his castle," observes our 26-year-old superpet with a smile. ("But doesn't a proper lady like me deserve one, too?") In San Diego, California, where Debby lives in a house she recently bought for herself, life is far more homespun. "My parents, uncle, and cousins all live within six blocks of me," she explains. "We all adore huge Italian feasts, so we get together for dinner at least once a week." She's old-fashioned in nearly every way, she admits. "For one thing, I love to go dancing, but only cheek to cheek, to music like the songs of Frank Sinatra and Barbra Streisand . . ."

"It's so much more romantic than strutting around in spandex, jumping to disco music. Besides," she adds, "the loud noise and flashing lights give me a headache." Debby's ideal man would be equally old-fashioned. "He has to be warm, sincere, and—above all—a gentleman. And, naturally, my family would have to approve of him, because I could never approve of a man they didn't like." Our winsome runner-up realizes that her views are far from fashionable, but she knows her own mind and doesn't hesitate to speak it.

"Someone has to make the decisions, and I have no desire to run a man's life—only to improve it!" There is one arena, though, where Debby refuses to play second fiddle to anyone: the chessboard. "A neighbor taught me how to play chess when I was just a little girl," she tells us, "and now it's second nature to me. I may not *look* like a chess whiz, but I play like one!" she boasts. She does have one rule, though: "Never play with an attractive member of the opposite sex. The game requires a lot of concentration, and with such an opponent there are too many other distracting moves to consider . . ."

Her moves for the future include, "First and foremost, representing *Penthouse* in my capacity as Pet of the Year Runner-Up for the coming year. I feel very proud to be working for Bob Guccione, because I admire him so much, especially for overcoming the obstacles of censorship and repression when he first started *Penthouse* in England. I hope my own life holds challenges like that. I intend to keep on modeling and maybe become an advertising account executive." As for where she'll settle down, Debby is uncertain, except that "no matter where I live, I hope I'll always live in the hearts of men!" Debby, your wish is our command.

INFLATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

inflation—a debasement of the value of money—so that people with savings or people who live on fixed incomes must watch their buying power diminish. In a textbook inflationary situation, however, incomes rise along with prices, employment is high, and money is easy to borrow. None of this is true as I write, and it isn't merely because "recession" is overtaking "inflation." What newspapers are calling "inflation" is simply what we used to call "the cost of living," and our economic problem is simply that the cost of living is outrunning our ability to pay for it. "Inflation" is the dark side of the American Dream.

For the first six months of 1979, according to news headlines, the annual "inflation rate" was 13.2 percent. The Consumer Price Index—the Labor Department's monthly calculation of the combined costs of many "necessities," including food, shelter, and transportation—had increased at that annual rate.

The "annual rate" figure, while both accurate and scary, is confusing. What the Labor Department actually said was that the cost of living was 1 percent higher during June than it had been in May, 1 percent higher during May than it had been in April, and so on backward through the year. During the same period, according to the Commerce Department, the personal incomes of Americans went up, too—but only by one-half of 1 percent every month.

In other words, what you have to pay out went up every month, twice as fast as what you were able to take in did. That's what most of us mean when we kick around the word *inflation*.

Of course, if you don't have a job, if you can get only occasional work, if you're a farmer who has to watch wheat prices drop while the cost of bread continues to rise, then the "personal income" figures don't mean much. All you can do is start to wonder whether those stories are true about fixed-income pensioners eating dog food for dinner.

They are.

If a beginning could be assigned to our present troubles, it might be that moment at which Lyndon Johnson decided to lie to all of us about the cost of the war in Vietnam. The truth would have meant higher taxes to pay that cost; instead, the money was spent, but not provided for—presumably so that opposition to the war would not grow at an even faster rate. The result is that we're paying for Vietnam now, through the hidden and belated "tax" imposed by the decline in the buying power of our dollars.

That problem might have begun to ease by now if that were the only effect that "government spending" has on our pocketbooks. As continuing critics, most of us concentrate on piddling research programs in HEW or on "swollen bureaucracies." If there's a pocketbook villain, however, it lives in a single, five-sided building just outside Washington: the Pentagon.

This is not—as some people seem immediately to assume—a political argument somehow connected with Jane Fonda. It is a simple matter of hard-nosed cost-benefit analysis, of the sort that should delight the most conservative Republican whose ribs were ever made of rock. In the proposed fiscal budget for 1980, the total amount of money requested for the Department of Defense (and for the military programs of the Department of Energy) is more than $138 billion. It's an increase of $10 billion over the year before. For what?

Not for machine guns or barracks paint or soldiers' salaries. The amount for all conventional uses—anything at all other than nuclear weapons—has actually gone down. But measured in "constant dollars"—meaning that we're talking about the actual increase in comparison with your buying power and tax-paying ability—the budget for strategic nuclear weapons alone will increase by 19 percent.

> We spend the money on Strangelove hardware that nobody wants—that will kill no more people, and do it no more efficiently, than the hardware we already have.

As we all know, this is money to kill every Russian 32 times, because the Russians are able to kill every American 31 times. In fact, the American strategic position would not change at all if $10 billion were cut out of the military budget starting tomorrow morning. We spend the money on Strangelove hardware that nobody wants—that will kill no more people, and do it no more efficiently, than the hardware we already have. We don't spend it on crucial needs, such as our own agriculture. Instead, we let our farmers "pay" subsidies to European middlemen.

The largest wheat-buying and -exporting firms are controlled by Europeans. They buy wheat from American farmers at depressed prices. Then European governments put what amounts to an "import tax" on the wheat. German and French and Danish millers wind up paying an inflated price for the same wheat—and, by direct arrangement or through a more subtle collaboration, the import-export firms and the European governments split the difference, while the American government looks the other way and prays for a better day.

Some of that money comes back, of course, but not to the farmer, and not to you and me. The Citicorp *Annual Report* mentioned earlier says that during 1978 Citicorp took in from "foreign exchange income" a total of $104,662,000. The only explanation is that it came from "trading profit in numerous currencies" and from "the effect of translation gains and losses on assets and liabilities" in currencies other than the dollar. When you read those puzzling stories about the American dollar going up and down on international money markets, it's well to remember that somebody's making money on every one of those fluctuations, and it isn't your local public library.

Possibly this is another demonstration of the workings of "monopoly capital." (I hasten to note that to oppose "monopoly capital" and its workings is not necessarily to be anticapitalist.) But we have had trusts and cartels and oligopolies and international manipulators and uncaring profiteers before; the worst of them have conned us, exploited us, and robbed us. Never before, however, have we had an economic situation that the textbooks—even the most radical of textbooks—don't account for.

Behind all the "villains" is another villain, as inexorable as it is impersonal.

The cost of energy is an inherent part of the cost of everything. Ron Specht's combine muffler, for instance, went up in price 29 percent in a year; it takes energy to manufacture a combine muffler. It takes energy to bake bread, to process food, to produce electricity and to transmit it, to jigsaw a jigsaw puzzle, to print or edit a magazine, even to write an article about energy. For some reason Americans want to believe that this all has to do with "dependence on foreign oil," especially since distant Arabs are easier targets than their home-based collaborationists in the oil companies. But brave presidential speeches about shifting to coal or to shale oil or even to nuclear energy miss the point.

All of those energy sources, uranium included, are nonrenewable. Make alcohol from grain, and you'll have another wheat crop next year; burn wood, and you can grow more trees; the sun keeps on shining, rivers keep flowing, the wind keeps blowing. But when we've used up the coal and oil and uranium, then, baby, there ain't no more. Though in theory we could go on as we are for another generation or two—even without nuclear energy and its frighteningly intractable problems of safety and disposal—the fact is that we can't afford to do this, *and there is no way in which we will ever be able to afford it*. It's come to that.

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The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace." "The Nutcracker Suite." Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

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He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

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Life has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

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Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

Courtenay Salter knows or seems to. She is the chief economist for the Commerce Department, and it was she who told us a while back that American productivity is going down. The decline, she said, was "centered in the automotive sector, underscoring *the sensitivity of our economy to changes in petroleum prices and availability*."

Prices and availability. When the cost of bringing something to you goes up, the price you're going to pay for that something has to go up, too. And the cost of extracting nonrenewable resources from the earth is not merely going up. It's going to keep rising, as the mathematicians say, exponentially.

Let's take a 1972 study by the National Petroleum Council (oil industry people, for the most part; so far, their predictions have turned out to be low). The study asked: "*If the rate of profit were held steady*, what would happen to the price of oil if we increased domestic production by 18 percent a year?" That's a reasonable production increase, well within our technological capacity. In 1970 dollars, the study answered itself, the price (which was $3.18 a barrel in 1970) would go to $3.70 in 1975, to $5.16 in 1980, and to $7.21 in 1985.

Since the dollars are constant, we can take each five-year increase as a percentage of the 1970 price. From then until 1975, the projected increase is 16 percent; from 1975 until 1980 the *further* increase is not another 16 percent but another 46 percent of the original price; and the *additional* increase from 1980 to 1985, in terms of the 1970 price, is 64 percent. In other words, the increases themselves increase as time goes by.

This is not because oil executives are evil capitalists or because Arab sheikhs love Ferraris. It is simply because the more oil you take out of the ground, the more it costs to take out what is left. That's what an "exponential" increase in cost means. In the NPC study the first five-year increase was 16 percent, but the increase over 15 years wasn't 3 times 16, or 48 percent. Instead, it was 127 percent.

There is nothing whatever that anyone can do about it. It is a hope-drunken dream to imagine that some vast new oil field or coal deposit will be discovered; we have already searched the planet thrice over. "Conversion to nuclear energy" is equally futile; safety aside, a massive conversion would simply mean that we'd run out of uranium before we ran out of oil. ("Breeder reactors" are a brief postponement, not an answer; no Congress can repeal the Second Law of Thermodynamics.)

Except for the existence of a few hydroelectric dams, our manufacturing, agriculture, retailing, transportation, and private lives are dependent entirely on nonrenewable energy resources. Switching from one such resource to another is like jumping from a rapidly sinking boat into a rapidly freezing ocean.

If the cost of energy is going to keep rising, then the cost of everything is going to keep rising, too. There is not the slightest economic chance that incomes can keep pace; employment can't keep pace either. Raise a businessman's costs, and he looks first for ways to cut down on labor. His best solution, right now, is to get by with fewer employees and to use machines to increase the productivity of the people he keeps.

We think of "automation" in connection with factories. Wrong: what ever happened to elevator operators? Most large newspapers are moving increasingly toward automation in the editorial as well as in the printing departments. Around San Francisco the rapid-transit system has no human attendants in most stations most of the time; ticket selling and change making are done by machine. Tellers are also getting scarcer.

Even a professor of history is affected. Whereas once his university's library was a collection of printed materials, it is now increasingly likely to be a collection of computer terminals linked to one big library, possibly thousands of miles away and available via phone line, at which academic journals are stored, not on shelves, but in "key-word" computer tapes.

> The more oil you take out of the ground, the more it costs to take out what is left. This is not because capitalists are evil, or because Arabs love Ferraris: it's inflation.

If computerized libraries also mean that a lot of marginal journals, dependent on library sales, will have to stop publishing—so that exchanges of knowledge will dwindle and duplication of effort will multiply—then that's how it goes. As things now stand, the implacably rising cost of energy is going to turn libraries, schools, and even police departments into amenities as obviously luxurious as a gas-guzzling 1951 Cadillac.

On being appointed secretary of the treasury in July, G. William Miller said that with the proper policies America can be "healed" in five to seven years, but that it will call for "the tightening of belts and the return to being in command of our own destiny." He was quite right on all counts, but it's doubtful that he meant what we might wish that he had meant.

Our only way out of the long-range problem is to convert to the use of renewable resources, and it will take at least five years, probably longer, even to begin that conversion on the necessary scale. Most of us would rather believe in a conspiracy than recognize that our escape from pessimism, cynicism, and disaster can be powered only by grain alcohol and the sun.

Instead of spending $142 billion on new ways to use coal, we're going to have to spend it on the government contracts that will make possible our rapid conversion to solar and grain-alcohol technology. Along the way, we shall simply have to get rid of disposable cans and bottles, petroleum-based plastics, and energy-hungry materials wherever possible. I don't mean to say, "Charge a deposit for them" or "Recycle them." I mean to say, "Get rid of them."

No one who has power ever gives it up willingly; we may have to fight banks, Arabs, oil companies, foreign wheat brokers, misled labor leaders, officious bureaucratic regulators, and frightened politicians all the way from our union meetings to our presidential elections. That's returning to "being in command of our own destiny," though it probably isn't at all what Secretary Miller meant. It will take time and sacrifice, but at least we'll know what we're working toward.

We'll know, that is, if we face the truth, starting at the top. The truth and its honest recognition are the cures to all that pessimism and cynicism; I can tell Mr. Caddell that there are a lot of ordinary people out there who know an irrelevancy or an outright lie when they hear one. This administration should know that.

So: no more "oil import limitations" that match the highest import year in history. No more scapegoating the ecology-minded, who have been right all the time. And no more listening to businessmen and labor leaders alike who take advantage of our amusement over snail darters to push their immediate short-range projects for profit—such as putting lead back into gasoline or building still more gas-hungry highways.

No more nonsense about how solar technology is 30 years in the future. It's here. No more allowing utilities to get away with the assumption that power has to be delivered to your house from a central source. A small plant, perhaps locally or cooperatively owned, that serves 50 homes or 3 apartment buildings is perfectly operable.

Most of all, no more seeking out minor villains under the mistaken impression that each is the Attila who leads the economic Huns. For "inflation" there are palliatives, the slaying of neighborhood dragons, that can bring about a temporary easing of pressure; there is no *solution* to the problem but the long, uncomfortable process of conversion to renewable energy resources. For our pessimism and cynicism, there is no cure but truth. O+

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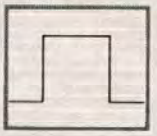

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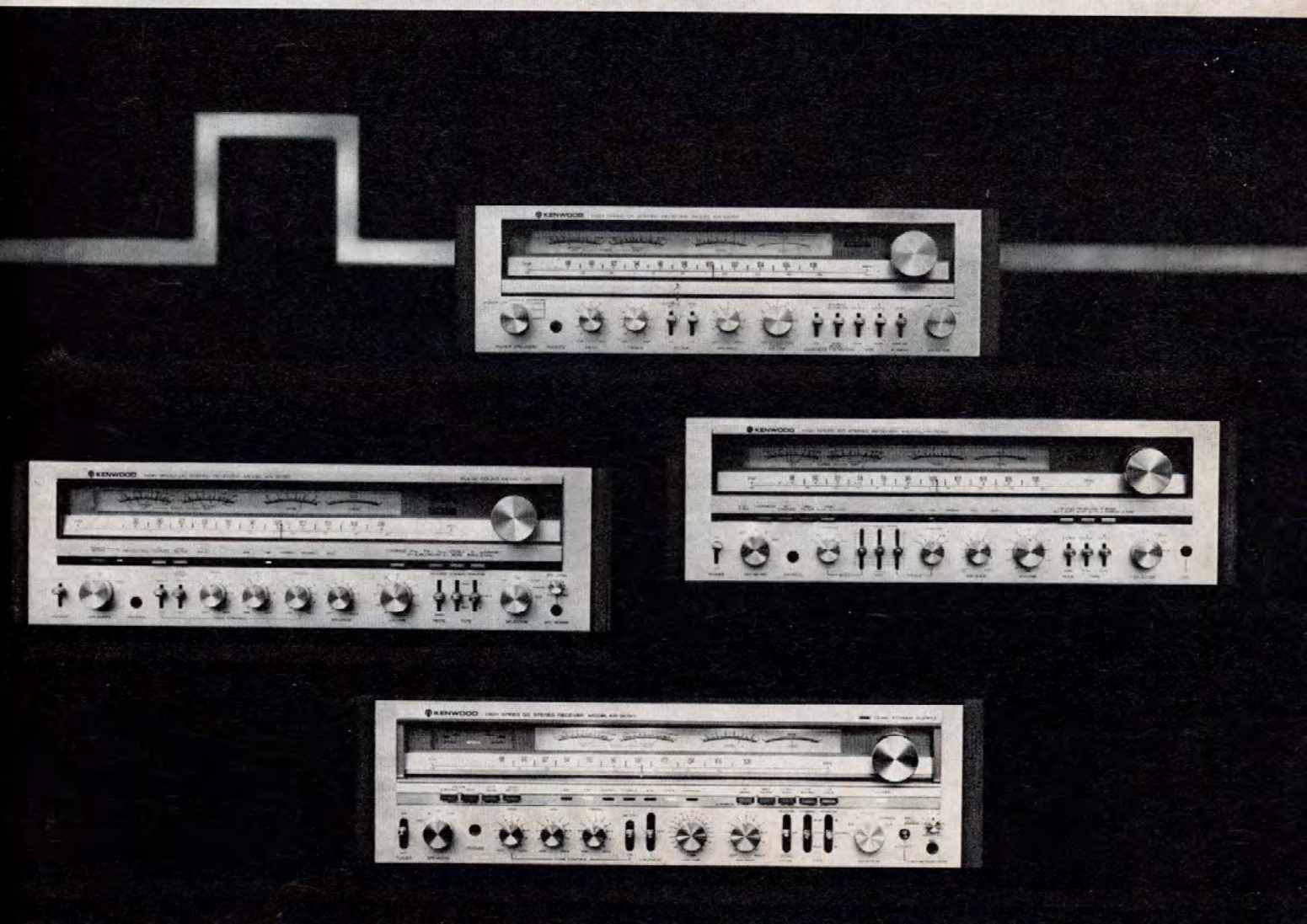


PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

MICHAEL DOUGLAS

> The news producers of television shows said, "We always have stories killed for political reasons. Somebody makes a call to the head of the station, and that's it: the story will be squelched—it's just too hot."

At age 34, nobody has the right to be as handsome, blue-eyed, and successful as Michael Douglas. While still costarring with Karl Malden on a top-rated television series, "The Streets of San Francisco," he branched out as a producer. The film was *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, which garnered worldwide rentals of over $100 million and five Academy Awards. While acting in a sci-fi thriller, *Coma*, he was preparing *The China Syndrome*, critically and commercially one of the outstanding successes of 1979. About the time that this interview appears, young Douglas should be visible again on local screens in a movie called *Running*, which he recently starred in and produced in Canada.

The son of actor Kirk Douglas, whom at times he startlingly resembles, Michael was not to the manner born. In fact, Douglas and Michael's mother, Diana, divorced when he was about five, and he was raised by the mother in a succession of eastern private schools, until he was 11. Then she got a contract to come to California as an actress, and young Michael got his first taste of public schools. He didn't like it. "There were gangs," he told a reporter recently, "and the first girl I kissed had her mouth wide open." He was transferred, briefly, to a military academy in Los Angeles, then returned to a prep school in Connecticut, where he excelled in athletics.

Douglas identifies strongly with the rootless, rebellious generation that hit college in the sixties. In 1964 he flunked out of the University of California at Santa Barbara. "It was girls, basically," he later admitted. After that came a series of odd jobs on his father's productions, and others decidedly less glamorous—like pumping gas—before returning as a drama major to Santa Barbara, where he began to act and direct. Summers were spent at the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center in Waterford, Conn., where he crewed, painted scenery, played bit parts, and won a modicum of approval in the lead of a play called *Summertree*. When the play was transported to New York's prestigious Lincoln Center but he wasn't, he returned to Santa Barbara and the hippie way of life. "I'm so proud and happy that I was a product of the sixties," he now says. "The more time passes, the more I realize what a really unique generation and period that was."

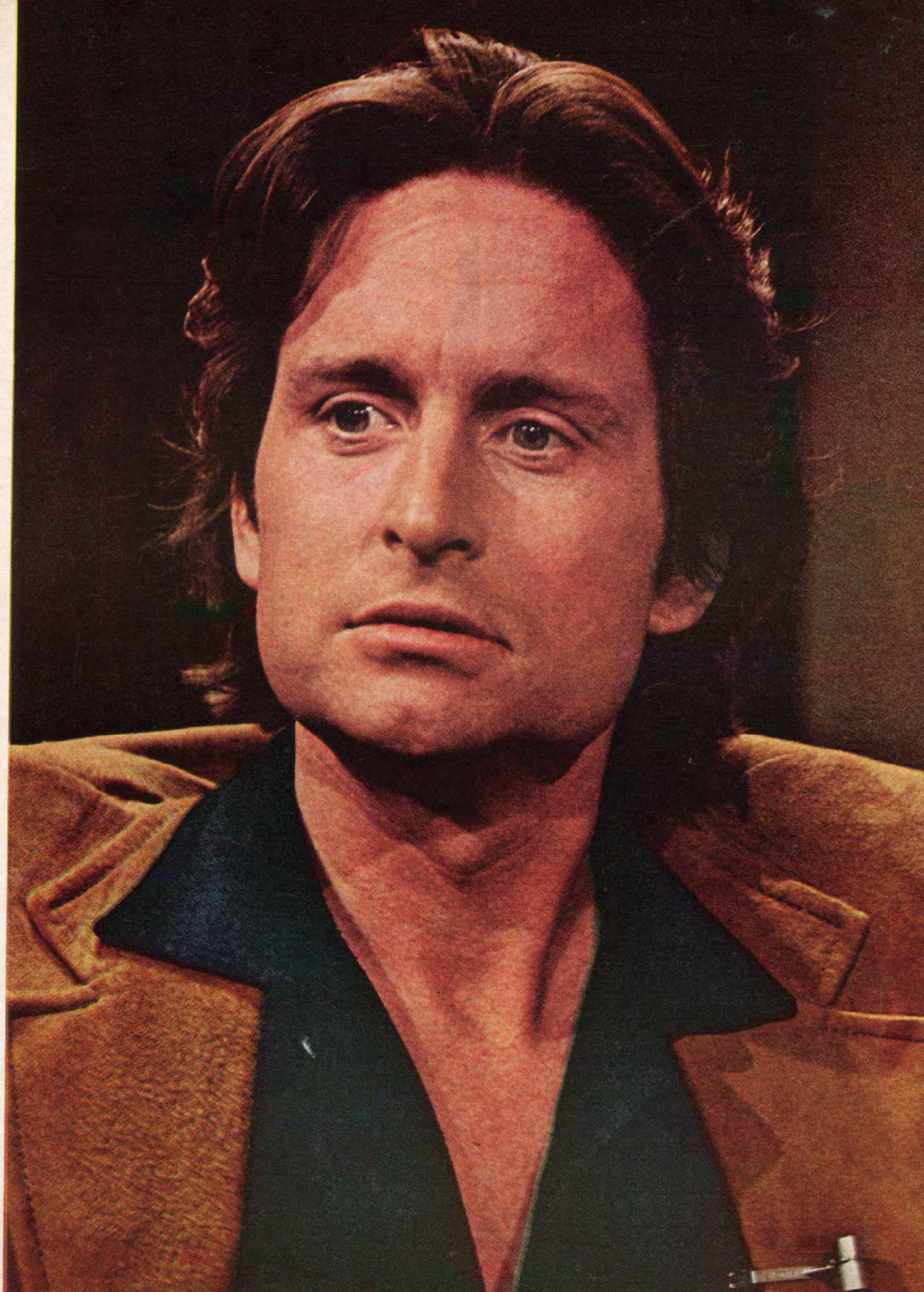
Photograph by Bob Deutsch

Although he was originally slated for a law career, the theater won his heart. After graduating from U.C. Santa Barbara, he went on to New York for advanced studies, some off-Broadway plays, and some "CBS Playhouse" television productions. At that time, CBS had its own Cinema Center in Hollywood, and Michael was signed to star in two unmemorable productions, "Adam at 6 A.M." and "Hail, Hero!" Since the center itself was foundering, these did little to advance his career. Neither did a role in Walt Disney Productions' *Napoleon and Samantha* nor his ultimate assumption of the lead role in Columbia's adaptation of *Summertree* (although this did lead to a five-year "relationship" with his costar, Brenda Vaccaro). With a mixture of reluctance and pragmatism, Douglas returned to television and "The Streets of San Francisco."

His four years with "The Streets of San Francisco" not only established Douglas as a star personality but also taught him most of what he knows about both film and television. "Doing the series," he now says, "was the best experience I've had professionally, in terms of learning my craft—not only as an actor but as a producer." Eventually, Douglas directed several episodes before quitting the show to devote his energies to *Cuckoo's Nest*.

The film was a huge critical and commercial success. It also drew bitter criticism. Many felt that Douglas and director Milos Forman, in heightening some of the story's dramatic appeal, had sacrificed the integral radical nature of the novel. Ken Kesey, the book's author, was particularly bitter about the film. "They took out the morality," Kesey was reported as saying. "They took out the Combine—the conspiracy that is America." Kesey sued Douglas for 5 percent of the movie's gross plus $800,000 in punitive damages for "breaking our verbal agreement and ruining the book." He eventually collected 2.5 percent of the film's gross in the settlement.

The success of the film, though, brought Douglas acclaim beyond his wildest dreams, including an invitation to the White House to attend Jimmy Carter's inaugural



parties. At one of these he met Diandra Luker, a Georgetown University student training for the diplomatic corps. Within two months they were married, and they now have a son.

Following *Cuckoo's Nest*, Douglas starred with Geneviève Bujold in the film *Coma*, Robin Cook's hospital thriller about doctors who kill off their patients in order to sell their organs on the black market. At the same time, Douglas began making preparations for the production of *The China Syndrome*. He began the project trying to make an adventure thriller, but as he researched the subject, he began seeing the film's importance as a political statement on the dangers of nuclear energy.

During the first few weeks that it ran, *The China Syndrome* was criticized for its "exaggerated portrayals" of the risks of the nuclear industry. Some power companies sent letters to film critics across the nation, one of them warning that *The China Syndrome* was "a very irresponsible, thoughtless Hollywood film, not very well detailed, about nuclear power."

In nuclear slang, "China syndrome" refers to the possibility of the radioactive core of a nuclear plant becoming uncovered, allowing the heat of the core to melt through the steel pressure vessel, then through the floor of the building, the earth—and, as it were, into China. In one of the most spectacular occurrences of life imitating art, two weeks after *The China Syndrome* opened such an accident almost took place at the Three Mile Island plant near Harrisburg, Pa.

Douglas can now be seen in *Running*, a film he describes as "a *Rocky* with sneakers." Arthur Knight spoke with Douglas in Los Angeles for this exclusive *Penthouse* interview.

Penthouse: How did you happen to do *The China Syndrome*?

Douglas: When we got nine Academy Award nominations for *Cuckoo's Nest*, that's when I realized I was a producer. I knew I had to get an office and set myself up. So when we got the office and actually *won* five Oscars, everybody came to know the history of the project and I became sort of a big, dark-horse mentor. Every sort of weird, bent, distorted, dark project was sent to me. I mean, I saw some *sickies* come across this desk. They were all sent to me because they were the films that wouldn't even be looked at by established producers.

Anyway, *China Syndrome* came right in with the deluge. I read it and liked it. It seemed to me like some sort of monster movie. The proper theme of a horror movie was there—man against the machines and all that. There were also these fabulous images of nuclear power to work with, which are really the images of industrialization in the twentieth century. And, of course, nuclear power was a very topical issue.

Penthouse: What about the film's theme of the media's suppressing news items for political reasons? Did you have firsthand knowledge of this?

Douglas: We talked to a lot of television people about this. We got different versions of the story, depending on who we talked to. When we talked to the on-the-air television personalities, they would defend their integrity and say, "Suppression couldn't happen. It just doesn't happen. If we have a good news story, it goes on the air." It reminded me a lot of the naiveté of actors and actresses—how little they really know about what's going on behind the scenes of a production. Because when we talked to the news producers of the shows, they would say, "Are you kidding? It goes on all the time! We always have stories killed or buried for various political reasons. Somebody makes a call to the managing director or the head of a station, and that's it: the story will be squelched—it's just too hot. They're afraid of an injunction coming down on the station."

Most people don't understand how important local newscasting is to the revenue of stations. It's such a competitive market, because that's where they fire off the largest revenues. Local news is really just an hour of profit. The news aspect is secondary. We tried to express that pressure and that money concern on the part of the news business—and the nuclear-plant business. If the plant is shut down, it's like a television station's loss of rating points.

Penthouse: Did you have any knowledge of the nuclear industry's censoring news broadcasts?

Douglas: Sure. Our knowledge of that was real close to home. When we were having our script conferences, Jack Lemmon gave us a lot of information. He had made a series of documentaries for the Public Broadcasting System on environmental issues, including one called "Plutonium: An Element of Risk." It was scheduled to be aired over the entire PBS network, but it was shown only in Los Angeles. Then it was axed. It was a perfect example of the kind of censorship we were dramatizing. The producer of that show, by the way, Don Widner, got involved in a lawsuit with the utility company here in California. They accused him of fabricating the interviews for the show. Widner eventually won a large cash settlement.

Penthouse: Was there any pressure to block your film while it was being made?

Douglas: No. We'd heard all sorts of stories of censorship; so we were nervous. When we began filming, there were about five other nuclear films starting up—we were really racing against the clock. We heard of some of the other productions being threatened. There was one period when I'm sure our office phones were bugged. I'm not sure by who or what, but I had the phones tested and found out there was a bug on the line. Other than that, there was never any outright threat.

Penthouse: Did you seek the cooperation of the power plants for your filming?

Douglas: Yeah. We contacted the utility company here in California about going to Diablo Canyon. They said, "Fine, we'll show you around, but if you're going to kick nuclear energy in the ass, we don't want you here." So I didn't go, because I didn't want to go under false pretenses.

On the other hand, the Trojan nuclear plant outside of Portland, Oregon, gave us a detailed tour on two occasions, from top to bottom. When we'd made *Cuckoo's Nest*, the Oregon state government had decided to take a large chance by letting us film in their state hospital. They really took a risk, giving us that cooperation. And they felt they came out smelling good, and they'd kept to their Oregon philosophy of openness and cooperation, which is a unique one. So we had their entire cooperation on this project, too. I went down into the containment area; I think I'm one of the few outside people who have been down inside a containment area, suited up in the G suit and the mask and everything. None of us will ever forget that experience.

One of the biggest thrills I had on the picture was when we were picked up at the airport in the utility company's helicopter and flown out to the nuclear plant. It was early morning and misty, and up rose one of those huge cooling towers, about 550 feet high, with all these white strobe lights focused on it. It was so amazingly dramatic. It looked like something from another planet. We were flying with a real hotshot pilot, who went right at this tower, diving right down into the cooling tower smokestack. It was incredible. It was a phenomenal big mouth, sort of sucking us all down. That image really brought home the incredible power and strength that one of those plants has. We weren't able to shoot that exact thing for the film, but I hope the movie suggested the awesome power of it all.

Penthouse: Where were you when you heard about the Three Mile Island accident?

Douglas: I was at home in Santa Barbara. My wife had just gone shopping, but she came running back up the hill, shouting "Did you hear the news? Did you hear?" She had heard an emergency bulletin on the car radio. I was just . . . I have been totally inarticulate on how to explain it, other than that it was . . . it was like a religious experience for me. As information started coming in, and as we started hearing the people at the utility company talking in interviews and I saw how the whole thing paralleled our film, it took on proportions for me that were religious. It was an ordained sort of event. There's no other way to explain it.

I remember when Michael Gray first brought the screenplay to me four years

ago. He said, "You know, it's going to be a race—us getting the picture out before there's a major accident." I said, "Oh, c'mon. . ." And he was right. If you really study the details of what happened at the Pennsylvania plant, the parallels are uncanny. It really is uncanny.

Penthouse: The accident must have helped you at the box office.

Douglas: It actually would have been better for us, commercially, if the accident had never happened. People think that the accident was a big help commercially, but it wasn't at all. And we certainly didn't exploit it. The fact that we got the tremendous amount of publicity on television news was not a help at all. A lot of people thought of our film as a documentary, and it turned them off.

Penthouse: Do you think your film had any effect on the way the Three Mile Island incident was handled by the media?

Douglas: Oh, absolutely. Just about every newscaster who was sent to Three Mile Island was required to see *China Syndrome*. I think the news hooked on and locked into the problem at Three Mile Island with much more force because of *China Syndrome*. If the picture had not been there, the nuclear industry might have been able to bury the accident, but our film prodded and forced the news teams to answer the call.

And I think that the news media should be commended for their coverage of Three Mile Island, because they did do a very in-depth, thorough job of covering it. It must have been spooky for them, seeing the nuclear-plant public-relations man giving his cover-up speech in our film and then hearing the Metropolitan Edison public-relations man talking. I think credibility became a real issue as a result of our film.

Penthouse: You were accused of being too dramatic, too extreme in your portrayal of a nuclear accident.

Douglas: We didn't come close to showing the extremes. In a test at Idaho Falls in the early sixties, there was a loss-of-coolant accident where two guys were killed; one was impaled on the ceiling of the containment area, with a rod right through him. That's how dramatic we could have gotten. But I know that a lot of critics came down on us for exploiting a contemporary problem and dramatizing it to scare people in an irresponsible way. After Three Mile Island, the public at least got a chance to see all the homework the moviemakers had done.

Penthouse: Had you been an antinuclear activist before this film?

Douglas: I didn't have very strong feelings about it. I certainly had a lot of questions about it, without being very knowledgeable about the issues. Reacting against nuclear power was part of what all the liberals were doing, and I would say I followed along. A lot of my friends had not done a lot of deep thinking about it, but they were all on the bandwagon because it was part of the liberal

CONTINUED ON PAGE 220

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DISCO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168

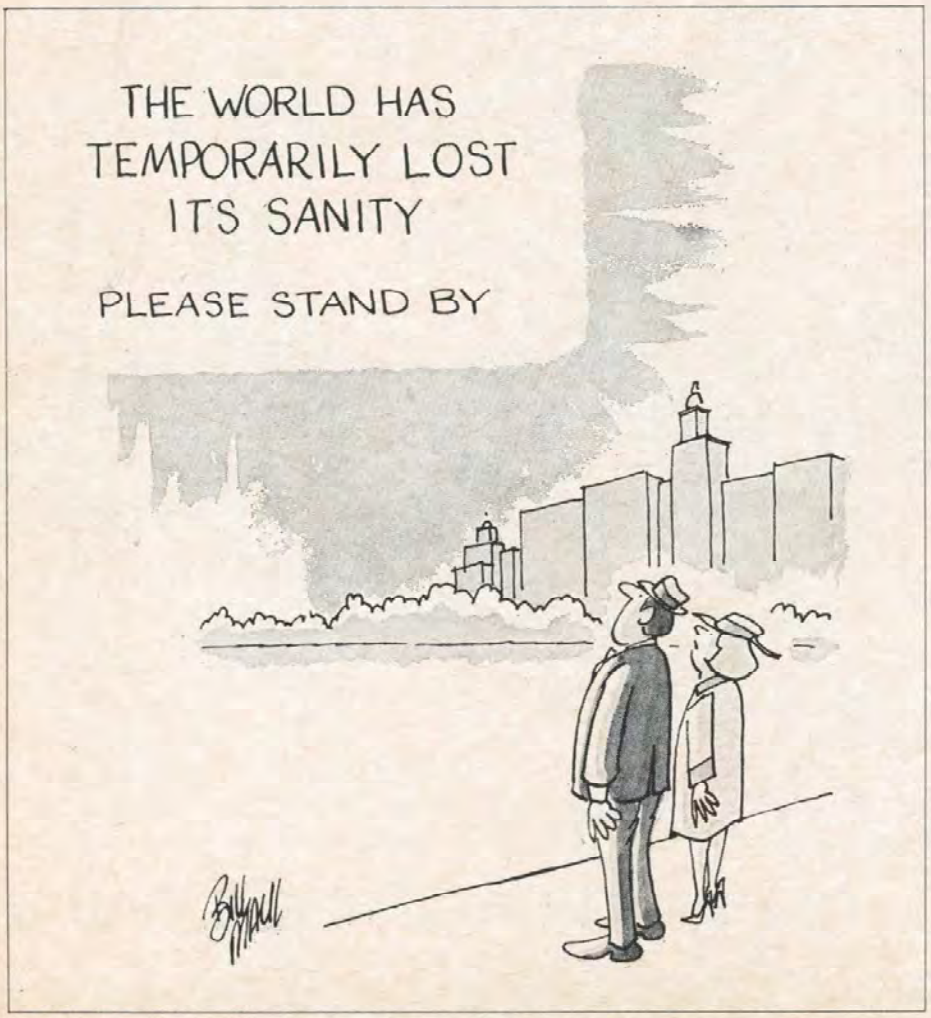
turned away. People have carried on badly when they have been turned away." The owner, a Vietnam veteran and former bar owner in that same Ramada Inn, had visited only three discos in his life prior to constructing this spacious venue with spinning lights, the same chase poles seen at Studio 54, 6 assorted-sized mirrored balls, and 42 speakers. In a quiet space off one of the bar areas, there is a room whose walls are covered with $10,000 worth of carpet designed with cloud formations. Who said the sticks are provincial?

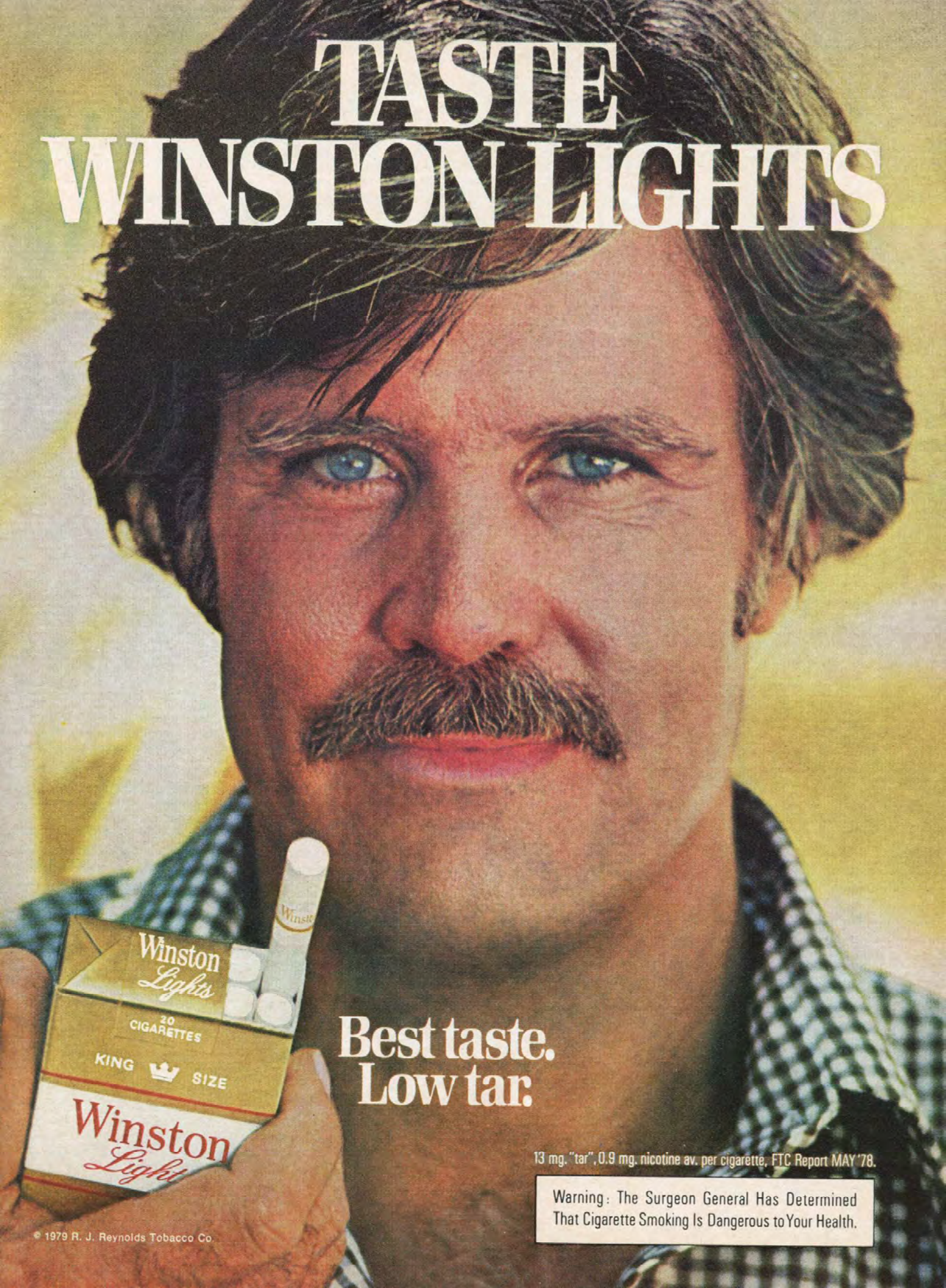
New Orleans is good for one thing—marvelous restaurants. The discos I visited were generally uninspired. My local disco tour guide had told me that the South was a little behind the rest of the country, but at **The Parade**, the local "hot" gay disco, White Lightning (artificial cocaine) was sold for ten dollars in the boutique. The DJ was suspended in the air, looking over the dance floor in a plexiglass booth. The music was hot and *loud*. The **Rain Forest** in the Hilton Hotel was comparable to San Francisco's Oz in that it was at the top of the hotel and offered a view of the city through its plate-glass windows. It's a perfect place for the hotel tourist, who gets not only a wonderful view of the city but also rain showers followed by thunder, lightning, and croaking frogs mixed in with very "soft" disco sounds. Yes, this is another of those places where you can hear your partner babble unless you are in the disco area. Some really awful places were **Georgie Porgie's** in the Hyatt Regency Hotel, which looked like one of those restaurants in a Holiday Inn; **The Front Page**, which looked like a set for *Saturday Night Fever*; and **Godfather, Inc.**, which had no customers, just a very peculiar odor. **The Civic Theatre Disco**—where Tyrone Power and Mary Martin once played before the disco beat took over—should have been wonderful. Everything is going for the place: Studio 54 chase poles, rows of comfortable tables, a clean nice design, and space. But on the rainy Sunday night when I visited it there were only four customers: a gay couple and a straight couple. Although it looked a lot like Studio 54, it just did not capture any of the heat generated by a good disco. Since New Orleans is noted for jazz and the Mardi Gras, I guess one should not expect pizzazz from its dance palaces.

"Polyester is out," Steve Rubell, the diminutive co-owner of Studio 54, has announced. "Neck chains exposing hairy chests are out. You have to be dressed right—fashionably or business-suity—you know what I mean? The John Travolta look is out here." He would go into a catatonic fit at the Miami Beach discos. A *slight* exception is **The Mutiny**, a dinner disco operated by multi-millionaire Burton Goldberg. "We're not interested in the hard disco. I'm interested more in the bubble-gum romantic," he told me. When I attempted to find the dance floor, it was almost impossible. The Mutiny has the only dance area I have ever been on that is totally in the dark; it has no lights of any kind, and the candles on the tables do not help. I later learned that The Mutiny is what's known as a "cheater's hangout." "The bosses bring their secretaries here," a local said. "Would you want to be *seen* dancing?"

The Miami gay discos were circa-1950s cruise bars—ugly, hot, and boring. The straight discos were small and lacking that raw sexual energy that makes a club work. The **Jockey Club**, for example, was another soft disco with a black cat sleeping on the marble floor, impervious to the sound. It was like a fancy cocktail lounge turned disco, with very old people attempting to get through another day of breathing. **Alexandre** was most unusual. A glass-enclosed dance floor rose into the air via a hydraulic lift. The sound is loud inside, but it doesn't bother the people sitting at the bar. When you are up in the air, you cannot get out and are a prisoner in a plastic bubble. My hotel room was better than most of the discos I visited. The room clerk must have known that I was on a disco journey. Over the bed was a mirror surrounded by the same kind of tube lighting seen in many discos. A light switch allowed me to flick the lights on and off, thus retaining the disco feeling. All that was missing was the mirrored ball!

Nothing at all was missing at **The Limelight**, in Hallandale Fla., a hot weekend joint with a barrage of about 40,000 multicolored lights that were whirling, blinking, and chasing across the ceiling. This was topped by a real smasher, in Fort Lauderdale, called **Studio 51.** Acid freaks, beware! The bright, nonstop lights in this place could drive you over the precipice. Studio 51 was the most intense disco that I entered, and I loved every moment. The lights went from bright to superbright. The male and female help was attired in pseudo-Egyptian garb—the female attendants draped in Cleopatra gear: gold eye shadow, headdresses, gold beads, orange cloths draped around their bodies. The room was light city. I had never before seen so many colored light bulbs or rainbow twirls—which go faster than Superman's speeding bullet—in such a concentrated area. Three-dimensional infinity structures loom over the dance floor, which is made of half-inch tempered bronze plate glass with low-voltage rope lighting running throughout the floor. Who would have thought that in the land of beer, blondes, and cocaine one would find a disco so hypnotic that it was almost impossible to leave? **The Copa** was not so spectacular

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in the effects area but it had a terrific sound system and very, very hot music. As I wandered about taking notes, a young blond gentleman came up to me. "You want to buy any acid?" he asked as he swayed back and forth.

"No," I said. "I didn't think so," he said. "Hi. My name is Andy, and I'm 18, and I'm a construction worker, and I have to get up at 6:00 A.M."

Realizing a proposition when I hear one and not wishing to offend the boy, I said, "Well, uh, I'm with all these people, and we're visiting a lot of other discos tonight." With that he took his fist and buried it hard over my right pectoral muscle. He disappeared immediately.

I didn't have Georgia on what was left of my mind at this point in my disco odyssey, but things perked up quickly when I arrived in Atlanta. Several of the discos were in the suburbs, and they could give many New York places very stiff competition. Many were located in shopping centers, like **Breezie's**, which had a no-jeans policy—including no fashionable jeans after 4:00 P.M. The ceiling was low, the dance floor was steel, but the ambience was New York, not the suburbs of Atlanta. Most amusing was the sign posted in the entranceway: "Please take notice—the management of Breezie's Inc. assumes no liability or responsibility for any injuries or damages sustained by any customer as a result of being present on the premises when the said injuries or damages are foreseeable or unforeseeable. The customer agrees that upon entering the premises he assumes full responsibility for all risk occasioned by any of the activities conducted on the premises, and he acknowledges that management has no duties toward him in this regard." In other words, don't dare sneeze.

The Academy, a mixed-to-mostly-gay disco, was another Atlantan disco that could definitely be a major success in New York City, particularly with some of its special events: a wet jockey-shorts contest, roller disco, and Thursday night poker, blackjack roulette, and craps. Their ads proclaim: "Now you see why the action is all under one roof." **Backstreet** was also very hot, as projected. When I smelled the poppers and grass rising from the crowded, sweaty dance floor, I knew why Atlanta was number-one in VD. This was an electric establishment—again, mixed to gay, and further convincing me that any city that sets up a mixed club (gay and straight) like Studio 54 can become a potential river of gold.

Boston, besides Harvard and MIT, has **Boston, Boston**. It is probably the largest disco I attended (3,000 capacity) and has several other claims to fame: an eight-foot mirrored ball (proclaimed the largest in the world); a revolving turntable restaurant serving omelets, pizza, and burgers; and an adjacent disco for those under 18 called **Illusions**, which is open to Boston, Boston patrons after the tots exit at 11:30 P.M. on Fridays and Saturdays. It's amusing to watch parents waiting for their children to exit from Illusions, while inside the darlings are soul-kissing and dry-humping each other to a disco beat. I saw girls dancing with each other, girls in bobby sox, guys in silk shirts with suspenders, and a four-foot-tall female child in a tuxedo with a felt hat. Owner John Addison said, "We have no gay help at Illusions. We don't let the foxes into the chicken coop." (Addison later sold Illusions and Boston, Boston to a nationwide disco chain, and so I can't verify that the kiddies are still safe.) Meanwhile, the raunchy, mixed-up crowd at Boston, Boston boogies until 2:00 A.M. (Boston, being Boston, is an early town) under spinning lights, large Chinese lanterns, and a superpowered sound system controlled by a hot and heavy disco DJ.

Boston also had an after-hours place called **Union Station**, which has since been closed down by the police. It was not a nice place to visit. "Fuck you! I don't care who you are. Just wait in line like all the others," yelled the security guard. He didn't sound or look like one of the Studio 54 security force because Rubell's people are *not* dressed in police gear with handcuffs, billy club, and holster *mit* pistols. All this hostility was being tossed at an impatient crowd—the demimonde of the Boston thug society—who were carrying cases of beer and booze at the first BYO (Bring Your Own) disco I have ever been near. I say

"been near," because this was the first disco that I ever fled from.

It is now possible to rent mobile disco units so that you can boogie in the privacy of your own bedroom, but I bet you didn't know that you could also dance in an airplane. Well, if you care to shuffle off to Buffalo, you can dance all night in the novelty disco of the country. Built out of actual parts from a 747 jet liner, **Executive Club 747** opened four years ago at a cost of $750,000. Naturally, it is in the Executive Hotel directly across the road from the Buffalo International Airport. The disc jockey spins his platters from behind a clear lucite cockpit overlooking the steel dance floor. The bar help and liquor-order takers are attired in flight attendants' uniforms that complement the decor of the first-class and coach seats, which are lined row upon row throughout the long, bowling-alley-like space. About the club you can spot runway lights, boarding passes for gaining entrance, and closed-circuit television screens. The polyester crowd, like their counterparts in the Olympic Airways commercials, are dancing in the aisles. It is the only club in Buffalo with a cover charge (one dollar), because, according to the manager, "there's a lot of competition for bar business." And I thought people just wanted a disco fantasy trip.

By now I had returned from my shuffle off to Buffalo, but I couldn't deny myself one more disco journey, if only a short one to New Jersey—**Emerald City** in Cherry Hill, N.J., to be exact. The spirits of Frank Sinatra, Steve Lawrence and Edie Gorme, and Donna Summer hover over this latest million-dollar-plus disco. "Emerald City is my concept of what entertainment will be like in the 1980s," said owner Charles Gerson. "Studio 54 will be minor league compared with what we have here." Ah, a man of courage—a visionary not afraid to take on the Studio 54 crew.

Okay, so I came home to New York City world-weary, feeling numb and hoping I would never hear the word *disco* again. I left as Shaun Cassidy and came back as Ruth Gordon. That was a momentary illusion. Wherever I went, there was the disco influence. On the radio, in television commercials, in bus advertisements urging me to listen to WBLS' disco and more, in department stores holding gala weeks of nonstop disco events featuring disco sights and sounds and mail inviting me to kiddie discos and disco fashion shows ad infinitum. Then someone finally had to try coming up with stiff competition for Studio 54 in the Big Apple.

The Electric Circus should have been the answer but has failed badly. It looks like a million although it cost only about $200,000, because, according to co-owner and New York City attorney George Vallario, "I had help from my friends and relatives—Tony, Georgie, Mike the plumber, and my two sons, Sal and Michael." The 22,000 square feet of space have been divided into three floors (a regular three-ring circus) with a VIP lounge for card-holding members, the main dance floor, and a quiet floor with a huge Victorian bar and food and games. The stunning lighting and decor were created by Imero Fiorentino, the granddaddy of television lighting experts. The disc jockey is located in a huge carousellike edifice covered with silver horses that appear to be moving via the intricate lighting illusions created by Mr. Fiorentino. Unfortunately trouble with the neighbors got the Electric Circus off to a bad start, it took ages for the club to obtain its liquor license, and the "hot" crowd would never go near the place. Who said running a disco was more fun than selling insurance?

But wait! John Addison, that near-genius, may have the answer. He promises to open the world's largest disco sometime after the New Year. To be located at Broadway and Forty-fifth Street, on the site of the old Bond's Department Store, the projected $1.8 million, 40,000-square-feet disco is to be called Bond's (what else?). Addison is being secretive about the decor, but spies say it will be all white with an outer-space theme. We can't wait. But next week, who knows? Someone may come up with an underwater disco complete with sharks or a barnyard one involving live cows, manure, and chickens. These places open and close like the legs of a call girl on speed.

And so, on with my best T-shirt, jeans, and sneakers. Dress codes be damned. A disco critic's work is never done.

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Trigger

He was a child. His toys were wind-up frogs.
His boss was dead.

FICTION BY RICHARD OWEN

It was a warm May day at the zoo, but Trigger had on his windbreaker over his Big Mac T-shirt so he could carry a frog in each pocket. The zoo was full of people strolling along, stopping to look at the animals. There were other nine-year-old boys like Trigger. But he knew he was the only one with two frogs.

He had been following the man all morning, and they had come to the big cats. He stood nearby while the man told his daughter about the cats, reading to her from the plaques on the cages. He was a fat, shambling man who talked like Tom Carvel in the frozen-custard commercials. He held his daughter by the hand and mopped his brow with a handkerchief. The daughter was about six years old.

Trigger stared at one of the cats lying in its cage. It had dead, yellow eyes that didn't

see him. He stared at it hard, trying to get it to see him. It only yawned, and he saw its teeth. Then it rose and started to walk back and forth. There was a sore on its face from rubbing against the bars. It went back and forth, back and forth, with its dead, yellow eyes.

Suddenly Trigger realized that the man had wandered off with his daughter, and he hurried after them. Fleeson would be mad as hell if he didn't get him this time.

He caught up with them at the camels. They were watching the camels rolling in the sand with their long necks twisted. The daughter was pestering her father to go on the ride, pointing at the cable cars going high up over the trees. Trigger didn't wait; he ran off to where he knew they would get on.

Crawling under the fence around the hill in front of the station, he crouched in the bushes so he couldn't be seen. The cars leaving the station passed close over the hill and then rose quickly, bright green with a white number on their backs. They went high up so you could see the buildings of the Bronx in the distance and crossed from one side of the zoo to the other.

Trigger took one of the two frogs from his windbreaker. It was a mechanical windup toy, green with black spots and yellow eyes. He took out a magnet and stuck it on the bottom. There was a key in the toy's side with a piece of tape over it. He removed the tape and held the key to keep it from turning.

The man and his daughter came up the path and went past him into the station. Trigger glanced back and saw them getting in a car. All at once the car was coming over the hill, and he jumped up and clapped the frog onto the bottom.

He ran. For a moment, scrambling out from under the fence, he was ahead of the car. Then its shadow passed over him, and it was going away, rising toward the first cable tower. The frog was sitting under the car. In the next instant it exploded with a thunderclap of smoke and fire that shattered the windows and tore off the green sides.

Trigger began to scream, the way he did whenever he rode a roller coaster, screaming on and on. No one heard him above the clap of thunder. They were all looking up at the car coming apart in a burst of flame, with the man and his daughter inside. Nobody would have noticed him anyway. He was just a little boy.

He still had one more frog in his pocket.

Machado reached under his jacket and took out the envelope of money. He handed it to Fleeson. It was an ordinary envelope, unsealed, thick with thousand-dollar bills. Fleeson slowly counted them.

Machado knew there were 50.

He waited for Fleeson to finish counting. Then he said, "What about the other job?"

"Don't worry," Fleeson said. "It will be taken care of."

"Sure," Machado said. "By one of your boys?"

It was the wrong thing to say: the wrong tone of voice.

Fleeson gave him an angry look. "Listen, don't tell me how to run my business. I don't need your cheap, shitty opinions. If you don't like the way I do things, take it up with the boss."

He stalked away again, flinging up his arms. It was an act. Machado had seen it before. If there was one thing Fleeson liked more than making a fool of him, it was playing the fool himself. Whenever he did it, though, he was usually working up to an insult. He whirled, facing Machado.

"You have no right to criticize my boys. They are as close to me as my ten fingers!"

Fleeson held up his fingers, but with the envelope of money in his hand he could show only seven. He staggered back, clutching the bulge under his jacket.

"His name is Trigger. It's just a nickname; he won't tell us his real name. Believe me, if you knew what he could do, you would call him whatever name he wished to be called."

"You have wounded me to the heart!"

Machado never knew how to take this clowning. He started to walk past Fleeson, to go downstairs and leave. Fleeson stopped him.

"My boys are ruthless. They will go anywheres and do anysing. They know how to obey orders. You think my boys are amateurs," Fleeson said. "C'mon, I'll show you the boy who is going to handle the other job."

"No."

Machado said no so quickly that Fleeson laughed. He knew Machado hated his boys, and he liked to rub it in.

"But you should meet him. He is very interesting."

"I have a plane to catch."

"The afternoon flight? Don't be silly." Fleeson took him by the arm, his big blowup all of a sudden forgotten. "You've got plenty of time. He's downstairs with the others. You can see him on your way out."

Machado didn't want to see the boy. The way Fleeson was acting suggested something special, and Machado wasn't up for anything special. But he let himself be drawn to the stairs, and they started down.

"This boy is amazing. Have I mentioned him to you before? His name is Trigger. It's just a nickname; he won't tell us his real name. The other boys tease him about being Roy Roger's horse. But he wants to be called Trigger. So," Fleeson shrugged humorously, "we call him Trigger." They reached the second floor. "Believe me, if you knew what he could do, you would call him whatever name he wished to be called."

Machado expected to be told what the boy did that was so special. But Fleeson was playing games as usual. He waved the envelope of money. "I've got to put this away first."

They went down the hall to the door with the title on the frosted glass and entered. Fleeson led Machado into his office. He went around behind his desk and with the larger of two keys on a leather key holder opened a drawer. He took out a safe-deposit box and, opening it with the smaller key, deposited the envelope of money. Taking his time, leaving Machado hanging in midair. He closed the box, put it back in his desk, and looked up with a little grin.

"Trigger is our high-explosives expert."

It was a joke, and he enjoyed Machado's blank stare a moment before letting him in on it.

"He makes bombs," Fleeson said. "Out of toy frogs."

Fleeson told him the story as they left the office and went downstairs. One of his boys had found Trigger wandering around the Port Authority Bus Terminal, a place they liked to hang out, and had brought him back. It turned out he had run away from home . . . "or what was left of it," Fleeson said.

"His father was a chemistry professor at Princeton. One day they had a big argument. The police still don't know what caused the explosion. They think Trigger died in the fire along with the rest of his family . . . only they couldn't find his body."

They reached the first floor and started back to the room at the end.

"This kid is a genius. Anysing that has to do with explosions he can do."

Machado didn't want to hear about it, but Fleeson was telling him anyway . . . About some guy who was giving the boss a hard time. Trigger had followed him to the Bronx Zoo, where the guy was taking his daughter to see the animals. He put a bomb under a cable car.

In the several visits Machado had made to Fleeson's he had never been taken back to this room they were entering now. Inside three boys were playing cards at a table. They glanced around at the two men and went back to their game.

"Hurry up, Ray; we waitin' on you," one said. It was the black boy with the Afro.

The room was large and dim. The one window faced the soot-covered wall of

From the forthcoming novel *Nightmare*, by Richard Owen, to be published by St. Martin's Press.

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another building. There were seven or eight beds against the walls, cheap metal ones like the bed upstairs, with gray blankets thrown over sheets that probably hadn't been changed in weeks or months, Machado figured, thinking of his own boyhood spent sleeping in one gutter or another. The room looked like a boys' school dormitory, if you just counted the three boys playing cards—goofing off instead of studying. The fourth wasn't goofing off.

Machado had noticed him the minute they came in: the only white boy he had ever seen at Fleeson's. He was sitting in a corner of the room, lit by a goosenecked table lamp beside him on the floor. At first glance he looked like any other nine-year-old boy playing with his toys, except that on second glance he wasn't playing with them. Machado saw, spread out around him in a clutter of bottles and tools, a number of windup toy frogs. The boy was doing something with them. He didn't look up, as the others had. He was busy.

"Here he is," Fleeson said. "Making bombs, as always."

They crossed the room to the boy, but he still didn't look up. "This is Trigger," Fleeson said.

Machado stood looking down at him. The boy had white-blond hair, and he wore blue jeans, a T-shirt, and sneakers. He was holding one of the windup toys and with a nail clippers was bending back the tabs that held the upper half—the hollow shell shaped and painted like a frog—to the bottom half.

"How many have you made today?" Fleeson asked.

Trigger finished bending back the final tab. Then, putting the nail clippers aside, he said in a resentful voice, "Six." He removed the froglike covering and put that down, too. "No, wait a sec, wait a sec . . ." He counted a row of toys. "Only five. These shits won't even help me. They won't even get me some more frogs."

"Well, they have other things to do."

"Playing cards."

"What he tryin' to make trouble for now?" the one called Ray asked. "We ain't got time to be always running around gettin' some more of his old frogs. He already got hisself enough of them bombs to blow up the whole Umpire State Building."

"Shut up," Fleeson said.

"I ain't gonna do it no more." The boy had a high, yapping voice like a poodle's bark and large, glittery brown eyes. "I'm sick of him always telling us what we got to get him. He ain't our boss."

"C'mon, Ray," the boy with the Afro said. "Hurry up and play. Tell him, Angel."

The third boy, Angel, exhaled cigarette smoke indifferently.

Raymond shut up and considered his cards.

Trigger had gone back to work, picking up a twist-on Coca-Cola bottle cap that had been sealed off to make a tiny container. He took the other half of the toy, the undercarriage on which rested the motor that ran it, and tried to wedge the bottle cap into the front, but the space wasn't large enough to contain it easily, and he was having trouble.

"You've made enough for today," Fleeson said.

Trigger struggled to get the cap in. Machado watched him working himself into a fury, refusing to listen to anyone or to concentrate on anything except the toy. On his T-shirt was a picture of a hamburger with the words *Big Mac* next to it.

Fleeson shrugged with resignation. "He is not happy unless he is making bombs."

Machado looked at Trigger as he would at a scorpion before putting his shoe on it, and he thought a single word, *Coño*, the crudest, commonest expletive in his country. This boy was crazy . . . a little demon.

Trigger had finally got the bottle cap in. He took the froglike covering and fitted it over the bottom half. With the nail clippers he bent the metal tabs back down, securing the two halves together. Fleeson held out his hand.

> Fleeson remembered swallowing something that had almost stuck in his throat. For a moment he was *sure* it was a pickle. . . . But a bomb in his stomach . . . he wasn't going to sit still for this.

"Be careful," Trigger said solemnly, handing him the frog.

Fleeson took it and showed it to Machado. It looked like an ordinary windup toy except that its wheels had been removed. The price tag was still on the bottom: Gimbels, $1.25. There was a key in its side.

"You wind it up," Fleeson said. "When it winds all the way down, the bomb explodes. Here."

He held the toy out, and Machado stared at it: a green yellow-spotted toad. Like everything else the boss had got him into, it scared him. Fleeson was watching him with his little grin, and Machado felt a primitive moral outrage. He pushed the toy away.

"I do not like it."

"What you mean?" Fleeson said.

"These frogs. I do not like them."

Suddenly, Trigger gave a shout, and glancing round, Machado saw a frog coming at him with a ratchetting whir. He jumped aside so quickly he almost stumbled. The frog struck the opposite wall, and Trigger let out a cry.

"BAM!"

Before Machado could regain his balance, Fleeson fell on him, slapping him on the back and laughing. "Oh ho ho, that was the funniest *sing* I have ever seen!"

Machado shoved him away, and Fleeson went to Trigger. With one eye on Machado, he pulled the boy to his feet and planted a kiss on his cheek. Machado was confused. Fleeson was pulling something.

"Leggo," Trigger said. "I gotta finish my work."

"No more work. You've made enough bombs for today."

"I've still got a few more to do."

Trigger tried to squirm away, but Fleeson jerked him back.

"I told you, no more. I want you to go the deli and get me my hero sandwich."

"Get your own hero, you old fag."

Without warning Fleeson began to punch Trigger in the face. There was a wail of shock and pain, a flurry of kicking, then the boy was fleeing across the room, bawling.

"I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

He was out the door and gone.

"Shit," Raymond rolled his eyes, "now he gonna be making more of them bombs than ever."

Machado glanced at his watch. It was getting late. He was going to miss his plane if he didn't get out of there . . . very fast.

Trigger stayed angry at Fleeson for two days, even though Fleeson had gone out of his way to cajole and flatter him and put up with his sour looks. He didn't like bratty youngsters; you had to keep them in line. But he never should have punched Trigger.

Punching was okay for the others. It wasn't easy controlling a bunch of boys like his—runaways, mostly blacks or Hispanics. Fleeson was proud of the way he handled them. The older ones looked after the younger and taught them how to do things. Fleeson gave them money, and they went out and brought pizzas back. He kept after them to take their laundry to the Chink's and to stop eating so much junk . . . Devil Dogs, Ring Dings . . . But the important thing was they did the jobs he gave them, and the few who got caught never squealed, knowing that Fleeson was all they had to come back to.

If they acted up, you had to get tough. They were used to his punches. Only once had he gone farther. That little shit . . . what was his name? Horace. Shouting at him, "I gonna tell on you! I gonna tell!" Fleeson had grabbed him by the throat and squeezed until the boy's eyes bugged out and he wet his pants. Finally, Horace had stopped flopping and was still, whereupon Fleeson had looked up and seen the others watching him, wide-eyed.

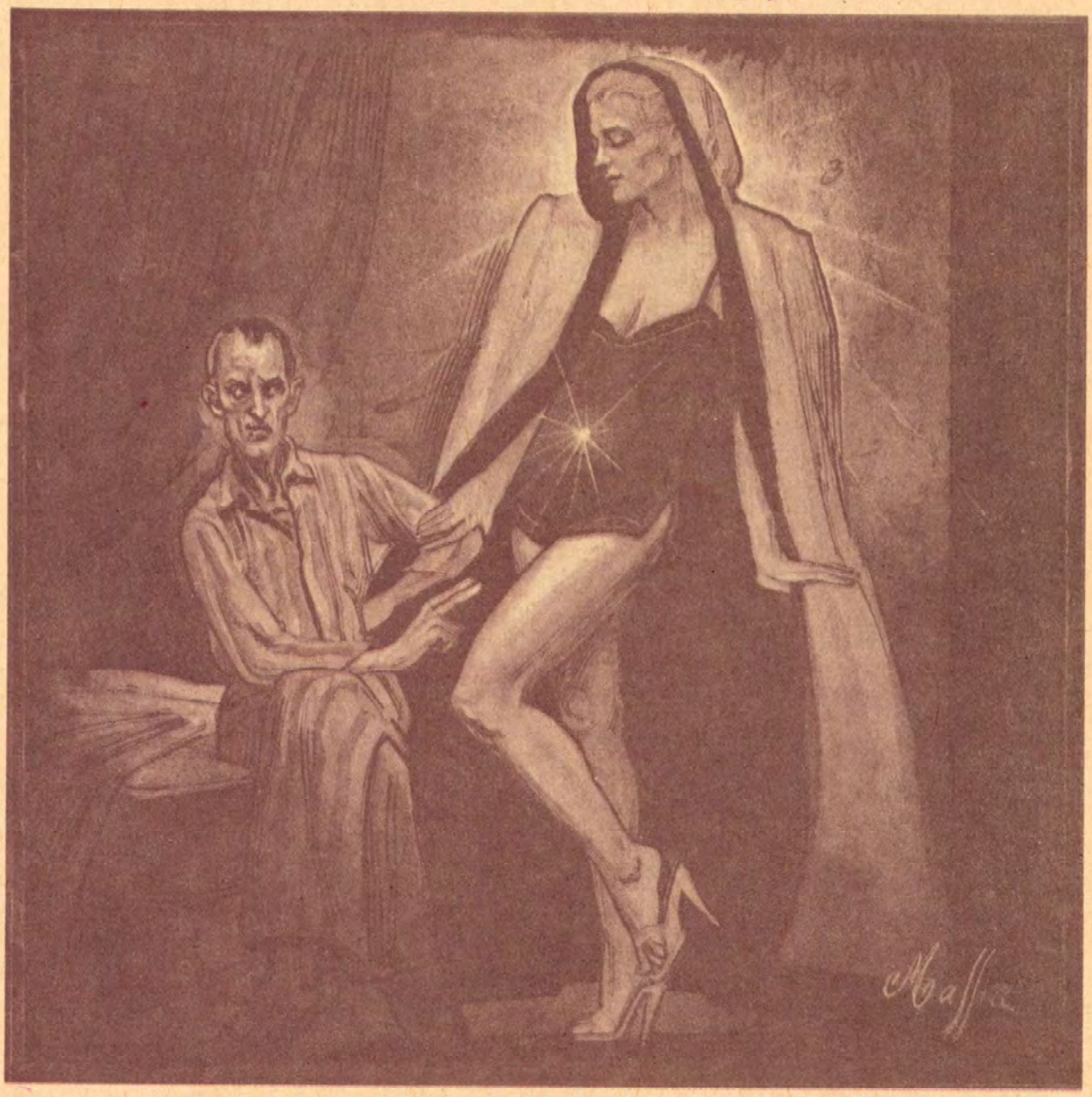
None of them had ever threatened to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 228

Recycled for the eighties, Ebenezer Scrooge
had learned absolutely nothing the first time around.

SATIRE BY NICK TOSCHES

Sleazy Greetings and a Happy Nuke Year



I. Marley's Ghost

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate.

Scrooge knew Marley was dead. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assignee, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event that he was not an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral and solemnized it by signing the most lucrative

government contract of his long career.

Scrooge never had old Marley's name removed from the wall directory in the lobby of their East Forty-second Street offices. There it stood, years afterward: Scrooge & Marley, Inc.

The two men had made their fortune in the manufacture of tubular products. The unlikely decision to take a crack at the nuclear-power racket had been Marley's. Oh, the unsmiling pride both men felt as they signed their first contract with the Duke Power Company of South Carolina! Three days after Tacolee Unit One commenced operation, old Marley died. His last words to Scrooge, uttered hoarsely from the starched-muslin bed of his finality, were "Always bid low, then kill the cocksuckers with escalation clauses."

Scrooge did not forget Marley's advice. How proud the deceased partner would have been of Scrooge! After Tacolee Unit One, there was Tacolee Unit Two, then Three! The Rancho Seco Station! Arkansas Unit One! Three Mile Island Units One and Two! True, Metropolitan Edison and—I quote from one of Scrooge's memos—"all those Save-the-Whale ninnies" bitched when LNI-2 went on the fritz last spring, but the PR boys down in New Orleans did their job, and not a single one of the 17 orders for reactors on hand was canceled because of the fuss. Yes! Old Marley would have been proud.

But, oh, he was a tightfisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire, secret and contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheeks, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red and his lips blue, and hissed out shrewdly in his grating voice. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no pelting rain less open to entreaty.

Nobody ever approached Scrooge in the street. No winos implored him to bestow a trifle toward the purchase of their midmorning Night Train; no Moonies accosted him with their proselytizing grins; no hookers sought to snap a Trojan on his gnarled, icy pecker. Such was the picture of Scrooge.

Now, once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—Scrooge sat busy in his office. The door to his office was open so that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, Bob Cratchit, who in a dismal little room beyond, a sort of cell, was toiling at the ledgers that were the diary of Scrooge's greed. The clock struck five, and the clerk rose to leave.

"Good night, Mr. Scrooge, and Merry Christmas," said Bob Cratchit, in his small, weary voice.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Scumbag!" Then, under his loathsome, mint-sucking breath, as Cratchit turned away: "Eighteen-five a year, a dump full of brats to feed, a wife who's twice left him for a Roto-Rooter man, and talking about a goddamn Merry Christmas. What a fucking work of art."

Scrooge took his melancholy veal in his usual melancholy restaurant, left his usual melancholy 10 percent gratuity, went home, and, having read the day's issue of *American Metal Market* and beguiled the rest of the evening with his thoughts upon the rising price of bauxite, went to bed. Scrooge liked to sleep, for sleep is cheap.

He had no sooner broadcast his first tentative snore than the slamming sound

of his front door caused his eyes to snap open and his head to snap up. This was succeeded by a clanking noise and slow, heavy footsteps, as if some person were dragging imponderable chains across the hardwood floor of the Exchange. The footsteps came straight toward his bedroom. Then he saw it.

The same face, the very same. Marley in his Brooks Brothers suit. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long and wound about him like a serpent. From it hung ledgers, petty-cash boxes, Touch-Tone phones, calculators, wire-bound bundles of rotted *Business Weeks*, deeds, Dictaphones, and a kite-tail of credit cards. His body was transparent. Scrooge had heard it said often that Marley had no balls, but he had never believed it until now.

"In life I was Jacob Marley, your partner," said the Ghost. "I wear the chain I forged in that life. I know no peace, no rest, but the incessant torture of remorse."

Scrooge stammered and sputtered and then finally demanded, "What is the main thrust of your business here tonight?"

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its manicured hands. "Mankind was my business. Charity, forbearance, and benevolence were my business. The petty dealings of my greedy trade were but a drop of Perrier in the ocean of my business!"

"But," yelled Scrooge, "those things you mention simply aren't viable. Nonoperational, the lot of 'em!"

"Hear me!" implored the Ghost. "You will be visited by Three Spirits. For the sake of your soul, heed them."

The Ghost receded from him, moaning, over and over, in a low, ghastly, and pained voice, "Let's have lunch . . . let's have lunch . . . let's have lunch . . . "

Scrooge lay alone, alarmed. He tried to say "Scumbag!" but stopped at the first syllable.

II. THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS

Scrooge awoke near midnight with a strange feeling in his dead, wizened cock. Damned if there wasn't a hand on it! This, trust me, was more bizarre than the visit by Marley's ghost, for it had been too many years to count since any hand but Scrooge's own had touched that cock, and then only to aim it toward some cold porcelain receptacle.

The Spirit to whom this hand belonged wore a tunic of the purest white, from which one lovely breast peeked with disarming innocence. She puckered her lips and made a kissing sound to the unbelieving Scrooge.

"Who and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past." The Spirit threw back the sheets, baring the cock that protruded from the faded fly of Scrooge's pajamas. She bent and caressed it with her tongue.

"Rise! Walk with me!" said the Spirit.

In a manner that was no more plausible to Scrooge himself than it would be to you were I to describe it, the Ghost of Christmas Past bore Old Scrooge through a mist of time, to places of long ago. Scrooge saw himself as a rueful young boy, sitting alone in his room at Mammona Prep. All the lads' parents had claimed them home for the Christmas holiday—all except little Ebenezer Scrooge's, whose hearts were as cold as the ice that hung from the bare oak limb outside their faraway son's window.

Scrooge saw himself again. He was older, a man in the prime of his life. His face had not the harsh lines of later years, but it had begun to wear the signs of avarice. He was in bed with his wife, Belle. In the adjacent living room, the vinyl needles of a factitious fir glowed with tiny, twinkling lights. These lights cast a soft, faint patina on the ass of Belle Scrooge, who wore nothing but a pair of alligator pumps.

"Watch me play with myself," she whispered salaciously to her husband. "Bite my nipples as I play with myself."

Young Ebenezer Scrooge rolled toward her with a compromising grunt. She took

his cock in her hand and massaged it until it stiffened finally.

"Eat me, Ebenezer. Spread my lips and blow on it; kiss it, Ebenezer."

He complied listlessly, staring blankly over the soft lea and vale of Belle's torso, staring at her head, which tossed and turned and moaned. "Oh, Ebenezer!" she cried. "Come inside me!" Again, he complied listlessly. "Fuck me!" Belle said into his ear. "Fuck me hard, Eb! Oh! Fuck me!" She wrapped her legs around his waist, and his balls banged against her buttocks. "Oh, Ebenezer!" she wailed at last. "Make me come; make your little Belle come." She uttered something, a sound that was like the last, vanquished petal of summer being borne by the first, chill wind of winter. Ebenezer rolled over and made a great display of sleeping.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge. "Show me no more! Conduct me to my home. Why do you delight in torturing me?"

"One shadow more!" exclaimed the Ghost, placing her hand again upon Scrooge's cock.

"No more!" cried Scrooge. "Show me no more!"

But the relentless Ghost forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place. A man whom he did not recognize lay on a couch: naked, eyes closed. Scrooge turned to the Spirit, seeking an explanation. Then he saw *her*, slightly older now but still beautiful, saw *her* enter the room in a midnight-blue peignoir, crotchless panty hose, and—oh, cruelty!—the alligator pumps. The naked man took his flaccid cock in one hand and grabbed *her* with the other.

"Suck it, Belle," the naked man said, in a voice of cool Prussian sternness. She complied, the sounds of her sucking not unlike soft wavelets lapping against the pilings of a deserted pier.

"Suck it harder, Belle," the naked man said. She purred with delight, and the wavelets became waves. And when she had finished, Belle hugged the naked man and pronounced her undying love for him.

"Oh, the slut!" cried Scrooge. "Show me no more of this. No more, I tell you!" The Ghost saw that there were tears in Scrooge's eyes, and she removed him from that place.

Scrooge was conscious of being exhausted and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

III. THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS

Scrooge was not conscious of how long he had slept or if, indeed, he had slept, when a singular sound took command of his attention. It came from the living room: a sort of unholy purring. He rose and tiptoed toward it. The moment he crossed the doorway, a strange, girlish voice called him by his name and bade him enter. He flicked on the ceiling light and saw her, reclined in a state of easy pornography upon his couch.

She wore a full-length coat of Kojah fur, lined with black satin. Beneath this, and fashioned of the same black satin, she wore a brassiere and panties. There was a ruby in her navel. She was tall and made taller by four-inch spike heels. She tossed her blonde hair and spread her legs.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," she said. "Come here, chump. Give me your hand." The Spirit placed Scrooge's

hand, which was very cold, upon her satin crotch, which was very hot. His cock stirred and rose like a waking lizard within his pajamas—something it had not done in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Past, had not, in fact, done since the night of Marley's funeral, when Scrooge and the widow Marley had performed *coitus interruptus* in the basement of the Frank E. Campbell Funeral Chapel.

"Insert two fingers!" commanded the Spirit, lowering her panties with a hooked thumb. Scrooge did as he was told. All vanished instantly. They stood in the city streets on Christmas morning. The Spirit led him straight to Bob Cratchit's home, on West Twenty-second Street. They entered, invisible.

Mrs. Cratchit's belly was pressed to the control knobs of a stove. Squeezing her, nibbling her neck and rubbing her hips, was a little fellow in an olive green uniform. His cap bore the proud insignia of the Roto-Rooter corps.

"No more," whined Mrs. Cratchit. "Enough. You'll have to leave. Bob and the kids'll be here in ten minutes."

"Aw, c'mon, sweet thing. Just lemme stick it in, then jerk off on your ass." He brought shame to his uniform.

"Oh, *men!*" cried Mrs. Cratchit, suddenly pulling down her drawers and hiking up her dress with practiced expertise.

"The slut!" exclaimed Scrooge, feeling kindly toward his clerk for the first time in his life. "Judge not, chump," said the Ghost of Christmas Present. "The Lord works in strange ways."

The Roto-Rooter man stuck it to Mrs. Cratchit from behind and proceeded to rotate his swarthy root within her. "Oh! You fuck so good, Gomez!" she moaned, her eyes on the kitchen clock. He withdrew from her suddenly, shaking his head violently from side to side, like an apoplectic orangutan, and flailing his thing against Mrs. Cratchit's quivering ass. "Come, Gomez! Come, Gomez!" Mrs. Cratchit chanted. The Roto-Rooter cap shook loose from his ignoble noggin, and he came. Mrs. Cratchit reached above the sink for a handful of Bounty paper towels and then wiped the seed of Gomez from her buttocks. "Now leave, Gomez!" Gomez zippered himself, retrieved his cap, begrudgingly wished her a Merry Christmas, and slunk from the apartment—just in the nick of time, for within a matter of minutes, Bob Cratchit and all the little Cratchits were heard at the door, stamping the snow from their boots.

Bob Cratchit looked as worn and weary as ever, and yet, Scrooge thought (with something not unlike warmth), he looked happy. The children ran to the kitchen to cavort with Mrs. Cratchit. Martha was the oldest, a creature of rife virginal flesh. Belinda, the younger daughter, seemed less rife and less virginal, too. She cockled her nose: "Ick! What's that smell?" she asked her mother. "Blah! Smells like the sewer!" Mrs. Cratchit cast her a stern glance. A droplet of Gomez's seed, which she had failed to wipe away, trickled down her leg. She squeezed her thighs together and pronounced in vain the names of both Gomez and the Lord.

And, oh! Here came Tiny Tim, poor little Tiny Tim. In 1973, when Scrooge & Marley, Inc., was constructing the first Three Mile Island reactor, Scrooge had insistently requested that the Cratchits take their annual two-week vacation in Hershey, Pa., so that Cratchit would be nearby should he be needed. The Cratchits saw all there was to see of beautiful Hershey: the streetlamps shaped like Candy Kisses, the avenues dyed brown, and so forth. When Mrs. Cratchit gave birth to Tiny Tim the following year, the Three Mile Island vacation proved to have been a serious mistake. Some claimed the faint ultramarine glow that Tiny Tim cast at times to be an aura, the blessed sign of his profound purity of soul. Others, however, spoke of radiation poisioning and refused to be in the same room with the frail little lad. It must be said that he did now luminesce distinctly as he entered the kitchen at the side of his father.

Mrs. Cratchit tore into her husband im-

mediately. She began with the shopping list and then went for his balls. It was a familiar routine, and humble Bob persevered admirably.

"I sincerely hope that you enjoy this turkey, Robert, because you may as well know it cost twenty-three dollars. And did you know that Stove Top Stuffing has hit the dollar mark? No, I don't suppose you've even noticed. And these Royal Prince Fancy Yams don't grow on trees, either. Four bucks, Robert. Yes, that's right. And, of course, you can't go without your dessert; we couldn't have that." She paused affectedly. "Betty Crocker Snackin' Cake, *a buck eighteen!* The cranberries, I won't even talk about.

"We're being eaten alive, Robert. That's what the man on 'Phil Donahue' said this morning. His exact words: *eaten alive!* We are the *casualties of inflation*, Robert. You should be taking home twice as much. That cheap bastard has you *scared*, Robert. You ask him for a raise, he threatens to replace you with some Harvard Business School graduate, and *you back down*. Call his bluff, Robert! What's the worst that can happen? We end up begging in the street for our daily Snackin' Cake? Robert, it's almost come to that already! Jesus, you give that bastard your life's blood for a shitty eighteen-five a year. Robert, you know there are *Roto-Rooter men* out there clearing twenty and change—"

As usual, she had gone too far, and Bob Cratchit left the room. He glanced at *TV Guide* and then, with a resigned sigh, turned on the WPIX Yule Log, which blazed brilliantly. Tiny Tim, who held his own against the glowing Yule Log, curled up at Bob's side.

Soon Mrs. Cratchit came into the living room, kissed her husband on the head, and apologized. Tiny Tim smiled. The two daughters rubbed their tender loins against pieces of furniture. Bob Cratchit rose to carve the turkey.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, spraying out the words and causing the room to fill briefly with the faint, noxious odor of ozone.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest and a guilt he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat by the TV," replied the Ghost. "If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! Say he will be spared. They all seem so pitiful and yet, somehow, so happy, so *viable*."

"Better believe it, chump. That's as good as it gets."

"But I must know! Tiny Tim—"

"Eat me, chump."

Falling to his knees, as the Cratchits ate their Christmas dinner, Scrooge filled his mouth with the wet cunt of the Ghost of Christmas Present. And he liked it.

IV. THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

Having returned miraculously to his bedroom upon the very moment of the Ghost's orgasm, Scrooge, for the first time this night, felt no exhaustion, no drowsiness, naught but eagerness for the arrival of the last of the three Spirits that Marley's Ghost had promised him. He sat there, Old Scrooge did, like a little boy, bouncing and twitching and smacking his lips—lips anointed by the nectar of the cunt of a wondrous Spirit, he reminded himself, with an elderly giggle—yes, bouncing and twitching and smacking in great expectations.

Then he saw it, and he became still.

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently, solemnly approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee, for the very air through which this Spirit moved seemed to scatter gloom and mystery and despair.

The Spirit was not so much dressed as shrouded, in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand.

"Are you a boy or a girl?" inquired Scrooge. The fact was, he had experienced quite a sexual rejuvenation during the course of the night's events and was, by this time, nursing a singularly awesome erection.

The Spirit answered not.

"But," said Scrooge, "you are the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?"

Again, the Spirit answered not but pointed onward with its outstretched hand.

"You are about to show me things that will occur in the time before us," Scrooge pursued. "Is that so, Spirit?"

The Phantom kicked Scrooge swiftly in his ass, and off they went, into blackness, uncertain horror, and the shadows of things to be.

They came to the Cratchit apartment. Much had changed. As the mighty WPIX Yule Log flickered, it illuminated lines of premature aging in the face of Mrs. Cratchit. And, oh! What was this? Bob Cratchit's beloved E-Z recliner was occupied by the loathsome Gomez! Tiny Tim was not to be seen, but an empty pall was to be felt. The two Cratchit girls stared blankly at the Yule Log. When they rose and went to the kitchen, Gomez spoke.

"C'mere, sweet thing, feel this, heh-heh," he said.

"You're a beast, Gomez. Tiny Tim's not three days in the ground, and you won't quit hounding me for a goddamn handjob," hissed Mrs. Cratchit.

"Hey, you don't have to remind *me* that Tiny Tim's dead. Who paid for the funeral, after all? Not that wimp of an ex-husband of yours; that's for sure. A lead casket, no less. Couldn't be aluminum, like everybody else's."

"Gomez, stop it! I've explained to you. There were health regulations!" she fairly yelled. The Yule Log burnt a sorrowful blue.

"Spirit!" Scrooge cried. "Say it is not so! What, what has become of poor Bob Cratchit?"

Scrooge was then swiftly led across town on this gloomy future Christmas, led to a funeral parlor on Lexington Avenue, where, in a small, lavender room, Bob Cratchit, who was looking none too well in either heel or soul, sat silently, grayly, by a coffin.

Scrooge at first thought the coffin to be Tiny Tim's. But, no, that could not be. Mrs. Cratchit had said poor Tim had been laid to rest three days past; besides, this coffin was much too large for little Tim's body. The unspeaking Phantom brought him closer, and he gazed down into the coffin. He saw himself, and he wailed and he wailed. The Phantom moved not.

Soon another man entered the room. Scrooge recognized the man, barely, from the Accounting Department. Cratchit and this man spoke, and, slowly, piece by piece, Scrooge learned the details of his own death.

"If only he would've been satisfied with what he already had," said the accountant. "If only he hadn't gotten involved in that reactor-vendor scheme down in Brazil—"

"He'd still be alive," said Cratchit.

"Hell, fuck him," said the accountant. "There'd still be a Scrooge & Marley Corporation. We'd still have jobs."

"What an awful way to go, nonetheless. They say the blast wiped out a third of the population of São Paulo."

Scrooge suddenly collapsed in a sobbing heap at the feet of the Phantom. He awoke that way: sobbing and clutching his sheets.

V. THE END OF IT

He was dressed and out the door this Christmas morning in a matter of minutes. To the grocer's he went, buying with glee a king's ransom of delicacies, including several packages of the cherished Snackin' Cake. Then to Bob Cratchit's home!

Scrooge and the Cratchits ate Christmas dinner together. Scrooge promised to raise Bob's salary and disclosed to Bob his plans for getting out of the nuclear-energy racket and into something more honorable.

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all and infinitely more, and to Tiny Tim, who did *not* die, but became, rather, a solvent cult figure, Scrooge was a second father. And to Mrs. Cratchit, who appreciated Bob's new salary as much as Bob did, Scrooge became a second Gomez. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, every one! And that includes you, Gomez. ○—■

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU THE ARTFUL DODGER?

TEST YOUR CUNNING

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions that tell you if you'd rather trick than treat.

PSYCHOGRAPH

If you prefer Scrooge to Santa Claus, you can skip this quiz. It's obvious that you're a devious fellow and probably proud of it.

Christmas may seem like an odd time for a psychograph on deviousness, but the holidays always bring out the best and the worst in us. Decent gents become full-fledged "men of goodwill," while the con artists among us, sensing a larger-than-average field of suckers, operate under cover of all that tinsel and good cheer. Besides, if—in the face of the season's good feelings—you still run up a high score on this test, you can be sure that you are indeed a wily, underhanded bastard.

This psychograph measures the personality variable psychologists call "Machiavellianism" (named, of course, in honor of Niccolò Machiavelli, the political philosopher, historian, and bureaucrat who advised Renaissance princes how to survive in Italy when stabbings and poisonings—not elections—determined who would be the next head of state).

Twenty-five years ago psychologists discovered what old Niccolò had known all along: some men are just naturally crafty. They view life as a combination maze-chessboard-jungle-minefield where only the guileful prosper. Over a hundred research studies on Machiavellianism have been carried out since the mid-1950s, but only in the past decade or so have specific tests for this personality variable been devised—principally by Columbia University psychologist Richard Christie. (Christie's book *Studies in Machiavellianism*, produced with Florence Geis of the University of Delaware and several other colleagues, is the bible of this field.)

Armed with these Machiavellianism scales, researchers have tested everyone from hockey players to hotel clerks in an effort to find out who's the most opportunistic and deceitful, compiling a fascinating body of research. They've found, for example, that devious men with above-average educations corner the most prestigious jobs and the best salaries, but devious men with below-average educations are less successful than nondevious men with the same poor educations. No one's quite figured that one out yet.

We've based this psychograph on the findings of people like Christie, Geis, and Stanley Guterman, the Rutgers University sociologist who has investigated many of the social correlates of Machiavellianism.

Answer the questions honestly and quickly. Don't try to figure out "correct" answers. There aren't any.

1. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Most people will take advantage of you if they get the chance"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

2. P. T. Barnum said there's a sucker born every minute. Do you agree with him?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

3. Are you
   (a) the only or oldest child in your family, or
   (b) do you have at least one older sibling

4. Did your father often play with you when you were a kid?
   (a) yes, quite often
   (b) no more and no less than most fathers
   (c) no, he didn't pay much attention to me at all

5. Which of the following best reflects your holiday gift-giving philosophy?
   (a) I give gifts only to people who are close to me
   (b) I sometimes give gifts to people I don't like (such as a boss or customer), but I wouldn't if no one else were doing it
   (c) it makes good sense to give gifts to people you don't like if they are in a position to help you

6. Do you like your job?
   (a) yes, very much
   (b) it's okay
   (c) no

7. Do you find it easy to look people straight in the eye when you lie to them?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Which of these statements best reflects your feelings?
   (a) it's easy to tell right from wrong, although I may not always make the former choice over the latter
   (b) life is full of morally ambiguous situations; it's not always possible to distinguish right from wrong

9. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "The average man will fight for his rights even if he ends up getting screwed for it"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

10. How closely does this statement parallel your own behavior: "When I meet people, I don't reveal much information about my background, finances, and feelings. It's best to keep them guessing"?
    (a) very closely; that's how I usually act
    (b) sometimes I act that way; sometimes I don't—it depends on how I feel about the person I'm talking to
    (c) I rarely act like that

11. Which of the following statements best reflects your feelings about compromise?
    (a) if I know I'm right, I won't compromise
    (b) even when I know I'm in the wrong, I rarely compromise or give in; it's best to stick to your guns
    (c) I'll usually look for a compromise, even when I know I'm completely in the right; it's the most sensible way of resolving a problem

12. Which of the following statements best describes the way your parents treated you as a kid?
    (a) my parents punished me a lot, using physical punishment or forbidding me to do things I was normally allowed to do (staying up late, watching television, etc.)
    (b) when I did something wrong, my parents usually tried to explain to me why what I was doing was wrong; when they punished me, it was as a last resort

13. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "It's best to tell people what they want to hear; telling them the truth only gets you into trouble"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

14. Do you feel it's important to change with the times?
    (a) yes, if you don't you'll be left behind
    (b) no, there's nothing wrong with being out of step or old-fashioned

15. Do you have a "poker face"?
    (a) yes, and I love using it to bluff people
    (b) I can bluff if I have to, but it doesn't come easily, and I don't enjoy it
    (c) no, people always see through me

16. How closely does the following statement reflect your own way of acting: "I believe in the old saying

'Don't get mad; get even.' Trading insults with someone doesn't give me any advantage over him. When I'm angry with someone, I bide my time until I can get my revenge"?
(a) yes, that's how I operate
(b) that's how I'd like to operate, but I'm not always successful; when I get really angry, I'm likely to blow up instead of waiting until the proper moment
(c) I never seem to be able to contain my anger that way
(d) I rarely get mad at anyone

17. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "You've got to cut corners from time to time if you plan to succeed"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

18. Did you enjoy your years in high school, and did you get along well with your teachers?
(a) yes
(b) no

19. How close are you to your relatives?
(a) very close
(b) fairly close
(c) we all get along, but we're not very close
(d) not close at all

20. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Deep down we're all crooks; a 'criminal' is just someone who got caught"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

21. Do you think your father was devious?
(a) yes
(b) no

22. Do you think that "the end justifies the means"?
(a) yes
(b) no

23. Which of these statements best reflects your attitudes?
(a) promises should be kept no matter what
(b) promises can be broken if the conditions under which they were originally made change
(c) promises are made to be broken

24. Would you rather be (a) feared or (b) loved?

25. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Most people don't really know what they want out of life; somebody can always manipulate them"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

SCORING

Every possible answer on this psychograph has been given a point value. These are listed here. Find your score by adding up the points of the answers you chose.

1. a. 4, b. 1
2. a. 4, b. 1
3. a. 2, b. 4
4. a. 2, b. 3, c. 4
5. a. 1, b. 3, c. 4
6. a. 1, b. 3, c. 4
7. a. 4, b. 1
8. a. 2, b. 4
9. a. 1, b. 4
10. a. 4, b. 2, c. 1
11. a. 1, b. 1, c. 4
12. a. 4, b. 2
13. a. 4, b. 1
14. a. 4, b. 1
15. a. 4, b. 2, c. 1
16. a. 4, b. 2, c. 1, d. 1
17. a. 4, b. 1
18. a. 2, b. 4
19. a. 4, b. 3, c. 2, d. 1
20. a. 4, b. 1
21. a. 4, b. 1
22. a. 4, b. 1
23. a. 1, b. 2, c. 4
24. a. 4, b. 1
25. a. 4, b. 1

WHAT YOUR SCORE MEANS

The highest score on this psychograph is 100; the lowest, 30.

If you scored 77–100 points:

Congratulations. Compared with you, Machiavelli looks about as guileful as Little Bo Peep. You will probably be either the president of the United States or a contract assassin for the CIA, or both. Actually, men with high Machiavellianism scores are not necessarily evil, but they are manipulative. They are always looking for the opportunity that will give them an advantage. In the process they can be highly creative; they explore and expand the limits that human beings tend to place on themselves.

You probably have little interest in conventional morality or organized religion. People like you are attracted by power and often become effective leaders. You are unlikely to be concerned with problems of individuals (except your own, of course). Yet, because you can see the proverbial "big picture," you function well as a leader of men. In the end, however, you distrust most people because you assume they are as devious as you. You trust your own judgment and are not easily impressed. However, when you're dealing with people in prestigious positions, you should watch out; they're the ones who can get a man like you to do something stupid. One of the best things about you is that you're not vicious or vindictive. You may manipulate a situation to your best advantage, but if you lose out, you tend to go on to something else without holding a grudge. It may interest you to know psychologists rank among the highest scorers in Machiavellian deviousness.

53–76 points:

Like many people, you fall between the extremes. You won't spend your life plotting and conniving, but neither are you completely naïve in the ways of the world. You may often find yourself in an uncomfortable moral bind: you know that to succeed, you must participate at times in Machiavellian machinations; yet it distresses you to compromise long-held beliefs and standards. You represent the "modern man" that existentialist philosophers have written about. You feel that the old codes and methods of dealing with life are no longer effective, but you are not attracted to what has replaced them. Sometimes you stand up and fight; sometimes you compromise. To avoid these dilemmas, you may turn inward. You settle for a comfortable niche somewhere along the career ladder and turn your attention to the good life—a nice house, good food, and culture. You don't want to go out and fight with all the scheming animals, but you don't want to be made a fool of. So you retreat to the pleasures of sophistication, where you are insulated from painful choices. Given the alternatives, that may not be a bad solution.

30–52 points:

If you scored in this category (particularly at the low end of it), you may still believe in the Tooth Fairy. That's not necessarily bad. In fact, given the decadent age in which we live, it's downright refreshing. People like you, who have very few Machiavellian characteristics, are often unsure of themselves and look to others for guidance. Many actually enjoy being dominated and pushed around because it relieves them of the burden of decision making. They are strong believers in the differences between right and wrong and tend to support traditional religions.

But people like you are not necessarily sanctimonious creeps. They can be extraordinarily generous. They don't see humanity as some amorphous mass but as a collection of individuals. They respond on a one-to-one basis and, consequently, tend to be sympathetic and caring toward others. In personal relationships they are not cold and analytic, as men high in Machiavellianism would be. They take other people's problems to heart, and they are people whom you're lucky to have as friends.

"And this is for you, Timothy. Go outside and play with it on the sidewalks and then the driveway."

TOAST

THE HOLIDAYS WITH THE EXTRAORDINARY TASTE OF BEAM'S PREMIUM SOUR MASH BLACK LABEL.

AMERICA'S FINEST PREMIUM WHISKEY...TASTE IS WHY.

90 Proof, Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Distilled and Bottled by James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, Beam, Ky.

SLEAZING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

sleaze revealed itself to me one drizzly dawn as I stood by the window of my slick, bright, soft suite in the Hyatt Regency in Dearborn, Mich. I don't know what perverse impulse overcame me, but I found myself pulling aside the drapes and gaping into a no-man's land, a panorama of devastation and demoralization the color of gangrene. I realized that though no one is making a conscious decision to do so, the net effect of the policies of the institutions that finance construction in America is to ignore the esthetic quality of most of the exterior-built environment and to invest heavily in the creation of interior pockets of sensory satisfaction. The esthetic imperative behind the sleazing of America is the need to provide a general setting of dross against which a selected number of controlled interior environments can shine as jewels. If all of Chicago's Near North Side were a Tivoli Garden, what would be the salability of some potted plants overlooked by a glass elevator with a few lightbulbs stuck onto it? If downtown Ithaca, N.Y., provided a coherent and invigorating setting in which to shop, what would be the virtue of Pyramid Ithaca Mall? The glossiest insurance-company-financed building projects of the moment wouldn't be bankable if they were not surrounded by sleaze.

There are many candidates for the title of Sleaze Summit of the United States. Nowhere else, for example, has the earth been so scabbed over with concrete and asphalt as in Detroit, a multimedia miasma in which each building seems to have been designed to punish the senses of anyone so careless of his mental health as to open his eyes when he is forced to be there. There is Las Vegas, where the neon signs of all-night wedding chapels enhance the stark grandeur and solemnity of the desert. There is Houston, its treeless, grassless, flowerless downtown an enormous cement griddle, searing the flesh and sealing in the juices of its inhabitants six months out of the year, a municipality without a zoning law whose government went to court to get permission to drill for oil in the city park. The Los Angeles basin, its Johnny Carson punchline place names a litany of blight: Encino, Pasadena, Burbank, El Segundo, one-third of its surface covered by freeways, crazyquilt of suburbs in search of an urb, stucco of previous generations' Moorish/Spanish fantasias mellowing and crumbling in the California sun. The South Bronx, reminding those reckless enough to drive through it, with doors locked and windows closed, of Civil War daguerreotypes of Richmond, Va., after its siege, bombardment, and abandonment. The forlorn flatland between O'Hare International Airport and the Chicago Loop, where the eye meets with no indication that men have ever attempted to fashion their material constructions with a thought to grace or beauty. There is downtown Cleveland, Ohio, where one sees that the city's financial collapse was long preceded by an esthetic bankruptcy that fails to credit human beings with the possession of senses. There are the poisonous Jersey Meadows, which greet overland travelers to New York City with an image of industrial devastation so disheartening that no one who has crossed them can purge the ugliness of it from his memory. Or one could exclude metropolitan sleaze entirely and consider Albany, N.Y., its back turned on the Hudson River, its business district grimy and decayed, its prospect dominated by the Albany Mall, magnum opus of the renowned art patron Nelson A. Rockefeller; its facing exhausted the great Italian marble quarry that supplied stone for the monuments of antiquity to provide a veneer of classicism to its grandiose inhuman towers. There would be Gallup, N.M., purveyor of firewater to the Navajos, desolated accretion of hockshops, bars, and package stores scarring one of the sublime landscapes of the world. Even in the most rural places there would still be an ample selection of choices. The grim hills and hollows surrounding Hazard, Ky., pocked

with slagheaps in which debris from coal mining smolders in fires that have been burning for generations. Bull Shoals Lake in the Ozarks, man-made behind the dam on Buffalo Fork, its bottom composed of homes and farmsteads and country roads drowned in the unnatural murky fluid lapping listlessly at its jagged shore. I do not wish to slight any of these localities. Each is a remarkable study in desecration. But if I were to choose one site to epitomize the sleazing of America there would be no question which it would be: Daytona Beach.

The printed word cannot do justice to the injustice wrought upon the North American land mass by Daytona Beach, Fla. Mere combination of letters and spaces could no more convey the experience of a walk on that strand than they could communicate totally what it is like to chew parakeet gravel. To write this article, I made a pilgrimage to the unholy shrine of sleaze that is Daytona to sacrifice my sensorium upon its 500-foot-wide altar.

"The World's Most Famous Beach," as Daytona calls its Atlantic shore, is famous, not as a meeting of sand and sea, but as an automobile race course. It was on its broad, flat, hard-packed surface that in 1902 Ransom Olds and Alexander Winston raced to settle the question of whose horseless carriage was faster. Between 1902 and 1935, 13 land speed records were set on the beach by such drivers as Barney Oldfield and Sir Henry Seagrave. In the 1950s southern stock car racers began to compete on an oval track dug from the dunes at the southern end of the beach. Twenty years ago the competition was moved inland to the asphalt track of Daytona International Speedway. And that was the last time a car was driven on the beach, and the shore again became a place for people to leave the rush and the stink of modern times temporarily behind them, a place to commune with the sea and the sun and the sky, to contemplate the oneness of man and nature and the sweet mystery of creation.

Fat chance. Daytona Beach is today a place for people to sunbathe on the roofs of their black Econo-Vans with orange flames painted on the side, while being serenaded by the gentle strains of "Macho Man" blasting from the stereo tape deck of the red Chevy Blazer with oversize white-letter tires and helper springs parked next to you on the beach.

Florida is noted for the insults its developers have visited upon its land, for giant, rotating illuminated-plastic navel oranges, for the Hotel Fontainebleauization of Miami Beach, for thoughtlessly cutting the freshwater supply to the Everglades, for Fort Lauderdale during spring break. Lauderdale may be where the boys are, but Daytona is where the sleaze is. As far as the eye can see to the north and south, Daytona Beach is the world's largest parking lot, 23 miles of cars, vans, and trucks and bikes bearing the license plates of every state in the union, baking in the Florida sun. Between the ranks of parked automobiles, two lanes of vehicular traffic crawl up and down the beach by day and by night. The sound you hear is that of endless convoys rolling relentlessly toward the heart of France on the roads out of Normandy on June 6, 1944. The smell is a unique amalgam of inefficiently burned gasoline, coconut-scented Hawaiian Tropic Dark Tanning Lotion at 44 cents an ounce, armpits, hot-dog drippings, and ocean spray. Daytona Beach is the ultimate assault on the senses mounted by the American megamachine gone berserk. The New York City subway, with its screech, its roar, its overall spray-can graffiti, body odor and schmutz, is not on a white-sand beach by an azure ocean. The New York City subway, horror show that it is, is at least where it belongs, in a hole under the ground with the sewers and the vermin in the blackness. At least it hides from the sun, serves some function, does not pretend to be a vacation paradise or a tourist attraction. Daytona Beach is an open running sore on the surface of the earth, abraded and ulcerated by automobiles driven on it in an unconscious effort to profane, to violate. Look at me, Ma; I'm driving on a beach.

I look to the heavens for a sign, and they do not fail me. First comes a light plane

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Menthol Fresh
Salem
FILTER CIGARETTES
Country fresh menthol.
Mild, smooth
and refreshing.
Also available in Box and 100's.
KING: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, BOX: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

flying at low altitude and pulling a banner reading BEACHCOMBER CLUB GIRLS ALL U CAN DRINK 9-12 MID. Then another plane comes to lift the consciousness of the environmentally concerned youth on the beach out of the cacophony of engine noise, disco, and the sound of seagulls fighting over Fritos to loftier regions by presenting a banner that says FANNY FARKEL'S PARTY 7:30 TIL 4:30 AM. The banners are transparent, and I read them backward as these informative planes fly in the other direction:

P9S ON B'WAY LADIES DRINK FREE TOP BANDS
HAWAIIAN TROPIC NATURAL DARK TAN ALOHA
MEDITERRANEAN ALL YOU CAN DRINK GIRLS $4 GUYS $5

I walk and walk until, finally, I see a peaceful, empty stretch of beach by a turquoise sea with coco palms bent by the wind—airbrushed onto the side of a Chevy van.

Scooting between the backed-up cars are swarms of Honda Mini-Trail 70 motorcycles, rented from concessionaires who park their trailers at the edge of the traffic. Each is required to post a sign that reads:

ALL VEHICLES RENTED
FROM THIS CONCES
SION ARE RESTRICT
ED BY LAW TO USE ON
ATL. OCEAN BEACHES.

That is the central point about Daytona. It is not that people are permitted to drive on the beach. It is that they are invited, no, *required* to drive on the beach. "What you doin' ridin' that bike on a *road*, sucker?" In 18 miles of coast that is paved solid for ten miles from the sand's edge there is not a single public parking lot off a beach located in a group of municipalities that promotes it to tourists with billboards 30 miles away, with brochures which rave that "the DAYTONA BEACH RESORT AREA is *the* place where the whole family can afford to vacation . . . stay in one of our 26,000 room accommodations and drive on 23 miles of free public beach." Eight towns maintain roads leading onto the beach and past signs that announce:

WELCOME BEACH VISITORS
NO LITTERING
NO DRIVING ON SOFT SAND
NO ANIMALS
SPEED LIMIT 10 MPH
NO PARKING 3 AM–5:30 AM

I will not tell you about the billboards running directly across the beach to the water's edge, an abomination unique, to my knowledge, on the planet. I will not tell you about the endless string of high-rise hotels and condominiums elbowing each other for a clear view of the traffic jam below. I will not tell you about the two observation towers, one with its elevator inside it and the other with its elevator outside, from which these masochists who have become jaded to the agony of being on the beach can renew it by getting an overall view of the devastation. I have only one observation to make about Daytona Beach, Fla., Summit of Sleaze: Never have I seen so much skin and so little sexuality. For 23 miles there is not a single wired bathing-suit bra cup. To count the women on the beach, you tally the nipples and divide by two. The men are bronzed and muscular with sun-bleached hair, shining with oil and sweat. Every other motor vehicle has a bed in it. Everybody is looking to score. But the humans on Daytona Beach are so totally blitzed by the machines, the subtle murmurs of interpersonal attraction so overpowered by the throb of muffled exhaust that Daytona Beach is about as sexy as rush hour on the Santa Ana Freeway. The ultimate sin of the sleaze of Daytona is that even sin is robbed of pleasure.

The glossiest insurance-company-financed building projects wouldn't be bankable if they weren't surrounded by sleaze.

As I get ready to leave the beach, I see four young Arab men standing by a white DeTomaso Pantera. They are wearing long pants and look shell-shocked by the spectacle before them. I feel slightly responsible for the eccentricities of my culture; so I go over to them and see whether there is anything I can do. They are from Saudi Arabia and have been sent to a Florida college by their government. I ask the students what they think of the scene they are surveying.

"Astonishing," says one.

"Incredible," says two.

"America," says three.

"Stupid," says four.

"Why stupid?" I ask four.

"Because you complain about the cost of oil, and here you are burning it up for what?"

"What do you think about it esthetically?" I ask.

"Esthetically . . ."

"Ugly? Beautiful?"

"Ugly," says three. "How can wastefulness be pleasant to look at? But it is interesting to see. I came here to learn from America. I'm learning."

As I walk off the beach, I pass an iridescent maroon Honda road bike parked on the sand. There is a little silver sticker on the gas tank, evidently applied by the manufacturer. It reads, in English, French and German:

REMEMBER
—ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET
—THINK SAFETY
—PRESERVE NATURE

But it is not enough to preserve nature. Something has to be done about the nature that hasn't been preserved, the land that has already been stripped and paved and franchised into the built environment where most of us spend most of our lives. We are delicate beings. In each one of us there is a receptor that is sensitive to what comes in through our eyes. Most of us are in touch with this organ only occasionally, when a gap opens in the sleaze wide enough to see the morning star, or we find ourselves, despite the control mechanisms of the society that produces the sleaze, on the edge of a lake in the forest at dawn. This receptor must be nourished with sights that affirm our connection with the earth and our origin in the heavens. If this organ within us is deprived of visual sustenance, it withers and becomes dormant. It is no longer able to remind us of the wholeness and unity of creation. Surrounded and assaulted by the sight of the clumsy constructions of men to whom the universe is just another franchise, blanking out the inner vision of the birthplace of the sun, we become walking piles of ground chuck, subjects of the tyrant of the flesh, the fearsome Burger King. We come to believe that we should have it our way, rather than the way it actually is. We come to believe that we deserve the best today, rather than what we earn when we earn it.

Something has been done about the Furbish lousewort, which grows on the banks of a single stream. It is time to do something about the physical plant that is growing everywhere in our country, the gloss and brightness of its surface dazzling our senses until we are anesthetized to its inner gloom. It is time to do something about the sleazing of America, and I make a modest proposal:

Tear it all down.

That's right. Tear it down. All of it. Tear it down and rebuild it, and this time do it right. Do it with pride, with the pride of place and self that produced the eighteenth-century New England and nineteenth-century New York. Where will the money come from? From us. We will pay for it. We pay to go to Disneyland and Disney World so we can spend a few hours walking up and down Main Street U.S.A., a street where every detail has been carefully rendered in personal scale, a street without cars, a street without large floodlit concrete dinosaurs calling attention to miniature golf courses, a street without giant golf balls revolving atop giant trees. If we can pay for Mickey

'Tis the season for giving in.

You-know-who is asking for a motorcycle for Christmas. Again. Maybe this year, you'll say yes.

Go ahead. You're not really giving in, you're just giving credit where it's due. To yourself, for bringing your kid up right. And to your kid, for proving that he or she can handle the responsibility of having a motorcycle.

Now that you've made the first decision, you'll want to start your kid out right on a Kawasaki mini. Because Kawasakis are built by people who understand your child's riding needs. And we've got a bike for every beginning rider.

KD80M

So check our mini Christmas list. (Have a good time giving.)

Here's a good buy and a good bet for the beginning dirt rider. The KD80M is built tough, with a 79cc 2-stroke engine, 5-speed transmission and primary starting, so it will start in any gear. With our Superlube injection, there's no premixing oil and gas.

You might get attached to this trail bike yourself. The KV75 has an automatic clutch, 3-speed transmission,

KV75

and handlebar brake levers. Just fold down the handlebars, and take it anywhere in the back of your car. (It won't leak gas or oil.)

Here's a dirt bike of another color. Lime green, like its racing cousin, the KX80 mini (not shown). The KDX80 has a motocross frame and suspension, leading

KDX80

axle front forks, a 16" front wheel, and an 82cc 2-stroke, reed valve engine.

Look, it's a street bike. It's a dirt bike. It's the KM100 dual-purpose mini street-legal and dirt-safe. And its 99cc 2-stroke rotary valve engine goes a long way on a tank of gas.

KM100

$499*

**Manufacturers suggested retail price for the KD80M or the KV75, excluding freight, dealer prep, title and taxes. Offer valid only while supplies last. Available in U.S. and Canada. Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

Kawasaki believes in riding safely. Check local laws before you ride. Member of AMA, MIC and MSF. Specifications subject to change without notice.

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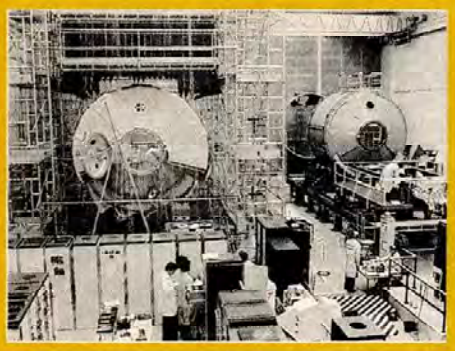
Don't let the good times pass you by.

THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE NOVEMBER 23



RENAISSANCE

HUMAN EXPERIMENTS

PRIZES

DUBOS

SCIENCE RENAISSANCE IN EUROPE—After many false starts and disappointing efforts to recover its pre–World War II scientific glory, Europe is suddenly astir with ambitious, well-financed, high-quality research. France, Germany, and Great Britain have pooled a formidable assemblage of intellectual power and physical resources to build a space program, create high-energy atom smashers, and pioneer new medical techniques. "Twenty years ago the United States was doing eighty percent of the world's science," says Pierre Aigrain, France's equivalent to White House science adviser. "Now Europe is catching up, and the U.S. share of the total has been going down." Daniel S. Greenberg went to the Continent and brought back the inside story on why Europe is making the grade in Big Science. Exclusively in the December *Omni*.

HUMAN EXPERIMENTATION—Somebody always has to be the guinea pig before medical science can move forward. But while human experimentation remains as fixed an element of research as theories and test tubes, the very words conjure up visions of Nazi doctors and exploitation of prisoners and hospital patients. In the December *Omni* Dava Sobel explores the ethical and moral dilemmas raised by human-subject research, taking a look at how new safeguard regulations will affect the course of future discovery.

PRIZES! PRIZES! PRIZES!—What's the greatest untapped resource in science? The desire to win a prize, says *Omni* senior editor Scot Morris. Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic, man-powered flight across the English Channel, a bicycle that can go over 55 mph, the smallest motor, the breeding of a white marigold—all were achievements inspired by the offering of a prize. Next month Morris examines prizes past and calls for a reinstatement of the prize as an exciting and economic incentive to stimulate new scientific achievement—while offering some prizeworthy notions of his own.

INTERVIEW/RENE DUBOS—Meet one of the world's most accomplished biologists. Dubos, famed researcher and teacher at Rockefeller University, discovered the first useful antibiotic, helped develop tuberculosis vaccine, and won a Pulitzer Prize for *So Human an Animal*. Today he says that science and society have become too complex for people to cope with; read his prescription for reorganization in our next issue.

Mouse artifice, we can pay for the real thing.

Do I shock you when I suggest that we tear down the freeways of Los Angeles? Do I shock you when I suggest that we tear down the human filing cabinets of New York? I confess that I shock myself. And yet I have long since ceased to be shocked when a row of Victorian townhouses in San Francisco, Calif., is bashed to the ground to construct a parking lot. I have long since ceased to be shocked when a country road in Bennington, Vt., is erased to build a superhighway to nowhere. It is encouraging that we can still be shocked at all, once we have become inured to driving out of the eastern gate of Yellowstone Park into the roadside strip of U.S. 16 in Pahaska, Wyo. Perhaps what we need to do is redirect our misplaced ability to be shocked, to allow ourselves to be shocked that the John Hancock Tower in Boston should be permitted to stand another day, that Reno, Nev., will not be razed at dawn.

What I am suggesting is not as farfetched as it sounds. The Pruitt-Igoe Houses in St. Louis were the 1950s bureaucrats' notion of how the poor should live. For 20 years the inmates of these soul-dwarfing, identity-robbing high rises hacked at each other to relieve their agony. Finally, after years of community pressure from within and without the complex, Pruitt-Igoe has been dynamited. The photograph of this cathedral of sleaze falling in on itself is a comfort and a mercy to all who see it. Last year, as a result of a three-year court fight by citizen groups in the neighborhood surrounding the federally financed Cedar-Riverside "new town" in Minneapolis, where children were going to have to descend 39 stories in an elevator in order to bounce a ball, construction was halted and the funding withdrawn.

After I left Daytona, I drove north, toward the border of Florida and Georgia, which are divided by the St. Mary's River. Since the continent rose from the sea, the banks of the river had been covered with long-leaf yellow pine. In the late nineteenth century men came from the north to plunder the forests. They built a raw and ugly river port called Crandall, to which ancient trees were dragged to be milled by steam power and loaded onto barges and schooners. But the clear-cutting could only go for so long . . .

You get to Crandall today by a country road that begins four miles north of Yulee on Highway 17. When you reach the end of the track, the air is sweet and the only sound is the running of the river the Timucuan Indians called Tacatacourou. The long-leaf yellow pine has returned. Not a stick of Crandall remains.

O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years thine alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears! America! America! God shed His grace on thee, and crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea!

NO RUM REFLECTS PUERTO RICO LIKE RONRICO.

Puerto Rico is the Rum Island, the world's foremost rum-producing region. And Ronrico is *the* rum—authentic Puerto Rican rum since 1860. Ronrico's smooth, light taste has been the pride of six generations of Puerto Rican rum masters. One sip will tell you why.

RONRICO: AUTHENTIC RUM OF PUERTO RICO.

General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C. 80 proof

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 195

treatise. But when we started getting deeper and deeper into the project, my feelings became increasingly strong toward an antinuclear position. For several reasons, the least of which is the radiation-poisoning aspect that we dramatized in the film. I became fascinated with the politics and economics of it all—the economics of our American power system. I learned a lot about greed, how nuclear power came to be the energy source of the present and future. It was just a natural step for all the American oil companies to get behind this, since they own the mines. They can control the uranium, they own the equipment to make nuclear-power plants, and thus they can control the prices. So it started looking to me like a closed-shop situation—at a time when we had to be as open as possible to other alternatives. The energy crisis we're going through now is really a blessing in disguise, because it shows the need for developing new alternatives.

Penthouse: The question of how to deal with our energy problem is such a divisive one.

Douglas: That's true. More and more I find that people love to create a two-sided, two-party system—in this case the two sides are antinuke and pronuke. I should think that people would see that there are some universal problems that require the efforts of combined groups of people, not two opposing sides. I constantly see politicians or corporations pitted one against the other, always trying to create a battle. But if the problems were just explained a different way, I think everybody could get behind them and try to solve them together. But it seems to make us all feel secure to know who our enemies are.

Penthouse: Did Jane Fonda come to the film with an ax to grind?

Douglas: Well, she's certainly more active politically than the rest of us. But she was, more than any of us, trying to make this a viable dramatic movie. She would be the one to say, "No, that's too much rhetoric" or "That's too political." She's got a great dramatic sense, a good sense of characterizations, a good sense of moviemaking and theater-making. She was a big help. At no time did her political philosophy overshadow the attempt to try to make a really good, exciting movie. She knew the movie was not going to work unless it was entertaining.

Issues aside, I must say that what I love about this movie is that it's basically a classic, old-fashioned thriller: real, formal structure, with the race against the clock and all that.

Penthouse: Do you think it's appropriate for film stars to use their tremendous fan appeal to promote political causes?

Douglas: I'm not going to deny my own passions, my own political beliefs, just because of the business that I'm in—just because I happen to be an entertainer-performer. Critics generally want to censor that power. Now, I grant that as a movie actor, one has more power than most other people on the street. But if I honestly feel I'm being responsible, then I don't see that I have to avoid making pictures that have a political message or overtone. By the way, it's only come recently, this confidence of mine that my opinion is as good as anybody else's.

As to *China Syndrome*'s being considered a propaganda piece, well, you're goddamn right it is. I took a strong position, and it's created some healthy conversation. Jesus, there was a lot of strong position taking going on on the other side of the issue, too!

Penthouse: Do you foresee a trend in films having political messages?

Douglas: If you look at the pictures nominated last year for best picture, four out of five dealt with social issues: *Midnight Express, Coming Home, The Deer Hunter,* and *An Unmarried Woman.* They had some pretty strong messages.

> I've learned a lot about greed, how nuclear power came to be the energy source of the present and future. It was just a natural step for all the American oil companies to get behind this...

Penthouse: Do you now find yourself pressured by various groups to promote their causes?

Douglas: Yes, I do. I feel a lot of pressure from social conscience groups now. And I am confused and torn between groups and their interests. I've associated myself with two or three causes. But as I said earlier, my efforts are really to try to find that common front everyone can get behind and support. Some groups don't understand that.

Some celebrity spokesmen can be very effective. I'm a big fan of Jesse Jackson's. I think he's quite an important figure for inner-city people now. He seems to have a real shot at changing the attitudes of kids. They look up to him. He has the qualities of a Martin Luther King. He has the charisma and that ability to rally support and dedication. This country doesn't have many heroes. I think my purpose is to make pictures about heroes—the kind of person who anyone can identify with, who's not so special except that he works so hard at doing good.

Penthouse: Will your next film be about this kind of hero?

Douglas: My next picture, *Running,* is about a guy who's a kind of hero. He overcomes a big personal obstacle. It's really just a lovely, old-fashioned picture. Some people have said it reflects where I'm at in my life now, in terms of being a new father and all that. I really like this film. It gets me all emotional, just thinking about it. I cried when I first read it.

Penthouse: It doesn't sound like *Running* is going to create any controversy with its political message.

Douglas: The message is personal. It deals with a person who's so afraid of losing in life that he won't try anything—he won't put himself out. If he doesn't compete, then he can't lose. There are plenty of people around who constantly back off from life.

Penthouse: How did you get from acting in films to producing them?

Douglas: Well, it started with *Cuckoo's Nest.* I never had any deep aspirations to be a producer. It was simply that I was in love with the book *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest,* by Ken Kesey, and I wanted to see it made into a picture.

Penthouse: Didn't your father own the rights to the film at the time?

Douglas: Yes. He had the rights, and he tried for a long time to get it made, but then he was just going to sell the rights. I asked him to give me a chance, let me see if I could get it made, and his company would have a piece of it and all. He finally agreed. I think he was very surprised when it finally did get made.

But the point is that, starting from scratch and just going step by step, I had to learn everything there was to learn, sometimes embarrassingly or naively. Then I had all the success, and I was a producer. It was then a question of realizing that my main strength in the industry was as a movie producer and actor. I'd been doing television before that, but I figured out that my acting career was in films.

Penthouse: In retrospect, was your television series work—"The Streets of San Francisco"—a waste of time?

Douglas: Not at all. Doing that series was the best experience for my acting, directing, and producing. I really learned the craft. And looking back, I'm proud of the show. It stands high above the others of its kind. The very first time I met Karl Malden, he told me something that for me is still the key to successful television and filmmaking. He said, "You've got to treat this like summer-stock theater work. In summer stock, you mount a show a week. While you're performing one show, you're rehearsing the next week's show. The quality of the work is good, but you also recognize your limitations. And that way, psychologically, the pressure is off—you're not opening on Broadway or opening a big film or something. You're doing just what you can do in a week's time—no more, no less." That was a wonderful atti-

tude to have in this profession.

Penthouse: Have you found that you use a different set of muscles for television work and feature-film work?

Douglas: I don't think so. The one nice thing about doing a weekly television show is that you get so used to it. You relax—and if there's a secret to film acting, it seems to be relaxation, being as open and loose as possible. You've got to be able to trust your instincts when you're making a film—do one take, two takes, and relax and loosen up with each one you do. You know, a lot of the actors get caught up in the star thing. They do one picture every eighteen months. That's why the whole industry is beginning to get a little constipated. Everybody's too cautious. Everybody's afraid to make the uncalculated move. Every time somebody makes a picture, it becomes so terribly important.

Penthouse: Why are there so many mediocre films being made these days?

Douglas: A lot of studios seem to be interested in hitting the grand-slam home run rather than moving the runners around the bases; and that is putting a tremendous amount of pressure on those directors who are getting more and more powerful and bigger- and bigger-budgeted pictures. Since one or two films are so high budgeted, that affects the whole year's worth of films for a studio. If a studio has thirty or forty million dollars invested in one picture in a given year, it affects how many other products can be made that year. That's one of the reasons why there seems to be so much shit around. The money is spent all in one place, and the remaining material is awful.

Penthouse: How do studios decide which films are to get the big budgets?

Douglas: If a director with tremendous box-office hits to his credit comes around with a project, the studios will do anything to get his next picture. Or you put together a cast with either a major star or a combination of pretty big actors—that, too, is enough to get a picture made. Unfortunately, of course, the content of the script is the last priority.

Penthouse: Young filmmakers—Lucas, Spielberg, Coppola, Malick—have achieved unprecedented amounts of money, artistic control, and influence. Do you think this is a good thing?

Douglas: There have been a rash of extraordinarily high-budgeted pictures made by these very talented directors, who have gained, with their successes, more and more autocracy. I'm concerned. I worry that they may reach a point of no return.

Penthouse: There seems to be a great camaraderie among the young filmmakers. George Lucas's wife cuts Scorsese's films, John Milius writes for Coppola, and so on. Are you part of this group?

Douglas: Most of those people mentioned are out of the film school clique, so to speak. They were classmates at South-

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ern California or the University of California, or they visited all the film festivals together. So they all knew each other. I was not part of that clique. I didn't go to film school. I am of a "second generation" clique, and I think a lot of people out of film schools have a lot of hostility toward us. They feel that they worked very hard to get where they are, whereas we got it handed to us on a silver platter.

Honestly, there are very few people in Hollywood who don't have a certain degree of hostility—particularly directors. I've found that most directors have much larger egos than actors, and deep down inside almost all of them would love to be performers, actors. It's something I've finally accepted—that people's responses change, depending on their status. It's very hard for people who knew me in school to think of me as the same person I was then; they assume all sorts of untrue things.

Penthouse: Perhaps people resent you because they think Kirk Douglas was always helping you along the way.

Douglas: To tell the truth, my father was not exactly sure about me as an actor at all. He really had his fingers crossed. Actually, we didn't grow up together. My folks divorced when I was five or six. But I spent every summer with my father, wherever he was on location. And I was fortunate that all the members of my family always had a dialogue with one another—they always talked. I worked as an assistant editor on *Lonely Are the Brave*. I worked as an assistant director on two or three other pictures while I was on summer holidays. So I saw a fair amount of my father. I understand that he went through periods of highly intense activity. He just didn't have much free time. But now he's become a grandfather for the first time, and he loves it! I'm very proud of my father. I really appreciate him.

As I'm beginning to get pressured with the success of producing, I see how easy it is for your work to shortchange your personal life. You have to really struggle to balance it all.

Penthouse: Hollywood gossip says you and your father had a pretty antagonistic relationship.

Douglas: There were never long periods of outright hostility or resentment other than those any son might go through with his father. We weren't close, but that was because he was just so busy acting and I was in school. Now that I'm older and involved in his industry, we have more of a dialogue. We see each other more. We live near each other and talk a lot.

I must say I find it frustrating to see how short people's memories about my father are these days. They really forget, not only the wealth of material he's done, but the really unique kinds of projects and pictures he's done. You know, he was the first independent producer. He formed his own production company; he himself has produced approximately twenty-five pictures. I've done only three pictures in my whole career, but he's been doing pictures for fifteen, twenty years. Great pictures.

Penthouse: What does he think of your sudden fame?

Douglas: I would hope and assume he's very proud. I know he's gotten a kick out of hearing it from other people. So he's basically very proud. But he also can't believe it. It's that old thing: to a father, you're always just a son. So he can't quite believe it when he's working on a picture in England, or he's in Japan, and somebody comes up to him and talks about me and my success.

Penthouse: Have you ever talked with him about his feelings about the types of films currently being made?

Douglas: I haven't. I think about asking him these kinds of questions, but I'm afraid he'll think I'm writing his obituary, you know? There is that strange pride and ego that makes you feel like you're a historical relic when somebody is asking about your history. I think he feels, and rightfully so, that he's extremely active.

> As the news of Three Mile Island started coming in, and I saw the parallels in *China Syndrome*, it was like a religious experience for me. It was an ordained sort of event.

Penthouse: You grew up in the sixties. Did the social upheavals of the times influence you?

Douglas: Absolutely. I'm so proud and happy that I was a product of the sixties. The more time that passes, the more I realize what a really unique generation and period of history that was. It makes you realize how apathetic people are now, how everyone lacks a cause or reason. The uniqueness of the sixties was that there were so many issues people cared about—social issues and also issues relating to spiritual fulfillment. People were thinking about the value of the simple life and not just pursuing a money-oriented existence. In fact, they were turned against a material approach to life. And since I was a part of it, it allowed for a lot of choices and flexibilities and alternatives, all of which I think have been influential in my choice of movie material—what topics interest me.

And now, at the beginning of the eighties, I'm optimistic, because I foresee and hope that a lot of the leaders of the sixties will become the politicians and lawyers and policymakers of the eighties. I've been accused of being overly optimistic about the future, but I think we'll start seeing in the eighties some of the better qualities of the sixties. Those taking power will have much more of a social conscience than leaders do today.

Penthouse: How politically involved were you at that time?

Douglas: I was involved in the antiwar movement. I was involved in a program at the University of California that was sort of a guerrilla theater program, where we would disrupt classes and enact murder scenes. We would try to make them as realistic as possible, with special effects and everything. Sometimes we were pretty effective at making people think somebody was actually being killed, and then we'd say, "This is going on right at this moment in Vietnam." It was an effort to try to make people more conscious of the war.

Penthouse: The university allowed these demonstrations?

Douglas: Students' rights was a whole phenomenon in the sixties—the fact that, as a university student, you had certain rights and could possibly disagree with the institution that was teaching you. And that was a phenomenon that had really not existed in my lifetime before that point.

Penthouse: Did you know any "flower children" who would be delivered to school—barefoot, in dungarees, with long hair—in the family Rolls-Royce?

Douglas: Oh, sure. I could probably point that finger at myself. I know my father got a great kick out of my dress style at that time. And also my living style. I remember once he came up to Santa Barbara, where I was living in, not a commune, but a sort of a community, made up of a lot of artists, pottery makers, poets, craftsmen. I was living in this ramshackle old house with no bathroom—you had to go outside to an outhouse. Dad came to stay with me one weekend—he stayed in the room with me. The first night, he woke up in the middle of the night and said, "Where's the bathroom?" I said, "Well, if you've only got to take a leak, just go out on the balcony right here and go right off into the wind." So he stood out on the balcony there and was relieving himself when I heard this hysterical, maniacal sort of laughter. I said, "What's so funny?" And he said, "This is what I was trying all my life to get away from! My whole life I worked to get away from this! I send my son to college—I can afford to send my son to college—and what does he do? He ends up in this old house!"

Penthouse: Do you have any plans to produce or act with your father?

Douglas: Oh yeah, we'd like to work together. We'd like to act together in a film, preferably not about father and son. The way he sees it, he'll be the hero, the good guy, and I'll be the villain. He wants the public to find out about the deep, dark side of me!

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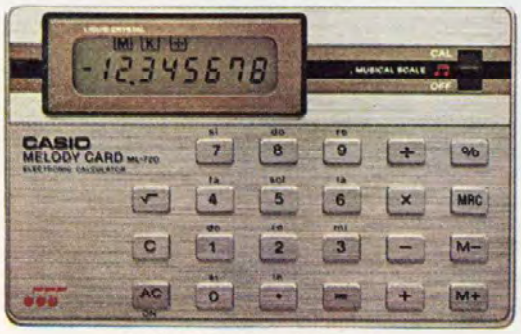

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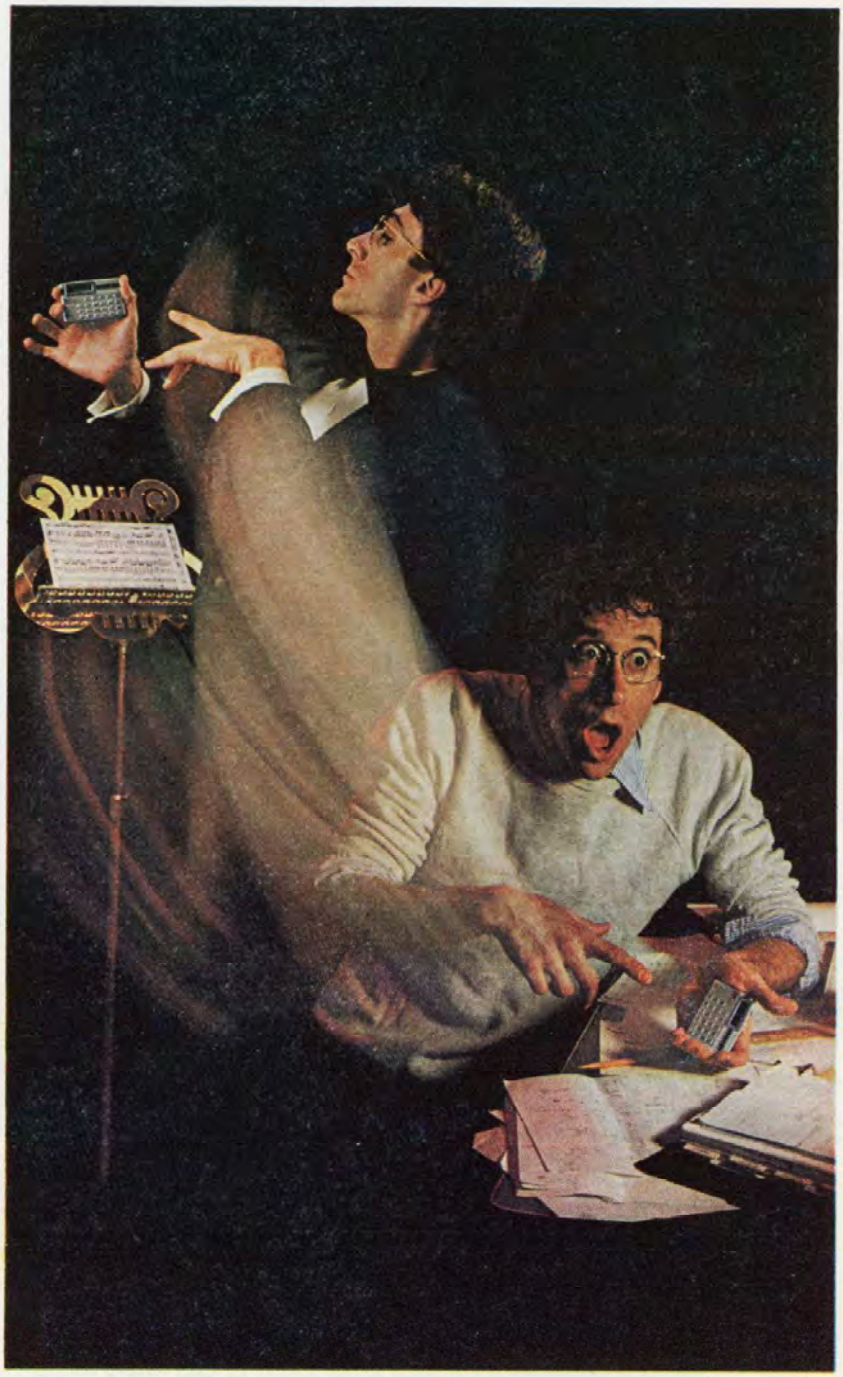

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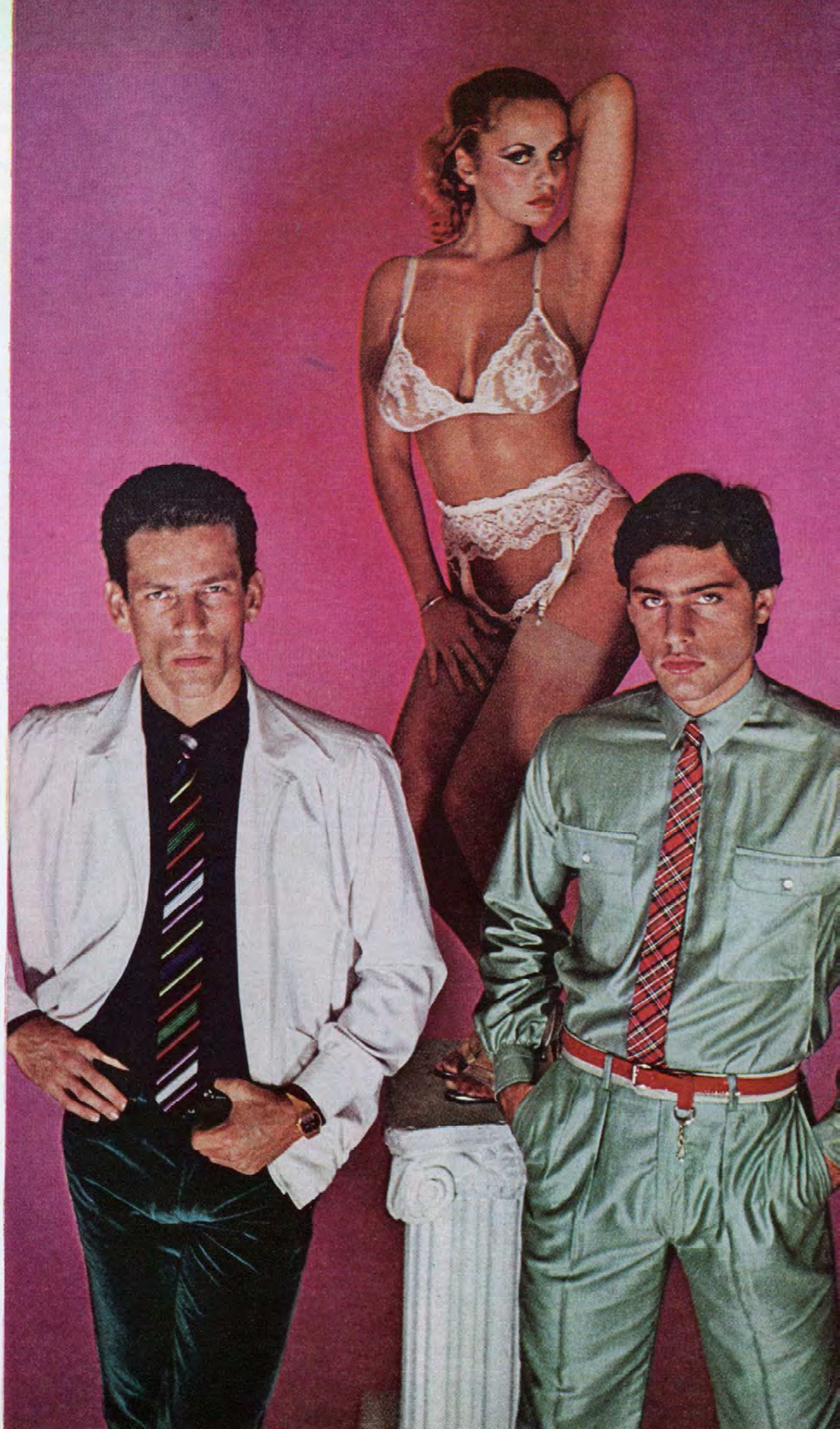
BREAKING THE BLACK TIE HABIT

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIDE PUGLIESE

It was not so long ago that an evening out meant cummerbund, black tie, patent-leather shoes, studs, and a starched shirt. Today, however, dinner dances have given way to disco banquets, intimate restaurant dinners and soirées, and relaxed at-home entertaining. And the black tie of formal wear has been superseded by the colorful elegance of evening sportswear. Look for the classic tailoring of shirts, ties, and pants done up in luxury fabrics, such as satin, sateen, crepe de chine, silk, and velvet. For the man with the fashion élan to carry it off, accessories in red, white, and gold add wit to the dressier darks, such as burgundy and black.

(above) *Dressy, dark, slick city look. The ribbed-satin double-breasted suit (about $150) is by John Karl, Ltd. The all-silk crepe-de-chine shirt ($75) is by Pierre Cardin. In this feature all neckwear from shiny satins to raw silks is by Coty Award Winner Vicky Davis, Ltd. Her shoes are at Maud Frizon, New York. Ladies' lingerie styled by Vanessa Murphy.* (opposite) *Luxury fabrics and colors.* (left) *The burgundy, all-silk broadcloth shirt ($80) is by Lanvin Chemisier. The gold, all-cotton corduroy jeans ($56) are by New Man. The 14-karat gold watch ($1,850) is by Longines.* (right) *The classic all-silk, ribbon-stripe shirt (about $167) is by Pinky and Dianne for Private Label. The plush, red cotton-velvet jeans ($58) are by Sasson.*

(left) *Black leather for evening. The black, baby-calfskin leather trench coat ($685), smooth as "glove silk," is by Beged-Or. The plum-colored silk crepe-de-chine shirt (about $125) is by Pinky and Dianne for Private Label. Her shoes are by Maud Frizon.* (Opposite) *Evening sportswear ensembles that shine.* (left) *The white, all-silk jacket ($250) is by Bob Goldfeder for Acorn.*



The black, silk shirt (about $90) is by Geoffrey Beene for Chesa. The green, cotton-velvet pants ($50) are at Fiorucci. The black-face Accutron quartz alarm watch ($225) is by Bulova. (right) *The mint-green sateen shirt ($37.50) and matching pleated pants ($37.50) are by Pierre Cardin. All men's belts in this feature are available at Fiorucci. Her shoes are by Charles Jourdan.*

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see Fashion Finder on page 238 .

Trigger

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 204

tell on him after that.

Fleeson hadn't always seen the possibilities of using the boys. At first, he used them for pornographic stills or movies or sent them on errands. Going about the city, they did what came natural to them, snatching purses, grabbing anything they could get their hands on, but gradually they became more discriminating. And all at once, seeing the kinds of merchandise they were bringing home to him, Fleeson had a revelation ... These boys were an incredible, untapped resource.

Everybody knew that kids were getting into crime. More than half the serious crimes in America were committed by kids. Not just small stuff. Rape. Murder. Young killers roamed the streets, looking for kicks. They disrupted schools; they hung around bus and train stations, hustling queers; they poured gasoline on winos and set fire to them; they stole cars, slashed and shot people. It was a plague, and there was nothing you could do about it. The juvenile courts were a joke. First offenders were released immediately; it was almost impossible to trace a child's arrest record. Even if the kids were put away, they escaped or were sent home after a few months. You heard theories blaming slum conditions, the permissive age, the materialistic society; it was all talk. The plague had come, and you had to learn to live with it.

Fleeson had not only learned to live with it; he had taken advantage of it. A boy like Raymond could push a thousand dollars' worth of drugs a night. Fleeson had channeled the aimless violence, and he was not beyond regarding it as a stroke of genius.

His boys had started doing special jobs for special clients, and more and more the client had become John Dawkins. The assassination of the new president of Costa Verde, Dr. Rodrigo Mora, would be the biggest job they had ever done for him, though, and Fleeson knew, as surely as he knew anything, that he would never have been able even to consider it without Trigger.

Until Trigger had come to him, no matter how sharp his other boys were, he was still small-time. When Trigger came, his horizons broadened. All the dreams he had brought with him from the old country, but which had been ground out of him by the years of hustling and failing, came back.

At first he didn't know what he had got his hands on. One of the boys had found Trigger wandering around the bus station and had brought him back. Fleeson hadn't known what to make of Trigger: a strange, frightening little boy smoldering with resentment. He was like a little animal; he grabbed food from the others—when they hit, he bit. "Give him a toy," Fleeson suggested. The toy was a mechanical windup frog. Trigger flung it at Fleeson's head. They went through a week of this until Fleeson was ready to get rid of him, thinking he was of absolutely no value. One of the boys, however, had gone out and stolen a chemistry set that Trigger had asked for. For a while this kept him quiet; he went off in a corner and played with the chemistry set. About the same time Fleeson was discussing with Ronald a job that required blowing up a safe to destroy some documents pertaining to Dawkins. Ronald didn't know anything about explosives, and none of his other boys did, either. Trigger emerged from his corner. "Use this," he said and put an object in Fleeson's hand.

The object was the toy frog he had thrown at his head a week ago.

Now Fleeson was no longer small-time. It gave him a feeling of power to know he could affect the destiny of a Central American country from this building, whose blighted exterior was so deceptive. Nothing seemed impossible. He was letting his imagination run away with him. But was it really so farfetched, considering what he had at his disposal?

> "My boys are ruthless. They will go anywheres and do any*sing*. They know how to obey orders. You think my boys are amateurs," Fleeson said.

Deep down Fleeson harbored a grudge against New York. He had taken a lot of shit. Now he wanted revenge; he could bring this city to its knees. Look what had happened last summer during the blackout. Chaos. His boys were deadlier than a blackout.

Every year *New York* magazine ran a story on the most powerful and influential men who controlled the city. The list included people like the mayor, the governor ... bankers, advisers to municipal unions, campaign managers, political insiders, etc. Fleeson knew he would never make that list. Still he lived in the profound and secret hope that his time had come.

Only where ... he muttered, he cursed, standing at the window and searching the deserted street ... where was his hero? He had sent Trigger to the deli almost an hour ago.

The deli owner, whom his boys called Old Weasel-Face, knew exactly what he wanted. Half a loaf of Italian bread, slit lengthways and filled with ham, cheese, salami, lots of mayo ... pickles ... Thinking of pickles, Fleeson grew breathless with hunger. But even if there had been other customers ahead of Trigger, the sandwich wouldn't have taken this long to make.

Suddenly, Fleeson realized the certainty of what he feared. Trigger wasn't coming back. The thought was like a physical blow. He saw his big mistake. You couldn't apply a formula. The formula that worked for 12 boys would create a disaster with the thirteenth. Ronald and Raymond and the others were tough kids. They could take a punch in the face. But Trigger was a sensitive boy. Hadn't he destroyed his entire family in an infantile rage?

During the public debate over the Vietnam War Fleeson had heard a lot about the domino theory. He understood now what it meant: a series of accumulated disasters. He had sent Trigger out to the deli again to get him another hero. He wasn't back yet, and if he didn't come back, there would be no assassination. Mora was scheduled to leave in a day or so, and it was too late to find somebody he could trust to do the job. If Mora wasn't killed, Dawkins would be extradited, and if Dawkins stood trial and went to jail, as he surely would, then Fleeson might as well forget *New York* magazine and go back to peddling porn flicks.

Suddenly, the door to the room opened. "Where have you been!" Fleeson exclaimed.

Trigger entered the room. He was carrying a hero sandwich.

Fleeson shook his head with annoyance. "Why did it take you so long?"

"There were people ahead of me," Trigger said.

"You've got a job to do. You should have forgot the sandwich."

Fleeson didn't really mean it; he was glad to see the sandwich. He held out his hand for it, but Trigger went to the table instead and put it down next to the girlie magazine Ronald had been reading.

Fleeson crossed to the table, without taking much notice of how Trigger skipped away from him. He sat down and removed the sandwich from its paper bag. Crumpling the bag into a little ball, he raised the sandwich, took a bite, and then remembered something.

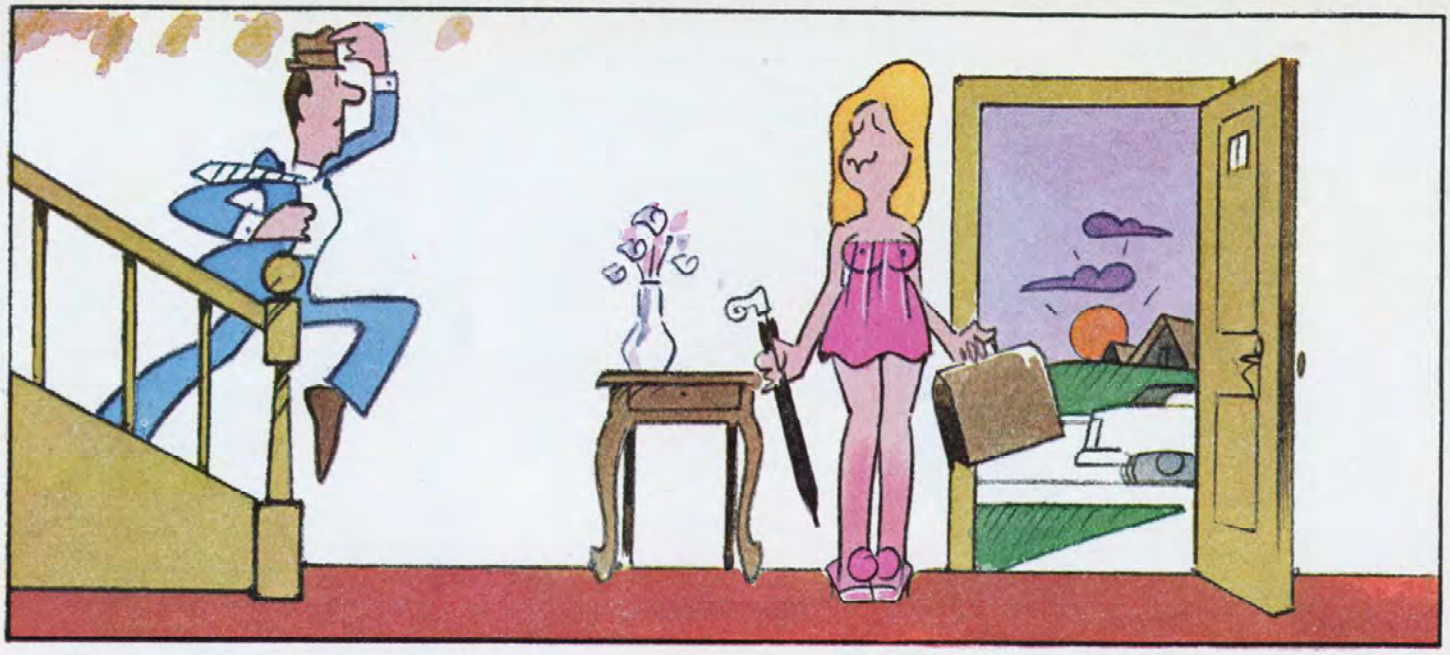
"Change," he said with his mouth full.

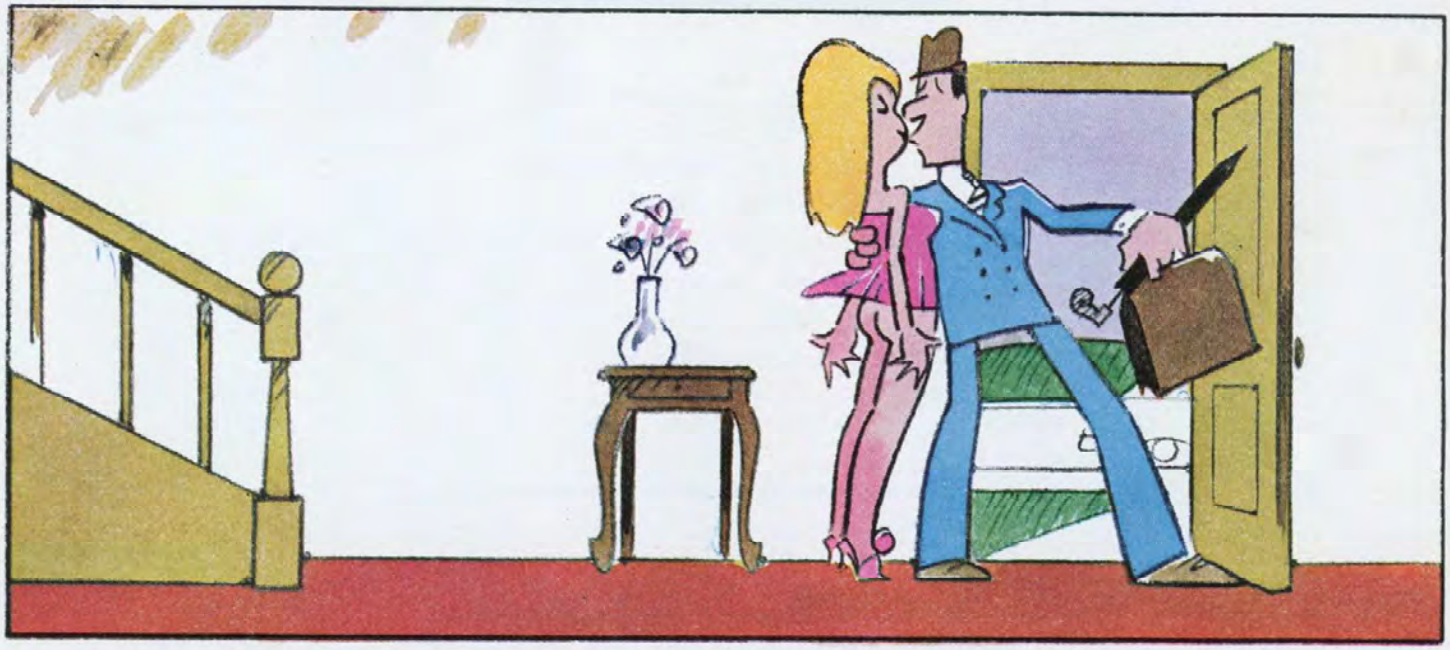
Trigger was standing at the other end of the room, looking as if he had done something bad, and wouldn't come near Fleeson for fear of being punished.

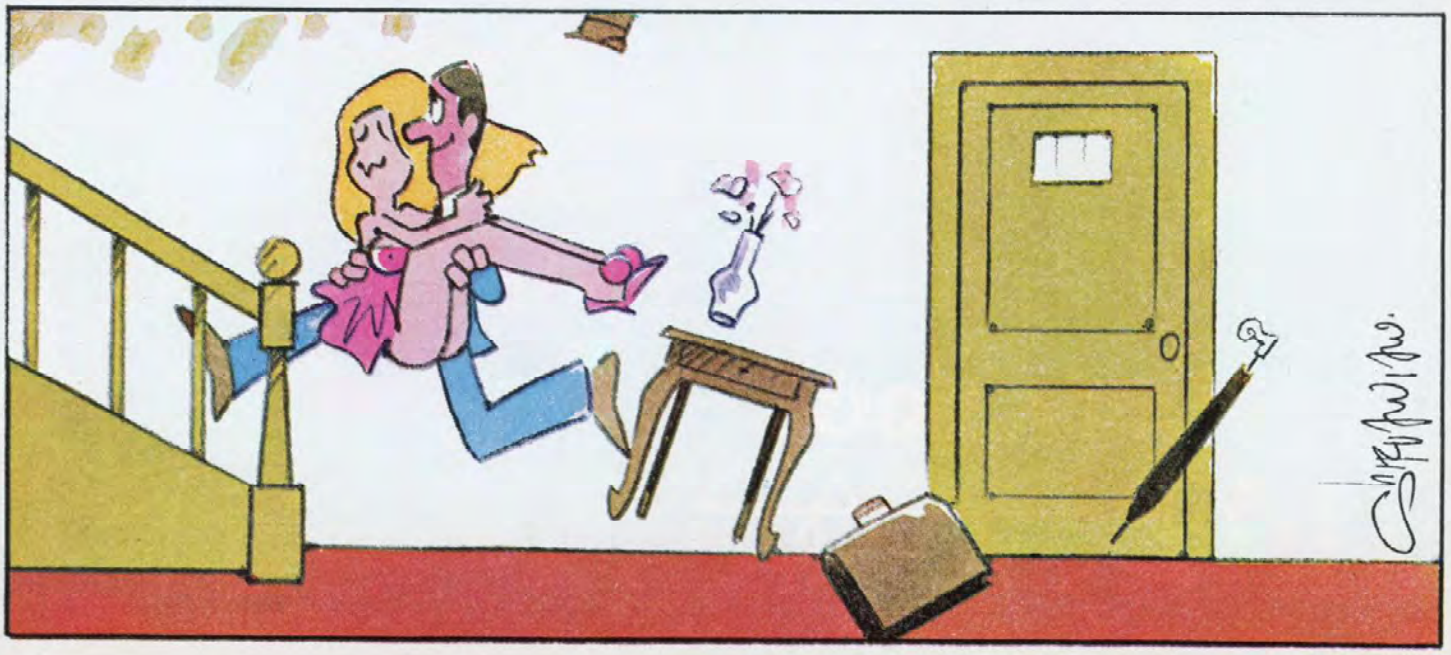
"My change," Fleeson said, chewing to get the words out.

Trigger dug into his blue jeans and found a nickel. He came forward cautiously, slapped it on the table, and backed away. Fleeson scooped up the nickel and went on eating.

"What are you doing standing over there? Come here and tell me how you are going to take care of Mora."







"With a frog."

"I know that. But how?"

Mora had arrived in New York yesterday, and Trigger had gone to the Waldorf, where the president was staying. When he had come back, he had said he knew how he was going to do the job. He hadn't gone into detail, and Fleeson hadn't pressed him. Trigger liked to keep these things to himself. This job was too important, though. Fleeson had to know, now, how it was to be done.

"Are you going to get him at the Waldorf?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Can't get near him."

"Did you try?"

"Sure I tried." Trigger stood in the middle of the room, as solemn as a cigar store Indian. "I waited out front for his car to come up. Then I followed him inside, and he went up in an elevator."

"I went up and hung around outside his room for a while. But one of his men looked out and asked me what I was doing there; so I left."

A man hanging around outside Mora's hotel room might have been asked more than one question. No one ever suspected a little boy with nothing in his pockets except two windup toy frogs. But what good was that going to do if he couldn't get near Mora with the frogs?

Fleeson had gone down to Costa Verde a month or so ago to discuss the job with Dawkins. At first Dawkins had thought Mora didn't stand a chance to win the election. Then, when he saw the writing on the wall, he had acted decisively, as always. With Mora out of the way, he was sure he would be left alone. He had enough money to pay off the right people until he could apply for citizenship. Then no one could extradite him.

"Mora's going to be under tight security," Dawkins had said.

"I've got a boy who's amazing."

"The little bomber?"

"That's the one."

"I'll send Machado up with your first payment after the kidnapping."

Fleeson had snorted. "Machado. That idiot."

Now he didn't feel so cocky. Since his arrival in New York, Mora had been seen everywhere. Yesterday he had given his speech before the U.N., all about the sovereignty of nations, whatever that was. Fleeson didn't give a shit about the sovereignty of nations. It was just a high-class phrase for sticking it to the boss. Then, this morning, Mora had flown to Washington for a meeting with peanut brain. Now he was back, according to radio reports, intending to stay two more days. He had caught on with the press and cut a colorful figure, which made him even harder to get at. Fleeson was beginning to think he had made a mistake; he should have realized the difference between the small-timers Trigger was used to handling and a head of state.

He didn't like the way Trigger was looking at him, either; he was getting the same scowl he had been getting for the last two days.

"Listen, I do not want any more of your sour looks."

"You punched me in the face."

"I will do more than that. Do you realize how much depends on this job?" The question was rhetorical; none of Fleeson's boys knew the reason for the kidnapping or the assassination.

"I don't care."

Fleeson saw red. He started to get up from the table.

Trigger reacted with actual panic. "Don't get up! Don't get up!" he shouted, thrusting his hand out protectively. "I'm just joking!"

Fleeson paused halfway out of his chair.

Trigger grimaced, shaking his head in a way he had seen the other boys do. "Can't you see I'm joking? Sit down. I'm going to do the job," he said very slowly.

> Trigger began to scream. No one heard him above the clap of thunder. They were all looking up at the car coming apart in a burst of flame, with the man and his daughter inside.

Fleeson held the last piece of his hero sandwich. The second he put it in his mouth, chewed and swallowed, Trigger gave one of his rare laughs: short and mirthless.

"Do you have money for the subway?"

Trigger was smiling. "I don't need it." He had the most private smile Fleeson had ever seen, a tiny, imperceptible gloat. "I'm going to take your money."

"What do you mean? I will give you subway fare. Here . . ."

"Don't move!" Trigger shouted, jumping back and thrusting his hand out as he had before.

It was more than a command; it was a cry of alarm. Fleeson, who had been about to rise, froze. The cry had been as riveting as a little boy could make it.

"If you move, you're going to explode."

Fleeson scowled, but something made him remain seated. He had learned to listen carefully whenever Trigger spoke of explosions.

"You punched me in the face."

"Do we have to go through this again?"

"I hate you."

"Fine. Hate me. As long as you do as I say," Fleeson said quickly.

"You're going to die."

"Don't be silly."

"One move and you're dead."

Fleeson tried to make a joke. "What, you're going to throw a bomb at me?"

"No."

"Then stop—"

"You're the one who's got the bomb," Trigger said, "and you don't even know where it is."

Fleeson scowled again but without much conviction. Although it was helpful from time to time to think of Trigger as an ordinary little boy who had a special talent, it was finally difficult not to be aware of how easily this little boy dispensed death. Trigger had concealed bombs on people before. There was the assistant DA who had been trying to make a name for himself by tracing all sorts of things to Dawkins. Trigger had caught him outside Fraunces Tavern and sold him a ballpoint pen for charity. The assistant DA had raised his arm to hail a cab and blown a hole in his heart big enough to stick a fist through.

Fleeson made a mental check of the various items he was carrying on him. His own ballpoint pen, his wallet, the keys to his safe-deposit box. He was sure he was booby-trapped, but only Trigger knew how.

He tried to get tough. "Did you put a bomb on me? Where is it?"

"Guess."

"I don't want any of your games."

"This isn't a game. I'm going to take your money."

"What money?"

"The money downstairs."

Trigger meant the safe-deposit box. It was where Fleeson kept his petty cash. Whenever he gave the boys money to buy food, he usually got it from there. But none of the boys knew what was in the box now: the $50,000 that Machado had given him the other day.

"The box is locked," Fleeson said.

"So what. I'm going to get the key from your pocket, and you can't stop me. Because if you try, you'll be blown to smithereens."

Trigger came toward him. Fleeson didn't move for fear he would end up like the DA.

"Listen, tell me where the bomb is. I promise never to punch you."

"It's too late," Trigger said.

He reached inside Fleeson's jacket pocket and fished out the leather key holder with its two keys. Fleeson felt an impulse to grab him, but he couldn't bring himself to risk it.

"Too late? What you mean too late?"

He saw a tiny fist coming, but he didn't duck. He didn't even flinch. The tiny fist struck him in the face.

"Because it was in your hero sandwich. You swallowed it."

As Trigger retreated out of reach, Fleeson stared at him in disbelief. "You're lying," he said.

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Model C-406
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Model C-988
Underdash Stereo Cassette player with Slide-Bar controls. Auto-Manual cassette eject

Model C-911A
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"No, I'm not."

Trigger was businesslike. Even the punch in the face had been delivered soberly. Fleeson hadn't felt the punch; he was thinking too much of his stomach and its contents.

"In the sandwich? That's impossible."

"It's one of the hubcap bombs; only I made it even smaller. You swallowed it. You're lucky you didn't bite it. It would have blown your head off."

Fleeson remembered swallowing something that had almost stuck in his throat. He had thought it was a pickle. For a moment he was *sure* it was a pickle. If Trigger had told him his wristwatch was set to explode when the little hand reached four, he would have believed him. But a bomb in his stomach ... he wasn't going to sit still for this.

He started to get up and couldn't do it. His body knew something his head was unwilling to admit. He commanded his body to rise, but it wouldn't obey, and in that second of hesitation doubt entered his mind, and he was transfixed.

Suddenly, the simple act of breathing seemed violent.

The other boys were always fooling around, but Trigger had no sense of humor. If this was a joke, he had played it very convincingly, standing in the middle of the room and not coming near Fleeson except to get the keys.

Get up, Fleeson told himself. Don't be a fool. For the life of him he couldn't persuade his body to perform.

"I made it the other day," Trigger said. "I've been waiting for you to send me out to get your sandwich. You kept sending Raymond. If you move too quick or bump against something, it'll go off."

"I don't believe you."

"Go ahead and see. But I'm getting out of here first." Trigger went to the freight elevator.

"Where are you going?"

He stopped and looked at Fleeson: a little man going off to earn his bread and butter. "I told you. I'm going to get your money. There's nothing you can do about it. You've got to sit there and wait till it comes out."

"You can't do this to me!"

Fleeson was wild. He wanted to get his hands on Trigger, but he believed what he was saying—one bump and it would be over. Trigger got into the elevator and closed the heavy door. With a throbbing hum the elevator started.

Fleeson heard it stop at the third floor. Then there was a silence, so complete that a fly buzzing and ticking against the window panes sounded like a buzz saw.

Fleeson couldn't hear anything below, but he knew what was happening. Trigger was getting out of the elevator and going into the office. There were two keys: one for the desk drawer, the other for the safe-deposit box. In his grim little man's way he would take out the box and unlock it with the tiny, silver key. The knowledge of what he would find when he lifted the lid almost made Fleeson stand up. The farther Trigger got from him and the closer to the $50,000, the more he was inclined to believe there was no bomb in his stomach. How could he have swallowed a bomb? The little bastard was lying. He better get downstairs. But the moment he imagined himself rushing down to stop Trigger, he had a vision of the explosion that would rend him.

Trigger called them hubcap bombs because he stuck them on the hubcaps of automobile tires. Once Fleeson had seen a demonstration. It involved a bookie who had failed to pay the interest on a loan and had to be taught a lesson. Out of curiosity Fleeson accompanied Trigger to a neighborhood in Brooklyn. There he watched him run past the bookie's parked Chevy Camaro, squat beside the car's right-front hubcap, slap the bomb on, and run off. Together they waited across the street. The bookie came out of the stationery store that was the front for his operation, got in his car, and drove off. The Camaro was almost out of sight, going 30 or 40, when it hit a pothole. What was left of it after the explosion flipped over and burst into flames. The lesson had been taught.

> Machado looked at Trigger as he would at a scorpion before putting his shoe on it, and he thought a single word, *Coño*. This boy was crazy ... a little demon.

For the first time in his life Fleeson thought of himself as a Chevy Camaro. Before, he had seen only dominoes. Now the world was full of potholes.

Just then the fly left the window and entered the room. He could hear it going round and round, ticking against the walls and ceiling. All at once it was circling his head, and Fleeson was afraid. He wiggled his head to get rid of it, but the fly wasn't impressed. Without warning it was in his right ear, and the ear was filled with a malicious drilling. He let out a scream. The fly was gone, back at the window: buzz, tick, tick, buzz, tick, tick. Then he heard the elevator again and he froze, listening. It sounded like it was coming back up instead of going down. He edged his head around and stared at the closed door as if it were a tombstone.

The elevator's hum ceased with an audible jolt. The door opened, revealing Trigger, standing with two handfuls of money. He offered his rare, tiny grin.

"Look what I found."

He stood grinning at Fleeson from inside the elevator, in his blue jeans and sneakers and windbreaker, his yellow hair looking, as Fleeson sometimes said jokingly, as if it had been cut with a nail clippers. His Big Mac T-shirt was faded by repeated launderings at the Chink's; so it was even harder to decipher the jingle with its words run together:

Twoallbeefpatties
specialsaucelettuce
cheesepicklesonions
onasesameseedbun.

It was a warm day for a windbreaker, but this was Trigger's uniform; it had two pockets to put his frogs in.

"You had a lot of money," he said. "More than I thought."

Fleeson sat with his hand on the butt of his .38, knowing he was going to have to shoot him. The trouble was he couldn't move fast without risking an explosion. He had to take him by surprise.

"I don't care. You can have it. I've always given you money."

"Not this much."

"But those are thousand-dollar bills. You can't go to McDonald's and buy a Big Mac with a thousand-dollar bill. You'll get arrested."

Trigger's grin vanished, and Fleeson tightened his grip on his .38.

"Who's going to give you jobs? I thought you liked to do jobs."

"I do. I'm going downstairs and get two frogs. I'm going to kill Mora with one, and if anyone tries to arrest me, I'll get them with the other."

"But what then? Who's going to take care of you?"

Trigger looked worried, but the worry didn't last. He gave his mirthless cackle and held up the money.

"I've got this."

He started to stuff the bills in his pockets, and Fleeson eased his .38 from its shoulder holster. It was almost out when Trigger finally got the bills put away and reached to close the elevator door.

"So long," he said.

Suddenly, seeing the .38 emerge from under Fleeson's jacket, he gave a gasp and dashed out of the elevator. Fleeson fired, holding his breath in agonized expectation that the revolver's recoil would set off the bomb inside him. There was a loud bang, and he knew instantly he had missed. The elevator was empty, and Trigger was already across the room and out the door.

Before he realized what he was doing, Fleeson was on his feet. For a second he stood, amazed to find himself standing and still intact. "Stop!" he shouted and took a single, tentative step. "Stop!" He took another step, then two more. As he reached the hall, he saw Trigger halfway down the stairs.

The boy glanced around, startled. "Be

careful! Be very, very careful!" he said.

Fleeson raised his .38. "Stop, or I'll shoot!"

Trigger kept going, and Fleeson fired, holding his breath. An explosion filled the hallway. It reverberated between the walls, washing about Fleeson's head and causing his ears to ring. But it wasn't his explosion. It was the .38's, and as he let his breath out, Trigger was toppling downward, falling in a chaotic, clattering somersault until he hit the bottom and lay still.

"I told you," Fleeson said. "You little bastard. I told you I would shoot you."

He felt a distinct regret and immediately understood why. With Trigger dead, he would have to find somebody else to kill Mora. But what else could he have done? He couldn't let Trigger take his money. Worry gnawed at him an instant before he permitted himself a fatalistic shrug. Well, perhaps he could get one of the other boys to do the job, using one of Trigger's frogs.

He was still worried about the bomb, even though with each passing moment, each new venture into movement, he became surer it didn't exist. All the same he intended to exercise caution. He would go down and sit on the toilet and wait until he knew for sure that nothing was in his digestive tract that didn't belong there. It would be an inconvenience, but he had to be safe. When the boys got back, he would call Raymond in and ask him if he could handle Mora.

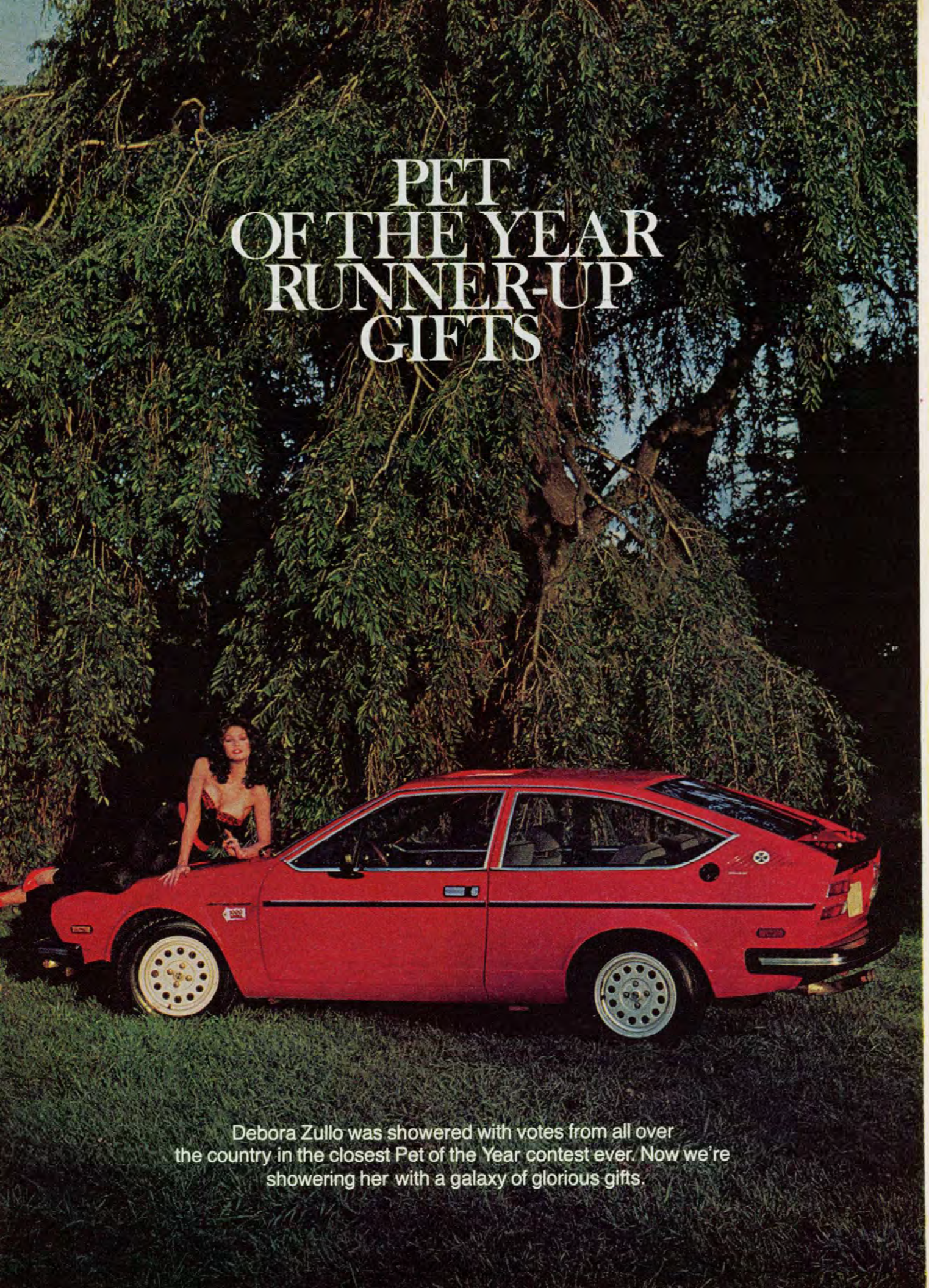
Having spent the last 10 or 15 minutes under a death sentence, Fleeson felt miraculously reprieved. He returned his .38 to its holster and started to descend, gripping the banister to steady himself. Trigger's corpse lay facedown. Fleeson would get the boys to dispose of it. He was a third of the way down, taking each step one at a time, when the corpse of the young boy came to life. It sprang straight up without warning, its arms raised triumphantly.

"You missed!" Trigger shouted and darted away.

Fleeson was so startled that his foot missed the next step, and he stumbled. He began to tumble downward out of control, but in a way this was a good thing. After the first few steps, with his body bumped and jarred all the way, he knew that nothing was going to happen. A great weight was lifted from his mind. There was no bomb; it had been a trick after all. He would live many, many prosperous years, and life would go on forever and ever.

As he hit the bottom, there was a welling in his stomach like a cataclysmic belch. It rose with a deafening roar, constricting his throat and driving his teeth into the top of his skull.

In the split second of consciousness remaining to him Paul Fleeson realized that his celebration, as well as all his hopes and dreams for the future, had been premature. O+



Debora Zullo was showered with votes from all over the country in the closest Pet of the Year contest ever. Now we're showering her with a galaxy of glorious gifts.

David Hedrich

David Hedrich

Photograph by Ray Garcia; Pants by Sasson; top and accessories by Fiorucci, New York City.

Our lucky Pet of the Year Runner-Up Debora Zullo, is blessed not only with beauty and charm but also with a dazzling array of gifts. (opposite page) Debora holds the keys to her new ALFA ROMEO MILLE MIGLIA, one of 500 special GT Sprint Veloce models being built to commemorate the famous 1,000-mile races that ran through the streets of Italy every year between 1927 and 1957. This high-performance fastback coupé features a two-liter, all-aluminum, overhead-cam engine, a five-speed gear box, all-independent suspension, four-wheel-power disc brakes, and a variety of exclusive Mille Miglia options. From Alfa Romeo, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. (this page, top photo, clockwise) These gifts of home entertainment are a fitting reward for one of the most entertaining women in the world. The SANSUI G 4700 receiver delivers 50 watts per channel and has digitally quartz-locked tuning. The KOSS CM-530 loudspeakers provide depth and clarity with low distortion. The PANASONIC TR-4000 television has an FM radio and a cassette player. The ONKYO CP-1020F is a fully automatic turntable. A television, an AM/FM radio, and a cassette player are included in SHARP's Tri-Mate 3M 79. Our busy Runner-Up will be scooting about on her NEGRINI MX sport moped, but she'll keep in touch with her COBRA 142GTL portable phone. (lower left, clockwise) We'll be gilding the lily by adorning Debora with VIVA lingerie, LANCOME makeup, and gold jewelry from LIGHTNING BOLT. Debora's spent enough time on the other side of the lens to earn her a VIVITAR XV-3 camera, with a 70-150 f/3.8 "one touch" zoom lens and automatic winder. During the day she'll trip about in her XAVIER DANAUD shoes, and at night she'll snuggle into her red-satin, goose-down quilt from PUROFIED DOWN. Debora will also receive acting lessons from the NEW YORK ACADEMY OF THEATRICAL ARTS. (lower right) She will soon be flying away on AMERICAN AIRLINES for an all-expense-paid vacation at the CONCORDE HOTEL in Aruba, where our golden girl can relax after all the excitement of being chosen Pet of the Year Runner-Up.

VILAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

or writing, it's like asking, 'Whom do you like more, your mother or your father?' It's a question of what you feel, and sometimes this isn't so crystal clear."

The divided commitment of the man, Vilas, is what drives his coach, Ion Tiriac, crazy.

Once, not too long ago, Vilas was floundering on the tennis circuit, a shy, self-absorbed, and withdrawn young Argentine aristocrat. At home in Buenos Aires, he was known as "the bull of the Pampas" because of his superb strength, and he became famous for playing brilliant tennis but choking at the crunch. In 1975 he lost to Orantes in the semifinals at Forest Hills after having led with five match points; in 1976 he also lost in the semifinals, this time to Connors. It was both an embarrassment and a frustration that he couldn't pull it together.

And then along came Tiriac, the intense Romanian.

It was 1976. By the end of 1977, when Vilas astonished the world with his winning streak, the strange Svengali-like relationship between coach and player, teacher and pupil, had become legitimized. In fact, it had become something more—a tennis legend and, in some circles, even a tennis joke.

But there's nothing funny about it. It's Tiriac's job to manage Vilas's business affairs, to arrange his practice, to drive him as a player. Most important of all, Tiriac must keep Vilas's poetic instincts in check and his killer instincts alive.

At first glance coach and player seem as different as David and Goliath. Tiriac is big and burly, with a presence as dark and ominous as Vilas's is angelic and soulful. Together, the two are like the angels of Night and Day, Evil and Good; Central Casting couldn't have done a better job. Indisputably, Tiriac, at six-foot-two with a mass of dark, tight curls and a furious mutton-chop mustache straight out of the prop room of *East Lynne*, has a presence at least as splendid as that of Vilas but more menacing and sexual. His rather delicately gnarled nose juts out from above the mustache, and smokey gray eyes, which rarely look at you, burn a hole when they do. It lends the impression of a Gothic villain, at best, and in part because he hails from Braşov, not far from Transylvania, Tiriac has been appropriately dubbed "Count Dracula" on the tennis circuit.

Tiriac is a genuine character. He works his appearance like a good comic works a room at a club, using it to bully, cajole, manipulate, and, especially, to intimidate into acquiescence. He has been known to eat glass as a party trick, and once in the middle of a hockey match, he pulled a painful tooth out of his mouth with his bare hands. But he's a shrewd and perceptive tennis strategist, a tough negotiator, and he has taught himself six languages.

Beneath Tiriac's ferocious exterior lies, if not a heart of gold, then at least one that resonates with concern and perhaps even good humor. At times, it's rumored, he has been known to smile in public. During a match late in this tournament, he is sitting at the sidelines, watching Vilas play and laughing with what for him is wild abandon. When queried about it later, Tiriac explains it away wryly. "Disaster." He shakes his furry head. "Utter disaster."

"Tiriac and I have a relationship in many areas," Vilas explains. "First, we are friends, and that's most important. Then he's my coach and manager. On the court we are like two animals or two machines. Off the court we are completely opposite persons. He likes the mountains; I like the sea. He loves the snow, and I can't stand it. He likes to wake up early, and I like to wake up late. We are very different, but he can put things in their place in my life. I don't want to be in meetings, discussing contracts; or sometimes, for instance, it's difficult for me to say no. Tiriac does these things for me."

> Some say that Tiriac is really Vilas's Rasputin, his Svengali. "I think it's more a kind of slave-to-slave relationship," says the Romanian coach.

Tiriac also drives Vilas to his limits. Once, in Australia, when the two began working together, Tiriac tested those limits by playing mean tennis with Vilas for eight grueling hours. "During the changes we had hamburgers. Otherwise, we played without interruption until it got dark," Vilas recalls. Because the two men are so bound to each other and because Tiriac acts as mentor, teacher, father, brother, and friend, they tend to stick together, a self-sufficient unit, distant and aloof, luxuriously uninvolved in a way that the other men on tour can't afford. Still, even their interdependence has its perimeters. "Whenever possible, we ask for rooms on separate floors," Vilas says. "Ion can't stand the loud music coming from *my* room, and *I* can't stand the phones ringing constantly, night and day, in his. So it's better this way, on separate floors."

Between matches one afternoon in his Birmingham hotel room, Tiriac talks about the complicated tensions of his relationship with Vilas. "He is a very special type of person, very sensitive," Tiriac proceeds carefully. "He has to get involved one hundred percent in one activity to be the very best. Moreover, after a forty-five-day break last year, I needed something like five months to put him at the acceptable, normal level of a tennis player again. Therefore, when we speak about his writing, we speak also about his concentration. Now I do think that his writing is taking something away from his tennis, but it's Vilas's own life, and he makes the decisions. Still, it's much more difficult for him than for others to concentrate on his practice and his matches. Of course, my understanding with Vilas regarding his writing and tennis is very clear—for the period of a big tournament like the French Open or Wimbledon, he is *not* supposed to write. I mean, he is mature enough to realize that the writing takes him away from his goals, and he respects this request."

Tiriac walks with his feet on the ground. He is a man who has no time for poetry, least of all Vilas's. "About his poetry the only thing I can say is that it makes much more sense to me in Spanish than it makes in English," he muses in a surprising tenor flecked with a Carpathian accent. "I am not an admirer of the free verse, and I am not a judge, you know. Even if personally I like some aspects of Vilas's writing, I would have to go for opinions more sophisticated than mine and more direct and realistic. People say he has talent, and so I have to accept it." Tiriac is silent for a moment, thoughtful. "You see, it's not my right to take him away from such an activity where he might do something even better than tennis."

Flashback: September 1978

The press room at Flushing Meadows Tennis Stadium.

Vilas, defending his U.S. Open title, has just been upset by Butch Walts, an unseeded, unknown player, in an early round. The match itself was an extraordinary exhibition of gamesmanship, but Vilas has been trounced by the six-foot-four Walts's cannonball serve (all the while Walts's father was busy in the players' box, harassing Tiriac for "coaching" from the sidelines). Now both winner and loser attend to the task of answering queries from the press. Walts, considering his victory, appears the typical tongue-tied athlete. Vilas is an example of grace under pressure, exhibiting just the right degree of embarrassment, self-chastisement, and sportsmanlike acknowledgment of Walts's strengths.

When someone suggests that Vilas's game has suffered from his various distractions—not only his writing but also a role in Robert Evans's recent and disastrous tennis movie, *Players*—Vilas categorically denies it. Still, the ups and downs of his game *do* make him seem a player so easily distracted, so sensitive to external pressures, however slight they

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may be, that this is beginning to sound very much like the story of the prince and the pea.

A few weeks later

Vilas flies into New York from Virginia Beach to do a segment on the now defunct "People" television show. It's 8:00 A.M. Wearing a short-sleeved, striped shirt and jeans, he walks up the ramp from his Piedmont flight, carrying half a dozen tennis rackets—incognito he's not—and an expression of vague annoyance.

As the limousine whisks us to the Manhattan music studio The Record Plant, where part of this segment will be taped, the "People" staffer who provides escort cajoles and handles Vilas with kid gloves. Weeks of negotiations on a date, place, and agreeable location have been arduous, a surprising series of manipulations and changes of plans by Vilas and Tiriac. For one, a week before the planned shoot (locations have been scouted, crews booked, and plans locked in), Vilas insists on changing the shoot from the Woodstock locale he had originally suggested. For another, he and Tiriac inexplicably keep pushing the involvement of a certain West Coast record producer with whom, it later turns out, they're anxious to make a record deal.

But the most recent and serious of these manipulations includes the fact that on the day before the shoot, Tiriac sends word that Vilas won't arrive until the next morning. Since the talent call will be for 8:30 A.M., this piece of news does not go down well at the "People" production office, and rightly so. Not even God depends on plane schedules. But the ball is definitely in the players' court; they do as they please. Worst of all, when our Byronic hero lands, he wears the petulance of a pampered child. Example of early-morning limousine conversation:

People: "Guillermo, I hear you're writing a novel."
Vilas: "Yes. It's finished. It's quite long."
People: "How long?"
Vilas: "Two thousand pages."
People: "Ah. Novels are rarely that long these days. You may have to cut it."
Vilas (sullen): "I don't care. I'm rich. I can do what I want."
(*Silence*).

Are these the words of a poet? The hallmark of a sensitive soul?

The shoot proceeds from here, exacerbated by Guillermo's exhaustion and incommunicativeness. A further problem is that Vilas, because he travels in a jock world, has a perhaps too holy respect for the arts, for the artistic process, and for all who consider themselves artists. At The Record Plant in September, the concept, suggested enthusiastically by Vilas himself, meant to show him collaborating with studio musicians who are playing their version of his song "Children of the Bells." However, when push comes to shove, Guillermo Vilas in the studio is a far cry from Vilas in a personal discussion. At the crunch he is ill at ease, shy, uncomfortable.

"Walk around," segment producer Susan Solomon begs Vilas. "Comment about the lyrics, explain how you frame a note. Hum a bar, anything."

Vilas sits on his stool, his hands tapping out the rhythm of the tune as the musicians run through it. Solomon pleads, but Vilas is adamant. He refuses to move or to talk when they're playing. When he finally explains why, it's a complicated tract regarding his respect for the musicians' moments. To Vilas's mind, crossing an artist in performance is treason. Of no consequence is the fact that it's *his* performance, *his* segment, and right now it's going down the toilet. When the video camera finally rolls and the musicians hum, producer Solomon nudges Vilas off his butt, removes the stool, and sends him afloat and self-conscious into this sea of studio *artistes*.

At day's end Guillermo and Tiriac, who has arrived at noon, sit in the limo, thumbing through little black books, exchanging women's phone numbers. "Betty Lou, Betty Lou, where are you?" Guillermo murmurs as though he's reciting a line in a movie.

By now the twosome has alienated the entire "People" staff, the crew, and the musicians. The modus operandi is to treat everyone, including the *artistes*, the way feudal lords treated the serfs. As one baffled musician later mutters, "The cat seemed okay at first. But, man, he was rude! Not even a fuckin' thank-you to us. Nothing."

Self-involvement, yes. Lack of interest, yes. But more. The prince, it seems, expects to be waited on hand and foot.

But then he grew up the indulged prince. Right from the beginning.

For Vilas enjoyed a patrician childhood. His father, a lawyer, was president of the tennis club in Mar del Plata, the seaside resort where Guillermo and his younger sister, Marcella, spent their youth. Vilas recalls that he first got involved with tennis as a boy because "it was a rainy season, and so I couldn't ride my bicycle or my horse; I couldn't play soccer; so I started playing tennis. And I started liking it. I was perhaps six years old. Then, when I was nine, I started playing with a coach."

When Vilas was 18 and had finished his first year at the university in Buenos Aires, his parents separated. Today he speaks of their separation with the same kind of aphoristic wisdom—some might translate this as clichéd thinking—that he applies to his tennis, his writing, his life. "Even if there's no love anymore, there should at least be no hate," he says. "And, after all, when you are free to get together, you are also free to get separated." Now his father lives in Buenos Aires, and his mother occupies one of Guillermo's apartments in a resort area of Uruguay. Vilas and Tiriac both have apartments in

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Buenos Aires and homes in Paris; they make Monte Carlo their permanent residence, presumably for tax purposes.

But Vilas is tied to Argentina not only because it's the home of his childhood and of his parents, but also because it's where his heart is. That is, the friends closest to him, friends from his school days and the year he spent at law school. He has a secretive, almost mystical relationship with them to the point of even refusing to divulge their identities. "For me, friendship is special. I expect everything from my friends, everything, and I want my friends to expect everything from me. I know they are going to give their right arms for me. That's a friend, and there are very few like that."

Among Vilas's friends are Argentine rock star Arturo Spinetta, with whom he has collaborated on numerous songs and hopes to do an album for Columbia records this winter. And Tiriac is his friend as well as his teacher. Yet there seems to be a quality of aloneness about Vilas. Most players who've traveled the tennis circuit with him and who've logged extensive hours of shared experiences and professional intimacies agree that it's simply impossible to get close to him. "Nobody really knows him," British player Buster Mottram observes dryly. "He's a loner," referee Frank Hammond asserts.

Vilas himself seems utterly fascinated by his own mystique. "I'm very complex," he says. "Only those who live near me on a day-to-day basis can know me at all. I have very few friends and few friends among tennis players. In some way you see yourself in your friends, whether they are some part of what you *are* or what you want to be. It's important for me to have friends I can share ideas with. I don't want hopeless conversations. I prefer to be alone."

Or with his girl friend. Vilas counts Gabriela Blondeau, now 17, among those closest to him. Vilas has known her since she was 12, and he has been dating her since she was 15. Gabriela, who has just finished high school, is studying the history of art, decorating, ceramics, and pottery. When they've time, the two go on holiday together.

When asked whether he feels like a teacher to someone so young, Vilas responds vehemently. "No. No, no, no. I'd hate to be a teacher. Once there's a teacher-pupil relationship, there's a kind of dependence; she becomes dependent on me. And then I teach somebody the way I want that person to be, right? But I don't think you can change people; when you change them, they're not themselves. Instead, Gabriela and I, as we are, complement each other. We like the same things, to some extent. She likes to go to concerts and to dance, but she hates to dance to stupid music. She only likes to go to cinema to see deep movies. We share a fondness for the same kinds of books: Herman Hesse, Nietzsche, Neruda, Rimbaud." So far this list is quite intellectually respectable, but then Vilas adds to it Khalil Gibran, the saccharine prophet of adolescence, the Eastern Rod McKuen. Gibran is, in fact, one of Vilas's *very* favorite authors, one he quotes extensively. "You know," he offers admiringly, "Gibran said something fantastic in *The Prophet*, which I think is one of the greatest books ever written. He said, 'To be generous is not to give what the other person needs. . . . It's to give what you love.' That's an unbelievably deep thought."

In matters of generosity, however, Vilas is much more likely to speak of material generosity. "For me it's easy to give a hundred dollars to a poor man, because I have the money and it won't hurt me. But I couldn't give him my best pullover or my best racket. I judge myself harshly perhaps, but that means I'm selfish. In the same way, to be generous with Gabriela, for instance, is like being generous to myself; it's not difficult. What *is* difficult is to give to *anybody*. That's a very tricky thing." He says this as though standing on street corners, handing out his favorite rackets, would be a charitable act tantamount to joining a monastery.

> Discontent seems to fuel Vilas. "There's no real pleasure in winning," Vilas says. "How can you feel pleasure if you have the possibility of failing?"

It's no surprise that Vilas, who was brought up Catholic, considers himself religious. "It's not a formal thing. However, I feel God near, and I think about it all the time," he says.

For a long period Vilas was very involved with the idea of death, writing about it frequently. "Death is a great thing for a poem," he explains. "Also, journalists like to write about my fascination with it. Because of death, nothing is stable. Yet I'm not afraid of death. How can I be afraid of something that I know is going to happen?"

Three poems by Guillermo Vilas:

Routine

The day came.
The night went.
The day came again.
The night left again.
The day comes.
The night leaves.
The lights again.
The shadows afterwards.
Lovely routine of life—
that goes so quickly!

To Life and Death

And, what is your guilt death
Since you are merely a moment
Only life saddens me
My eternal companion
Since I must leave it to chance
When I pass in to your turf.
It saddens me to go with you
To your hearth, as your lover,
But I will stay only a moment
As to leave without witnesses,
Without my life and my death,
Alone, as I was born.

One

I heard about you.
I wanted to know you.
It was impossible.
We are two.

The poems illustrate how earnest and naked Vilas stands in his commitment to poetry. Still, commitment alone cannot dignify a poem, and an inescapable fact is that Vilas's works, with their greeting-card sentimentality, read very much like high-school haiku. In all fairness, the poems may lose something in translation from the original Spanish. But this year Guillermo, after dissatisfaction with various translations, feels sufficiently at home with English to have begun the task of translating his works himself.

As with tennis, Vilas's dedication to his poetry reveals a bullish persistence. His first book of poems, which he mysteriously called *125* (he would not reveal the meaning of the title), was ravaged by the critics after Vilas himself paid to ensure its initial paperback publication in 1975. Jorge Luis Borges, the greatest of Argentina's literary figures, who is now 79 and blind, commented ironically when asked what he thought of it: "Just imagine me playing tennis."

Vilas, in defense of his earlier statement "*I'm rich. I can do what I want*," in fact explains himself carefully now. "I'm not a guy who writes to make money; that's what I meant," he says. "It's like tennis. You play the tournaments to be known and have the confidence to be at the top. The money comes as a compliment. In the same way, I don't have to write simply for the money, simply to make a best-seller." Yet if Vilas didn't value an audience, he never would have paid to have *125* printed in the first place, nor would he have allowed a major Argentine publishing house to pick it up when the book began to do well.

As for his novel, he admits, "Actually, I've cut it drastically in the past six months—from 2,000 to 200 pages—and now I'm working on expanding it again. I'm not going to publish it until it's ready."

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Birmingham, the first night

They walk between the Civic Center and the motel. It's late, 1:30 A.M., and it's drizzling ice in a way you wouldn't expect of an Alabama night. But spirits are up. Tonight they're all winners—Vilas, Vitas Gerulaitis, and even Tiriac, who has partnered Vilas in a winning doubles match.

Since he has reached the upper strata of tennis, Gerulaitis has made a hobby out of car collecting—Rolls-Royces, to be more accurate—and now he and Guillermo are shooting the breeze, musing about the efficacy of Guillermo's buying an antique Rolls for about 55,000 Australian pounds, part of the prize money he earned as winner of the Australian Open early last January.

"Fifty-five thousand pounds, that's eighteen thousand dollars," Tiriac calculates aloud.

"Guillermo, don't buy an antique car; I'm telling you," Vitas warns him. "The upkeep is murder."

"But I don't like new things. I like old," Guillermo retorts.

"It's gonna be in repair all the time," Vitas repeats. "I'm telling you; I'm telling you."

"I've solved my problem. I keep my Mercedes at my Mercedes dealer in Paris," Tiriac brags jovially. "Then when I need it and I've time for it, it's always ready." Like a well-trained athlete.

They hit the motel and head for the Billy Bowlegs Bar. But it's closed up like a bank vault. However, a sweet little waitress with pale curls pours Cokes, the only liquid available; Guillermo glances flirtatiously at her and then, when he gets no response, turns to Vitas, one of the few tennis players with whom he enjoys chatting. Now, as Tiriac takes orders for steaks, which he will pick up from the one late-night restaurant open in town, Vitas and Vilas sit on the rattan barstools in the forlorn little room and discuss a tennis documentary they have in their heads.

"Hey, let's do it this way," Vitas says. "You're walking from the net after a point, and you're thinking to yourself out loud, on the sound track, 'Hey, who's the chick in the fourth row with the big tits?'"

Vilas laughs shyly. He likes that one. "Yeah," he agrees, "who's the girl in the fourth row with the long hair and the big—yeah, yeah, that's great."

Even before Tiriac returns with the eats, the party disperses. After all, it's close to 2:00 A.M., and Vilas, for his part, has been up practicing since early morning.

So much for the glory of life on the road.

"It's a shitty life, life on the road," Tiriac scowls the next afternoon on the way to the stadium. The Birmingham Hyatt House has no telex machine, and this has put Tiriac into something of a snit. Furthermore, telephone messages don't seem to be delivered until days later. What these motel people don't understand is that tennis is a business, a great big corporate business. "I get calls from Monte Carlo, my office in Buenos Aires, Paris; various tournaments require immediate responses, but how can I respond if I don't get the message?" As we walk through the new day's fine rain, his logic is impeccable.

It's two o'clock, and Vilas has already breakfasted and spent the morning practicing. The amount of practice time he logs is already legend among the players, since a six-to-eight-hour day on court is not unusual for him. And that's *prior* to a match.

"The man never gets tired," offers Buster Mottram, the 24-year-old Britisher on the men's tour. "His pulse rate is probably like Borg's, around thirty. He's got a great competitive attitude and is very tiring to play against with his excessive top spin. I mean, nobody plays or practices the amount that Vilas does, not Borg, not Connors. Just Vilas."

As Tiriac explains, "Guillermo has a large capacity for work, and because his natural ability is *not* one of his best qualities, he *needs* to work; he needs to compensate through mechanical routines and technical maneuvers. Which is why it takes him so long to adjust after being away from the game for a while."

An interesting contradiction about Vilas, then, is his relentless commitment, sticking to what doesn't come easy. For if it's true that when the chips are down, he doesn't have that killer instinct required to finish off an opponent, then it's also true that by dint of sheer will and persistence he has forged a brilliant career, honing his abilities and techniques from raw material more substantial than that of some but less than that of others.

Frank Hammond, one of the game's most well respected referees, explains Vilas this way: "Vilas has always been a brilliant player, but he's unbelievably tense. In other words, people walking around will upset him. Or when a linesman changes a call. Being from the old school, he can't understand why it should be changed at all. He gets distracted easily."

Indeed, Vilas frequently seems to lack resources on the court, so that when his opponents change strategies, he doesn't seem to be able to rise to adapt to them. For his poor showing these days, he discounts a tonsillectomy this past spring and offers little explanation. On the one hand, he maintains tentatively, "It's not so easy to split one's attention so perfectly." On the other, and more admirably, he seems impatient about blaming the fragility of his game on his concentration. "There are persons who need a lot of concentration to get into things," he says sardonically. "They need to have tennis balls for breakfast and barbecued rackets for lunch, and then they can play tennis. There are others who need only good

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concentration." Obviously, he thinks he belongs in the latter category.

And as for the old he's-so-sensitive-he-can't-hurt-a-fly-and-therefore-has-no-killer-instinct excuse, Vilas wants no part of that one either. "Killer instinct? I don't know what killer instinct is," he deadpans, dropping the ball as though it were a hot potato. "Nobody ever explained it to me."

He may be right. After all, this is tennis, not *Duel in the Sun*.

That afternoon Vilas defeats Buster Mottram, but his game appears slow and leaden. The midday crowd at the Civic Center is sparse, but there are a sufficient number of ardent Vilas fans—clusters of little old ladies with blue hair, gaggles of southern belles, even a trio of eight-year-old girls who storm the players' corridor, seeking autographs—to reassure the Argentine bull that, while his game has fallen, he's still Number One to many.

"Vilas seems like he'd be so sensitive to other people's feelings," a 60-year-old grandmother murmurs from the bleachers.

Typically, Vilas is dispassionate and metaphysical about this subject—sensitivity. "I can feel real pain for the person who's in pain, but I can never feel the pain the person is having. I can have an idea and perhaps try to understand, but how can I know the degree of pain he's feeling? Some people see others crying, and they start to cry themselves; it doesn't mean they have a lot of feelings. Or they say, 'That guy is hard; he never cries.' Maybe he feels more pain than anyone, and the day he drops one little tear, he is crying for the thing he loved most in his life. You just can't compare."

Vilas knows whereof he speaks. He says he has cried twice in his adult life. But he doesn't say what for.

Birmingham, the second night

It is 8:15 P.M. Vilas and Tiriac meet at the motel's fancy rooftop dining room with its panoramic view of Birmingham. Vilas has just washed his hair, and it's falling, wet and curly, to his shoulders. He wears a red-checked shirt and jeans. Tiriac is all dolled up in a gray-flannel suit and tie. The room is dark and candlelit.

Here, as elsewhere, Tiriac runs the show. As they read the menu, Vilas looks to his coach to confirm his selections. "Steak and lobster combination?" "Too acidic," Tiriac answers firmly. "Veal Oscar with crabmeat?" "Too fatty." "Red snapper?" Tiriac nods assent and then admonishes his charge, "No onions, no potatoes or rice. Order an extra vegetable, Guillermo. And you may have a little wine."

Then Tiriac himself orders, and it's a production unequaled since Flo Ziegfeld produced the *Follies*. He asks for *steak tartare*; since it's not on the menu, he lists each ingredient for the chef to include. Then, when the waiter scoots off with directions for the chef, Tiriac recalls him and insists on having all the ingredients brought to the table untouched—he intends to prepare the dish himself. The Worcestershire sauce, chili, onions, capers, and other ingredients arrive, each in a small, white, fluted porcelain dish; and Tiriac begins chopping and mashing, all the while reporting to Guillermo on a point he'd observed Connors winning from Gerulaitis earlier in the afternoon. "That's chicken shit," Tiriac describes a certain move. "You make chicken salad out of the chicken shit." He adds the onions and folds them into the raw mass on his plate.

At dinner Vilas is quiet and charming, responding to Tiriac's little jokes with a smile or crinkling up his eyes as a response. But his attention span, when he's not at the center of a conversation or when someone else presumes a certain expertise on a subject, has a tendency to be limited. The surprise, however, is Tiriac. Now he's mellow and talkative, with quick retorts for Connors, dining at a nearby table with his fiancée, Patti McGuire, and Nastase, who stops by to chat. When introduced to the *Penthouse* reporter, "Nasty" impishly offers to pull down his pants as a four-color audition. "Don't encourage him, don't!" Tiriac chides watchfully when someone laughs at Nasty's antics. Ion is genuinely relieved that Nasty leaves without having bared any flesh. "Don't print that, please!" he says, turning to the reporter. Surely, his propriety isn't offended; more aptly, he feels the need to protect his vulnerable and childlike Romanian friend.

> "You know," Vilas offers admiringly, "Gibran said something fantastic in *The Prophet*: 'To be generous is to give what you love.' That's an unbelievably deep thought."

Tiriac's a man in an odd situation. Some say he's a has-been who has latched onto a good thing. Still others say Tiriac has destroyed certain aspects of Vilas's game—namely, his serve. Yet others point out that he's the brains behind Vilas, the man whose drive and superb strategy made Vilas a champion in the first place. The hybrid spawned by the combination of Tiriac's cunning, strategic mind and Vilas's well-developed body was thought to be the perfect tennis partnership during their lucky streak, although nobody has bothered to explain why Vilas himself, for all his so-called intellectual agility, seems so helpless on court lately. Furthermore, because of Vilas's haphazard and uneven playing these days, others speculate that Tiriac is losing control of his pupil. Yet perhaps it's not so simple as that. Perhaps it's that Tiriac, who is repping Vilas as poet and musician and merchandising Vilas as Renaissance man, has also divided his attention and responsibility, so that now neither man has so sharp a focus on his primary intent.

Tiriac, for his own part, is patient with Vilas and content with the relationship, which he sees as both a challenge and a vindication: "Vilas has proved that my ability to develop tennis players is a valid one. I'll tell you what's rewarding about our relationship. I could be managing ten players, like Dennis Ralston does, rather than having just one player, who's one of the best in the world and who I'm totally involved with; but this way I have the satisfaction of doing something and then seeing the results of my work. Teaching is a challenge that's always attracted me."

Some, however, say that the teacher has too great a hold over his student, that this is a master-slave relationship. That Tiriac is really Vilas's Rasputin, his Svengali.

"I think it's more a kind of slave-to-slave relationship, because I work in the same manner he does," Tiriac relates soberly. "I practice with him on the court, I work out the business arrangements, I am his manager and adviser."

Despite his own ambivalence regarding Vilas's other careers, Tiriac, who watchdogs the merchandising of Vilas the musician and tennis champ, is emerging as the guardian and agent of his poetic muse as well. And the price has been enormous. "It's been everything; it's been my whole life," Tiriac kvetches in a forthright manner. "What kind of life is this? I'm always traveling, always on the road. I never get to see my kid; he's going to forget he has a father. I only see him in airports these days. Then I'm forty-one now. I'm getting too old to coach *and* manage. It's too much. Yet this is a job I took. I knew the sacrifices when I took it, and I accept them."

The stable center of Vilas's life, Tiriac spends his waking hours arranging Guillermo's future and keeping the poet's head out of the clouds. What is the biggest conflict between the player and his coach, the dreamer and the realist? "Tennis," Tiriac admits quickly. "Tennis. Only tennis."

Birmingham Civic Center, noontime the next day

Manuel Orantes, Brian Gottfried, and Tom Okker are kibitzing with referee Frank Hammond when Vilas and Tiriac walk onto the court. There's only one court here at the Civic Center; consequently, from four to six players pile onto it simultaneously and hit with each other; down in Birmingham this week, that often consti-

tutes "practice."

As Tiriac stalks by, eyes to the ground like a bloodhound, Gottfried kids him. "Good morning. You never say good morning any more."

Deadpan, Tiriac asks, "You playing this tournament?"

Gottfried, who'd lost the day before, answers quickly. "For about an hour."

"Hey, Frankenstein," Tiriac greets Hammond. Vilas just nods; he's not really paying attention. He and Tiriac proceed to the service line to whack the ball alongside Sandy Mayer and Pat DuPre, who are already in action.

Meanwhile, the sideline kibitzing has emerged as a powwow on obscenity. During the past week there've been 13 meetings on how to handle it. Nastase has been fined for calling the linesman "a bastard." Now the group is debating whether or not Connors's putting his racket between his legs the other day was an obscene gesture. Tiriac says yes; Gottfried, no.

"What if you stick your index finger and *not* your middle finger up in the air?" Gottfried calmly asks.

"This finger is the automatic finable finger," someone demonstrates.

"Any finger in the air is finable," says Hammond.

Orantes makes the A-OK sign, linking his thumb and pointer finger in a circle. "How's this?" he asks drolly.

"It's not *any* finger; it's the gesture," Gottfried supports Orantes.

The debate continues, and it sounds like something from *Who's on First?*

"If you drop your racket and kick it, there's no fine," someone clarifies.

"If you fling it, a fine," someone else adds.

This is serious stuff and a far cry from the days when gentlemen wore all white on court, and the etiquette of the game was as important as the game itself. But this is the business of spoiled tennis princes, boys who tend to be sensitive and angry and more volatile than Anna Magnani at her steamiest.

Stan Smith, exceedingly tall, blond, and elegant, arrives in a bright orange "Braniff World Doubles" warm-up jacket. He does 93 jumps with a jump rope and then distantly signs autographs before joining the crowd on court.

Eddie Dibbs, exceedingly short, joins the gang. There's a real camaraderie among the men, real affection, and this despite the fact that in 15 minutes Dibbs and Vilas will be waging battle against each other, fighting for survival into the finals of the Birmingham WCT Tournament.

The match goes terribly. Dibbs takes the first set 6-0. Short Eddie is really "Fast Eddie" or "Scramblin' Eddie." He plays savagely, and his feet seem winged. Vilas, on the other hand, is dying there on court. During the first set he never even gets his game together; he seems rooted to the ground, lost and out of his league.

But then, as the second set begins, Guillermo regains poise. He proceeds to take the next five games and win the set, 6-1. *That's a champion*, being able to recover equilibrium and turn a match around after so humiliating a beginning.

As the third set gets under way, Vilas's second wind quickly disintegrates. Now his concentration is gone. He's edgy, restless, a different person on court—like a man bent on losing. Dibbs takes the set and match with a 6-2 score. (Eight months later, in September of 1979, history would repeat itself with Fast Eddie knocking Vilas out of the U.S. Open prior to the quarterfinals.) Vilas mutters a few words in Spanish, gathers up his jacket and rackets, and is off.

Psychologically, this is an important tournament, the first that Vilas has played on the major circuit in months and the first of the new season. His game has been weak all week long—perhaps because he'd been in Australia, playing on grass for the month prior to his arrival in Birmingham (with its indoor, all-weather surface). Now, understandably, he is disturbed by the loss to Dibbs, whom he has defeated numerous times in the past.

"Count Dracula" on the tennis circuit, Ion Tiriac has been known to eat glass, and once he pulled a painful tooth out of his mouth with bare hands.

Tiriac is disturbed as well. "Dibbs was playing badly all tournament long," he says later. "And Vilas, he let Dibbs play very well today. He finds a guy in the desert, and the guy is dying from thirst; so he gives the guy the water. Then the guy just knocks him over the head after he drinks. That's all it is."

Ironically, a similar thing happens later that night when Vilas and Tiriac play a doubles match against Nastase and Tom Okker. At the beginning Vilas and Tiriac are leading. Nastase is swatting like a collector chasing butterflies, and he's behaving like a bad-tempered kid. The referee is angry enough to want to disqualify Nastase and give the match to Tiriac. A hubbub ensues, at which time Tiriac pleads on Nastase's behalf. The play continues. Quickly, Nastase and Okker come from behind to take the match.

On the way back from the stadium, Tiriac is pissed. He's pissed at his generosity, even more pissed that the match slipped away from them. "It's a shitty life, shitty," he mutters aloud.

As usual, Vilas is preoccupied and self-absorbed; usually, he walks along, seeing nobody, his eyes turned inward. Now, however, he has a reason and is utterly silent, moping about this loss he hadn't foreseen. Most players take such slings and arrows as the outrageous fortune of tennis. After all, everybody racks up losses, and it pays to know how to handle them.

But Vilas seems to have forgotten how. He goes directly to his room. The next morning he refuses to practice.

Very mature.

On the other hand, that kind of self-flagellation is the flip side of achievement. That kind of competitiveness breeds champions.

Discontent seems to fuel Vilas. Even as a player, he points out, getting carried away with his metaphysical trills, "There's no real pleasure in winning. After all, how can you feel pleasure if you have the possibility of failing? Besides, once you are concentrating, you cannot feel pleasure *or* pain. You simply do." But that's all just fancy, transcendental footwork. If winning's no pleasure, how come losing is such pain?

It's fitting, too, that with his particular set of sensibilities, Vilas finds fulfillment an elusive and ambivalent state.

"I'm never fulfilled. I feel that life can only be felt if there's a kind of sorrow. For instance, if I have a big car, I'll always miss the small car going fast. If I've an unbelievable apartment, I'll always dream of an unbelievable house in the mountains. If I've a house with a great lake, I'll miss the big waves of the ocean. I'm never a person who says, '*This* is what I want.' Because I always want more . . ."

Do the distracting worlds to which Vilas aspires get in the way of his tennis concentration? Tiriac thinks yes. "There's a difference in my mind between being a champion and being Number One," he points out. "And to be Number One, I think he has to sacrifice some of the other activities."

Guillermo, however, remains of a different mind. "I have ten more years to play tennis, and I have a lot of years to write," he says, "but as I told you, I need tennis to feel the things that I write.

"A lot of times people come to me and say, 'You do all these things . . . What do you want?' " The prince smiles now, that glistening storybook smile. The green eyes soften. All charm. "Very simple. I want it all."

This is Vilas's own particular dilemma, his own catch-22. Yet by refusing to recognize his real strengths and his illusory ones, and by trying to have it all, he may be undermining his own spectacular tennis gifts; that is, trading in a truly first-class, singular talent in order to be a second-class Renaissance man.

STEREO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

deep. The companion SC-C15 direct-coupled preamp and digitally synthesized SC-F15 tuner are even smaller and boast specifications that place them in the top ranks of hi-fi componentry. Even more compact, considering all the features fitted into its diminutive exterior, is Onkyo's TX-20 micro-receiver. Standing just under three inches high, the TX-20 delivers 30 watts per channel and boasts a tuner section with servo circuitry that locks into FM broadcasts.

If you're in the market for standard-sized electronics, there's a new generation of sophisticated components. Kenwood has brought its high-technology amplifier circuitry—formerly found only in its high-priced separates—to its line of receivers. The KR-8050 incorporates Kenwood's high-speed circuitry and a power-boost switch. When the program material demands it, or if you're playing music at especially loud levels, a flick of the switch will raise the KR-8050's power output from 120 watts per channel to 150. Fisher's RS-2007 receiver, rated at 75 watts per channel, combines high power output with an extremely flexible and useful feature: a built-in five-band graphic equalizer. By manipulating the equalizer's slide controls, poor room acoustics can be remedied and deficient speakers can be made to sound like much more expensive ones.

If you're satisfied with your present FM reception, or if you're mainly interested in listening to records, an integrated amplifier—preamp plus power amp without a tuner—might be a good, economical alternative. For under $200, Technics' Model SU-8011 provides 25 watts of power with low distortion. If you want the extra power, Optonica's Model SM-7305 is capable of 70 watts per channel and is flexible enough to accommodate two phono inputs.

Of course, anyone considering upgrading a stereo system must eventually reappraise the quality of his speakers. Do they distort sound badly at loud listening levels? Do you have to crank up the tone controls to get decent response out of them? Do large orchestral works sound mushy and inarticulate? If the answer to any of these questions is yes, start auditioning new speakers. The only wise way to purchase speakers is with your ears. No one can tell you how a speaker sounds; everyone has his own subjective impression of what sounds good.

As a general guide, however, here are a few speaker systems that are worth listening to. If you have the money and the floor space, lend an ear to Altec-Lansing's Model 14. A large, bulky structure, the Model 14 is so accurate that you'll hear music on familiar records that you didn't know was there. Another fine loudspeaker is the ADS Model L630. Super-deep bass reproduction and wonderful high-frequency dispersion make the L630 a versatile performer—equally at ease with your popular and classical music. For the budget-minded, H. H. Scott's Model 166 is a noteworthy entry in the bookshelf speaker category. It is designed to handle up to 100 watts of power, and its sound is exceptional for its size. For those who want good sound but don't have the room for large, boxy speakers, there's Ultralinear's three-piece TM-116 speaker system. Comprised of two mini-speakers and one floor-standing bass-only reproducer, the TM-116 is capable of high-level performance.

The quest for perfect sound, however, doesn't stop at the essentials. A good receiver, turntable, phono pickup, and speakers are all you need, but there are always those audiophiles who yearn to extract still more listening pleasure from their home hi-fi system. Here's a look at some of the little extras that are bound to add sparkle to your basic system.

For those who seek precision in "shaping" sound to fit a particular room's acoustic properties, there's JVC's SEA-80. This add-on functions as an adjunct to the human ear; it "listens" to the music being played and displays what it hears via ten fluorescent bars that change in height according to the level of the frequencies being reproduced. Slide controls then allow the listener to provide the appropriate amount of boost or cut at these ten frequency points to bring the whole audible spectrum into balance. For the perfectionist the SEA-80 is a must.

An add-on that you won't want to be without once you hear it is Pioneer's RG-2 dynamic range expander. In order to squeeze as much music as possible onto discs and tape, the recording engineer will actually compress the musical signal—making the difference between the loudest and softest sounds much smaller than what you would hear at a live performance. The RG-2 reverses that process, adding up to 16 db of dynamic range to recorded material. As a side benefit, the device offers a dramatic diminution in tape hiss and record surface noise.

A whole new class of audio add-ons—ambience generators—is also causing a lot of excitement. These magic boxes, used in conjunction with an extra set of speakers and an additional stereo power amp, are capable of providing a close approximation of concert-hall sound in the normal listening environment. Nikko's ATD-1 accomplishes this by delaying the normal stereo signal and then feeding it to the two rear speakers, so that the listener receives a sense of the echo and reverberation experienced at live performances. Equally amazing is Fosgate's Tetra II. This impressive-looking device is equally impressive sonically. It takes a normal stereo signal and puts it through a complex matrix decoder that extracts the hidden ambience present in most stereo recordings. This hidden information is then fed to the two additional speakers. If you close your eyes, you'll swear the musicians are in the room with you.

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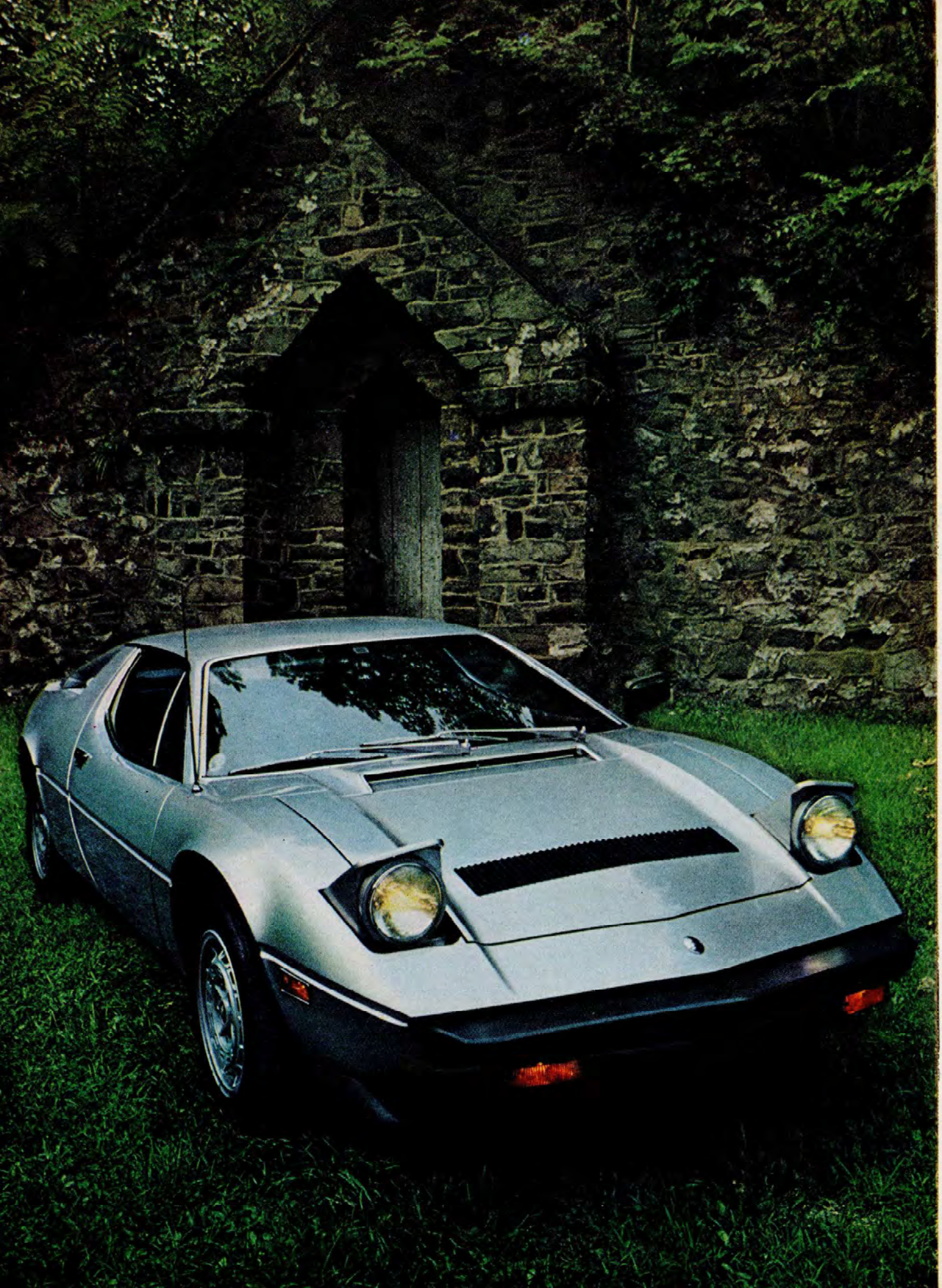


HIGHWAY SNOBBERY

Poor little rich boys: if all you have
left to stuff your stocking is
$34,000, take a look at the Maserati Merak.

BY WADE HOYT

Maserati is one of the legendary names in Italian exotic cars, right up there with Ferrari, Lamborghini, and Alfa Romeo. The firm was founded by five brothers: Alfieri, Ettore, Ernesto, Carlo, and Bindo Maserati. Unfortunately, the brothers were better engineers than businessmen, and in 1932 the company was sold to a family of industrialists named Orsi. Under the Orsis, Maserati had some brilliant racing successes, but in 1968 Maserati was sold again, this time to Citroën, the French carmaker.

One of the first fruits of this acquisition was the development of a V-6 engine for the futuristic Citroën SM, a rakish, front-wheel-drive sedan. This engine is simply three-quarters of the fabled Maserati V-8. It has two overhead camshafts on each cylinder bank (four in all), driven by chains that pass through the cylinder block between the rear two cylinders and the front four. Three Weber two-barrel carburetors are tucked between the cylinder banks. It looks and sounds like a professional racing engine and produces 180 horsepower on regular, leaded gasoline.

The engine is mated to a five-speed, all-synchromesh transaxle with overdrive ratios on both fourth and fifth gears. This potent combination worked so well under the sharklike nose of the Citroën SM that Maserati began looking for other uses for it. The Maserati Bora was the obvious choice. The wedge-shaped, mid-engined V-8 was the top of the Maserati line, and appropriately expensive. The V-6 engine/transmission package dropped easily into the same space as the V-8, creating the Merak SS, a lighter, less expensive car with slightly better fuel economy than the Bora's.

Shortly after the introduction of the Merak, Maserati found itself in financial straits once again. It was bailed out by Alejandro de Tomaso, the flamboyant impresario of Pantera automobiles and Benelli and Moto Guzzi motorcycles.

While this checkered history may make the Merak sound slightly disreputable, it is actually a very good automobile. Although not as fast as the now discontinued Bora, the Merak is considerably more civilized. Because the V-6 engine is shorter than the V-8, two tiny seats (upholstered holes, really) were inserted behind the front buckets. Although these seats are suitable for small children, most owners would probably use them as additional luggage space. Under the blunt hood is a surprisingly deep, rectangular trunk, but it holds only three medium-to-small bags.

From the doors forward, the styling of the Bora and Merak are identical, but their rear decks are quite different. The Bora had a heavy-looking glassed-in tail with narrow, gun-slit windows and the claustrophobic rearward vision one has come to expect from a mid-engined car. Given a second try on the Merak, noted Italian designer Giorgetto Giugiaro created one of the best-looking cars around. The rear window is nearly vertical. The dramatic louvers, vents, and flying buttresses of the rear deck anticipated the *Star Wars* influence by several years. The styling is magnetic; the Merak will attract big smiles and friendly waves from women in everything from Cadillacs to jogging shoes.

Another fortuitous result of dropping a 180-hp V-6 into a car formerly propelled by a 310-hp V-8 is that the suspension, brakes, and cooling system of the Merak are nearly bulletproof. The suspension system is a pure racing design, with coil springs and double A-arms, drilled for lightness, at all four corners. The intricate Campagnolo cast-aluminum wheels are fitted with fat Michelin XWX steel-belted radial tires.

Only 44½ inches tall, the Merak corners flat and true, with no discernible body roll and a seemingly infinite amount of adhesion. Ventilated disc brakes on each wheel haul the 3,200-pound car down from 60 mph in only 150 feet.

It accelerates smartly through the gears, doing 0 to 60 mph in 9 seconds, 0 to 100 in 25 seconds, and the quarter-mile in 17 seconds at 85 mph. These are not record-shattering times, but the Merak is not so powerful that it's dangerous for anyone but a professional racing driver. It's an exciting and well-balanced road car that can be driven all day, every day in the city or country without becoming tiresome.

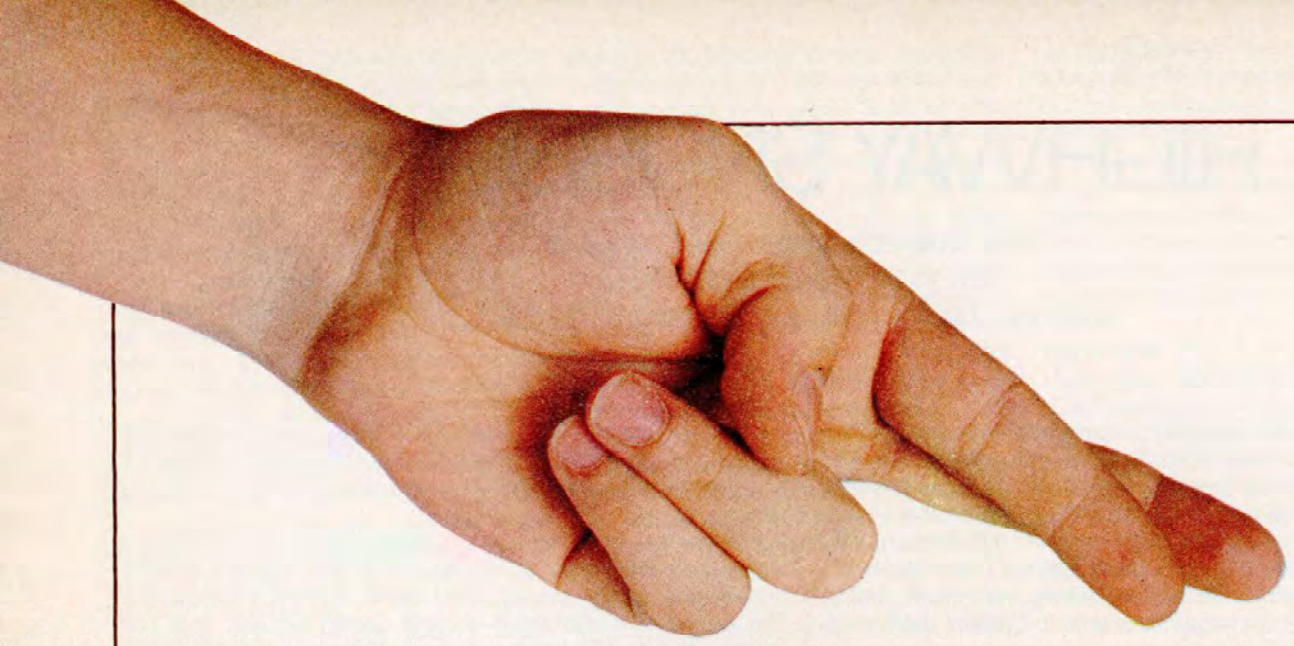
One reason this "Maser" is so easy to drive is its interior. For a small car, it's surprisingly wide and roomy inside. The seats provide plenty of lateral support in turns, yet are not so formfitting that you cannot shift position on long trips. They are upholstered in Connolly leather, which is not only luxurious but also comfortable in any weather. The top of the dash is thoughtfully finished in a black, velvetlike material that doesn't produce annoying reflections.

The driver faces a large, padded steering wheel with the Maserati trident in its center. The wheel adjusts (tilt and telescope) to any driving position. There are eight instruments, labeled in English and Italian. The passenger seat has a swiveling footrest that would do justice to a barber's chair.

The controls are positioned intelligently and work smoothly with the exception of the shift lever, which is a little too fast and occasionally causes some crunching noises. With a little practice, however, and some double-clutching on downshifts until the transmission warms up, the problem disappears.

The engine has a raspy, though not annoying, note. Just when it's starting to sound good, however, you've reached 6,500 rpm, and it's time to shift. A friend of mine, an Italian mechanic, happily revved it to 8,000 in every gear with no apparent damage, and it sounded really fine. Although the Merak's top speed is over 140 mph, you need a long, straight road to achieve that velocity. I never got it over 110, but such speeds are academic in America anyway. The Merak/SS is basically a striking car that is rewarding to drive. Its $34,000 price tag places it in the same class as the smaller Ferraris and Lamborghinis, where it competes very well indeed.

Photographs by Hank Londoner



THE 3 BIGGEST LIES OF CHRISTMAS

And a dozen others to get you through the New Year.

HUMOR BY HOWARD SMITH

THREE BIGGEST CHRISTMAS LIES:
(1) It always snowed on Christmas Eve when I was a kid.
(2) It's the happiest time of the year.
(3) It's better to give than to receive.

THREE BIGGEST LANDLORD LIES:
(1) Just tell us what you don't like about the apartment, and we'll have it all fixed up before you move in.
(2) Don't worry about what it says in the lease; we'll always let you sublet.
(3) This is definitely a very secure building; there's no way a robber can get in.

THREE BIGGEST PROSPECTIVE-EMPLOYER LIES:
(1) This company is very generous with raises.
(2) We're all one big, happy family.
(3) Of course you'll never have to work overtime.

THREE BIGGEST PSYCHIATRIST LIES:
(1) If I didn't charge you such a high fee, you wouldn't take therapy seriously.
(2) I would never sleep with a patient.
(3) Of course I was listening.

THREE BIGGEST LIES TOLD TO MENTAL-HOSPITAL PATIENTS:
(1) This is an "open" ward.
(2) Sign the "voluntary," and you can get out whenever you want.
(3) This injection will help you regain your own control.

THREE BIGGEST HEALTH FOOD STORE LIES:
(1) It tastes better without the sugar.
(2) Once you've purified your system, you won't have those cravings anymore.
(3) It comes all the way from the Hunza Mountains.

THREE BIGGEST LIES THE PENTAGON TELLS CONGRESS:
(1) This new weapons system will cost no more than $1 billion.
(2) Because we made a few strategic design changes after the production mode had started, it's going to have a slight cost overrun of about 25 percent.
(3) The sad truth, gentlemen, is that the project is going to cost $3 billion because of the unions.

THREE BIGGEST LIES FROM A FEMALE ONE-NIGHT STAND:
(1) I don't normally do this on the first date.
(2) That's okay. I like it that size.
(3) It doesn't matter. I'll come next time.

THREE BIGGEST LIES FROM A MALE ONE-NIGHT STAND:
(1) I'll stop if you don't like it.
(2) That's okay. I like them that size.
(3) I'll call you Thursday night. Okay?

THREE BIGGEST KARATE LIES:
(1) It's the beauty of movement, not the aggression, that attracted me to this sport.
(2) We don't have to weed out the psychopaths. It's amazing how passive really crazy people get after they learn to kill.
(3) We're sorry that happened to you, but after all you could have broken your hand while you were crossing the street.

THREE BIGGEST LIES OF AN EST GRADUATE:
(1) I didn't divorce her. I just gave her a lot of space.
(2) Werner doesn't have any money. He's given its context away.
(3) I never speak in jargon. I'm just experiencing a share in your process to remake your agreements.

THREE BIGGEST LIES TOLD IN GERMANY WHEN ANYONE IS ASKED ABOUT WORLD WAR II:
(1) I'm really Austrian.
(2) I'm really Swiss.
(3) In my little village we made only cameras. We knew nothing about the war until your planes bombed us.

THREE BIGGEST LIES ABOUT THE BEATLES:
(1) A friend of mine in the music business says that next year the Beatles will definitely get together for one last concert.
(2) Paul is dead.
(3) Paul is alive.

From the forthcoming book, *The Three Biggest Lies*, to be published by Bantam Books. © 1979 Howard Smith

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

couraging fact remains that the overall cancer death rate, which Enstrom and Austin and other researchers regard as the most sensitive measure of cancer control, has climbed steadily through the years of the "War on Cancer" and is now 10 percent higher than it was in 1971. The age-adjusted mortality rate of breast cancer that is most recently available is 10 percent higher than that of 1950. If this is "progress," which side is one on?

Lastly, you charge that we made "blanket accusations" against "all members of the medical media." On the contrary, our criticisms were restricted to many science writers who work for the national news media. Science writers Dave Cleary and Pat McGrady, Jr., as well as Dan Greenberg, were specifically commended. Having read your excellent book Why Me?, *I would certainly include you among the sainted. Thank you for taking the time to share your views on our article.*

Your article "The Great Cancer Fraud" was excellent. The evidence presented gave substance to the public's suspicion that drug companies and medical research are reaping huge financial rewards over our dead bodies.

Since many people are searching for new approaches to health, it is my hope that *Penthouse* will feature a series of articles assessing the benefits of alternatives to conventional medical methods.

As North American health costs soar and more North Americans die younger of the very diseases for which we contribute billions of dollars to research, it is time to reassess the direction of traditional, rigid medical thought. I hope that your fine article creates a public demand for reform and liberates those courageous doctors and researchers who have dared to defy the system.—*Anne Doncaster, Ontario, Canada*

As a volunteer and member of the Cape May County Unit of the American Cancer Society in New Jersey, I found "The Great Cancer Fraud" both shocking and unreal.

Many volunteers have worked hard in this county to raise over $61,000 to "wipe out cancer in our time" for the 1978–79 year. For me to read that "56 percent of the ACS budget goes to its staff and office expenditures (some of its executives make up to $75,000 a year") is totally outrageous! The article also states that the ACS "spends less that 30 percent of its yearly income on research" and that

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the Society has helped to make a "blacklist of remedies that include some of the most promising methods for control of cancer today."

It is very hard for me to believe that the American Cancer Society is a part of this "collusive pressure group, sometimes known as the Medical Establishment." If what is stated is true, it is my hope that as many Americans as possible get an opportunity to read "The Great Cancer Fraud" and use every legal means possible to attack this conspiracy against life. I will do everything in my power to ask questions, write letters, and get answers.—*George C. Young, Member, Board of Managers, ACS, Cape May County Unit, Rio Grande, N.J.*

I was very much impressed by Gary Null and Robert Houston's article "The Great Cancer Fraud." It disclosed a situation I had long suspected, and I was appalled by the statistical facts that confirmed my fears. The missing link, though, is what the average middle- and lower-class citizen can do about this pathetic situation. The power behind these organizations, the ACS, the AMA, etc., is so overwhelming that one can only speculate whether it can be stopped.

Being personally involved with cancer myself, as I'm sure many of your readers are, I experienced total outrage at the misappropriation of research funds and the ludicrousness that enables organizations to disallow the development of other forms of treatment.

The pain this dreaded disease causes, not only for the victim but for friends and family as well, is to me the worst possible kind of suffering. One can't help wondering if these so-called humanitarians who are "stealing the American public blind" have ever seen or been personally involved with a victim of cancer. Are they immune, or are they so caught up with *numero uno* that the rest of us don't matter? Have they never watched the deterioration of a loved one, nauseated and in constant pain every single day from chemotherapy drugs, unable to do even the simplest things that most of us take for granted? Have they never been to an emergency room when one of these victims has gone into shock from the force of the chemicals traveling through his body? And lastly, have they never had to steel themselves to face the death of someone they love, every day, for months at a time? I have, and it's a hell of a way to live. Without money or power, I sit here day after day, becoming more frustrated and bitter over the way this farce called research is being handled.

Finally, I urgently ask, have we turned into such a selfish, apathetic society that we will continue to allow more and more people in cancer research to make a living out of other people's pain, misery, and death, or will we force them to seek a cure for this much-dreaded disease?—*Name and address withheld*

First, let me say I am not a regular reader of your magazine. However, a very small news release in the *Detroit Free Press* told of the cancer exposé that appeared in your September issue. Because my wife died very recently of cancer, I purchased a copy.

Penthouse is to be congratulated for having the insight and courage to bring these shocking facts to the public. I found the article to be very well written, with a minimum of "slanted" wording and a maximum of names, dates, etc., to refute accusations.

What disturbs me is that I would have missed it completely had it not been for the mentioned news release and my interest in the subject. I wonder how many people will miss this most important effort because their "taste" precludes reading your magazine on a regular basis?

I have already asked a number of friends to get this issue and have made a number of calls to friends who are in the ministry, asking them to do the same. The consensus of opinion is that there should be a means of getting this information into the hands of people who do not normally have access to your magazine. We are therefore writing to other media outlets, requesting that they either reprint this article or devote time to the subject itself.

I would like to be able to obtain reprints of this article for distribution through as many local churches as I can line up. My thought is that through wider readership of your article, contributions to the ACS might be reduced by 10, 15, or 20 percent, which may be sufficient to make that group wonder what would happen if this "one-man, grass-roots" campaign were to take on a wider base. It just might be effective in influencing the ACS to discontinue misusing its power, money, and influence. I hope that reprints will be available so that as many people as possible will know of this "fraud."—*V. P. Carsten, Toledo, Ohio*

Those readers who would like a reprint of the article "The Great Cancer Fraud" should send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Editorial Department/ Cancer Reprint, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

O! L.A.

If there were no Ben Stein—"Los Angeles: A Celebration" (September 1979)—the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce would find it necessary to invent him. What a fantastic city is visible through Mr. Stein's eyes!

Los Angeles! The city where a "Jewish man" can magically make a movie like *Gone With the Wind*, "2,500 miles from Atlanta," with only a brief, shallow novel by some nonentity called Margaret Mitchell to rely on! A city that makes its living "from the distribution of human creativity"—such landmarks of mankind's potential as television's "The Ropers,"

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STEREO SEDUCTION

Music and eroticism have always gone hand in hand. But today's disco music has gone one step farther: it provides amorous couples with a virtual step-by-step lovemaking guide. Charles Hollander tells how music electrified his love life.

KILLER COSMETICS

Cosmetics can do more than make you beautiful; they can also make you *sick*. Lipstick, mascara, eye shadow, shampoo, moisturizer . . . they all contain potentially toxic chemicals. Yet the billion-dollar cosmetics industry goes largely unregulated. Find out why in this controversial report by Gary Null.

LONELINESS

For millions of men and women, the holiday season is especially painful—and *loneliness* is the reason. But here is some good news: the solitary blues can easily be beaten. Helen Colton tells you what causes loneliness and, even more important, what *you* can do about it.

HOW TO MAKE IT WITH A WOMAN

If a guy really knows how to please a woman sexually, he's going to be asked back for more. Carol Dix knows what she (and other liberated women) want—and she's willing to share it. Learn how to get rave reviews in the bedroom.

FREEDOM *AND* A FAMILY

For both men and women, freedom and family *can* be combined. But first you must be willing to discard your stereotypes of the traditional marriage. *Forum* talks to a man who wanted an independent woman, children, and a career—and got it all!

"Charlie's Angels," and "Carter Country"—to "all of mankind" (except for a few million folks scattered here and there in China, the U.S.S.R., Africa, India, and other inconsequential places)! Los Angeles! The city that, despite its never having produced a serious writer of any note, was the actual scene of Arthur Conan Doyle's vacation in 1923!

How exciting to learn that "the plague that sweeps over everyone who comes to L.A. is success." How reassuring to know that those janitors, gas station attendants, and window washers fresh in from the hinterland are destined, to the man and to the woman, to become rich and famous. If only those people in Watts would leave and then come back again, they would be plagued with success, too.

Los Angeles! A place so amazingly busy that "you simply are not rewarded . . . for not getting things done." How refreshingly unlike those cities backward enough not to be into films, where businessmen and artists and salesmen and the rest usually reach the top through pure catatonia.

Mr. Stein tremblingly quotes his idols as revealing that L.A. "represents a vitality that is peculiarly American." How perceptive! Any city that can create real-life heroes and then put them to work peddling motor oil or coffee makers or tires definitely possesses some trait that is "peculiarly American."

Thanks, Mr. Stein, for showing us what Los Angeles is really all about! —*Jim Pollock, Des Moines, Iowa*

How can Ben Stein seriously believe that Los Angeles is the mecca of creativity and the trend setter of the nation and then try to justify this belief by quoting from the flimsiest of media hype?

If Stein were to tell the truth about L.A., he would say that it suffers from an inability to cope with the reality of modern times. Politically, it has been unable to solve its own transportation and air pollution problems (which result from our deification of the automobile). Culturally, it suffers from a lack of any true sense of urban community. If what we see on our televisions is an example of the creative avant-garde of the West, we should hang it up. Stein also neglects to mention that among the creative geniuses that have made L.A. their home were Sirhan Sirhan, Guru Si, Ron Hubbard, and the entire Manson clan. And *oh* yes, a former Nixon speech writer—what's his name? —*Les Hartwell, Arcadia, Calif.*

Butterfly Brown

I have always enjoyed Robert Sherrill's work and was eager to read his article "Jerry Brown: The Golden Butterfly" (September 1979). I think Sherrill accurately portrayed Brown as nothing more than a chic opportunist, but he disappointed me with his uncharacteristically abrupt summary of Brown's views on the Federal Reserve Board.

Brown may have a difficult time being articulate on the subject, but the FRB is indeed a "money machine." And he is right when he speculates that the board is not independent of the president or Congress. When President Carter played musical cabinet earlier this summer, one result was William Miller's removal from the chairmanship of the FRB and his installation as secretary of the treasury. That gives a good indication of just how friendly the FRB is with the White House.

And Sherrill shouldn't have dismissed as mumbo jumbo Brown's references to the FRB's ability to increase the lending power of banks by reducing its reserve requirements; this is the direct cause of inflation in America—increases in the money supply. Economist Milton Friedman and other monetarists are probably glad that their ideas are being discussed in the political forum, but they must cringe at the thought that someone as flaky as Brown is espousing them.

All in all, though, Sherrill did an excellent job in revealing Brown as a man whose life has not been cluttered by intellect. He's basically just another politician drooling after power. At a glance Brown appears remarkable, but what is really most remarkable about him is that deep down he's mediocre. He is a conversation piece; he belongs on a coffee table, not in the California state legislature and certainly not in the White House. —*Shawn James, Ottawa, Canada*

Regarding Robert Sherrill's otherwise excellent article "Jerry Brown: The Golden Butterfly," certain points require comment. For all Sherrill's blustering about Brown's manipulation of the media, much of the fault lies with the media themselves. Jerry Brown may be pulling the voter's leg—which is nothing new for a politician—but he's doing so with the indirect help of all-too-eager reporters and cameramen anxious for comments and film footage. Though Sherrill correctly notes the media's awareness of these games, these people continue building Brown up, giving him public exposure without pinning him to the issues. If the media stopped playing games, Brown could not play games and the voters might have a more realistic portrait of him.

In other respects, Sherrill displays a keen eye for the antics of Jerry Brown and the way the governor's overly flexible stance on issues might signal a new type of politics for these times. Despite his religious ties, Jerry Brown may well be the political embodiment of our current culture according to Christopher Lasch's definition in *The Culture of Narcissism*: a man more interested in the moment and himself, with little sense of the past, future, or anyone else. If this be so, and Sherrill's essay suggests that it is, then Brown is a fitting political symbol for our current age of narcissism: manipulative, self-serving, and uncaring. —*Robert E. Cray, Jr., Stony Brook, N.Y.*

GROOM AT THE TOP

SEND IN THE COLOGNES

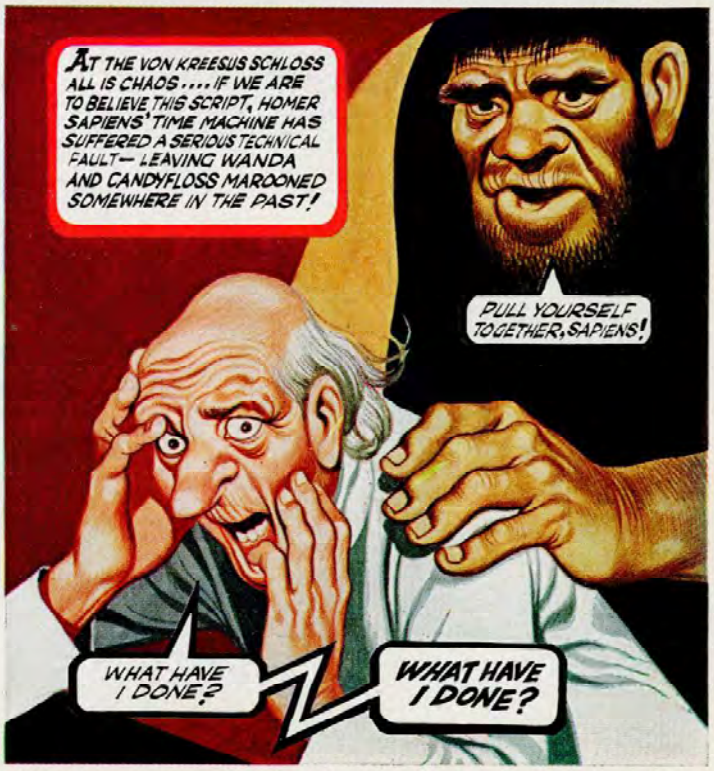
A guide to 25 leading fragrances

Photograph by Ed Gallucci

Of the five senses, the sense of smell is the most firmly linked to our sexual being. We continually emit pheromones—molecules of scent that subconsciously inform members of the opposite sex that a potential mate is nearby. But don't rely on pheromones alone, especially during the holiday season, when there's so much odoriferous competition from the Christmas trees, the roasting turkeys, and the bayberry candles. Three colognes that mingle nicely with the scents of Christmas are the pine woods fragrance of Pino Silvestre (pine-cone-shaped bottle), the citrus sparkle of Chanel, and the spicy splash of Lamborghini (leather-bound bottle). These and 22 other colognes are featured in the *Penthouse* guide to the selection of fragrances.

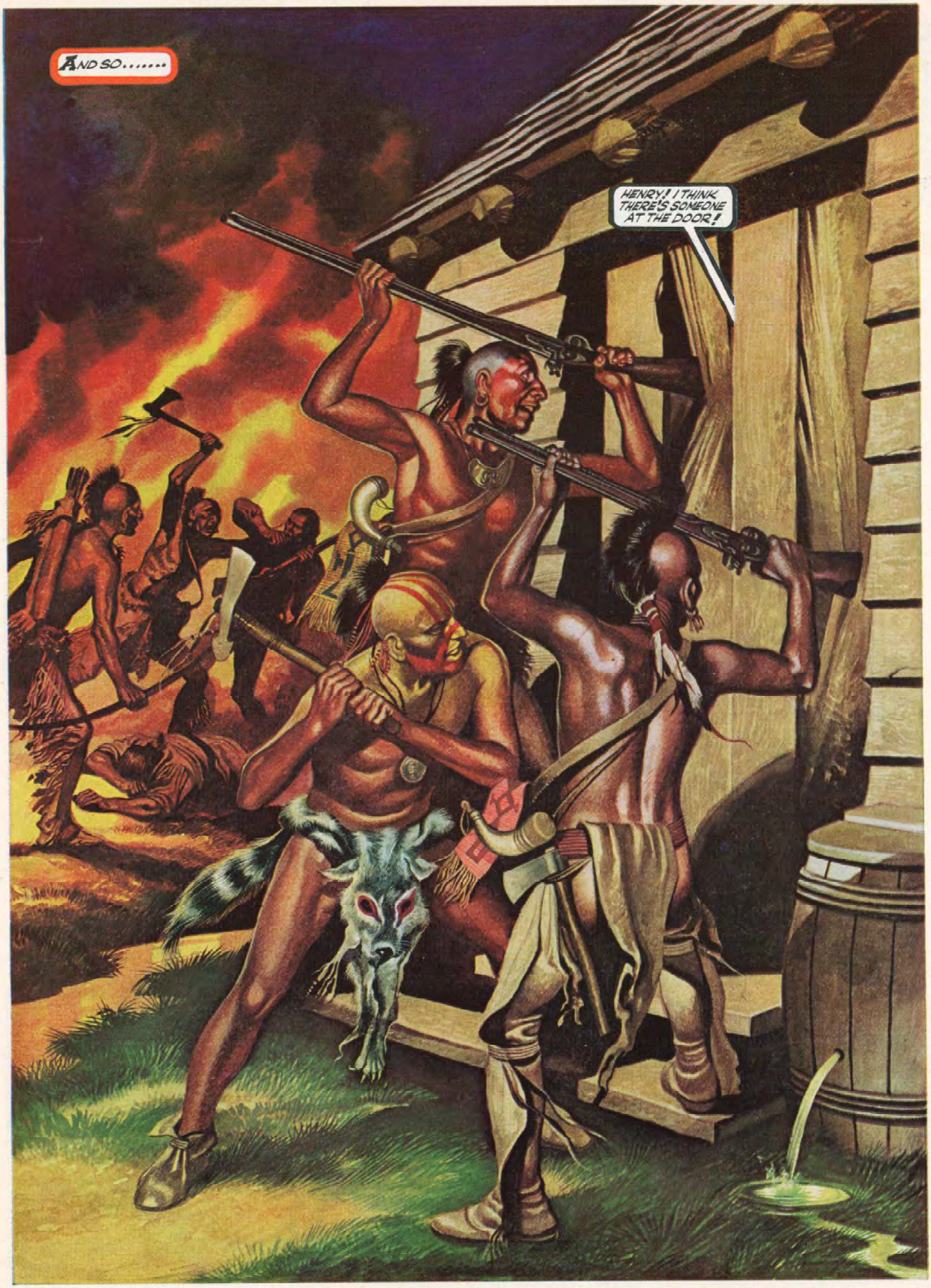
OH WICKED WANDA!
TM
AT THE VON KREESUB SCHLOSS ALL IS CHAOS...
TAILS! I WIN WE PLAY MY GAME THIS EVENING!
OKAY- BUT MY GAME TOMORROW!
THIS JUST CAN'T HAPPEN! THIS IS A DEMOCRACY! WHAT ABOUT CIVIL RIGHTS?
MAN! ARE YOU LIVIN' IN A FOOL'S PARADISE!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

PENTHOUSE INT.
OUR CHIEF
YOU'VE DRAWN THE WRONG OPENING PICTURE! IDIOT!
OH! ER... SORRY, MR GUCCIONE. SIR! MY MIND WAS WANDERING!
MIND? WHAT MIND? CONCENTRATE ON THE SCRIPT! NOW START AGAIN!


AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS ALL IS CHAOS.... IF WE ARE TO BELIEVE THIS SCRIPT, HOMER SAPIENS' TIME MACHINE HAS SUFFERED A SERIOUS TECHNICAL FAULT— LEAVING WANDA AND CANDYFLOSS MAROONED SOMEWHERE IN THE PAST!
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, SAPIENS!
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
WHAT HAVE I DONE?

NOW—WHERE ARE THEY?
I DON'T KNOW, YOU CRETIN! I DON'T KNOW!
THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE IN ANCIENT ROME—BUT THE DIAL'S ALL TO COCK!
YOU MEAN...THIS IS ON THE LEVEL? YOU REALLY HAVE SENT THEM BACK IN TIME? THIS ISN'T ONE OF YOUR CRAZY FANTASIES?
OF COURSE I HAVE!
IT'S ALL SUCH A MESS.... THE NEUTRINO RAY SIGNAL IS STILL COMING OVER STRONG.....
....IF I CAN JUST.....
YES!
THAT'S IT! I CAN SEE WHAT'S WRONG!
1979
1939
1914
1900
1875
1854
1824
1805
1792
1776
1763
THAT'S IT! 1763! WITHOUT DOUBT IT'S COMING FROM 1763! NOW IF I CAN JUST FIND OUT WHERE IT'S COMING FROM?
HEY! WAIT FOR ME!
C'MON, PUSSCAKE—WE'RE GOIN' ON THE WAR PATH! WE'RE GONNA CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY!
WOMEN DON'T GO ON THE WAR PATH! WOMEN STAY HOME AND KEEP LODGE WARM!
WOMEN PLANT CORN, HAVE PAPOOSES, CURE BUFFALO MEAT, CHEW HIDES TO MAKE NICE SOFT HUNTING SHIRT, FETCH THE WATER, CUT THE WOOD, COOK THE FOOD.....
ANYTHING ELSE?

IT APPEARS THAT WE'RE NOW ENTERING INTO A PHASE IN OUR RELATIONSHIP THAT CAN BE DESCRIBED AS A LEADER-SHIP CRISIS!
SPLAT
WHEN DEALING WITH PRIMITIVES IT'S NO USE TRYING TO SOLVE SUCH DISPUTES BY REASON! A SHORT SHARP DEMONSTRATION OF THE FACTS AS THEY ARE IS REQUIRED!
THERE'S NO DISCRIMINATION IN THIS STRIP! SHE TREATS 'EM ALL ALIKE—RED, BLACK, WHITE OR YELLOW!
WHO'S ARGUING, CHIEF?!
THAT SETTLES THAT—WITH NO MARGIN FOR DOUBT!
NOW—FIX YOUR MAKEUP, SWEETIE—AND TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!


AND SO.....
HENRY! I THINK THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!

SQUAW LIB
NOW LOOK HERE, PONTIAC, I'VE BEEN THE MEDICINE MAN AROUND HERE FOR A LONG TIME—AND I'M TELLING YOU—WE'VE GOT PROBLEMS!
SURE—WE'VE TAKEN VENANGO AND SANDUSKY! FORT LE BOUEF, PRESQUE ISLE AND MICHILIMACKINAC! BUT A FEMALE WAR CHIEF! OH SURE—SHE'S GOOD! —BUT IN THE LONG TERM SHE'S GONNA CHANGE OUR WAY OF LIFE— DRASTICALLY!
UP UNTIL NOW THE WOMEN HAVE ACCEPTED THE FACT THAT THEY DO ALL THE WORK WHILE THE MEN SPEND THEIR TIME PAINTING THEIR FACES AND GOIN' ON THE WAR PATH!
BUT NOW WAN-DA IS CHANGING ALL THAT!
THE WOMEN ARE DEMANDING THAT THE MEN BABYSIT ONCE A WEEK WHILE THEY GO ON THE WAR PATH!
THEY'LL SOON BE DEMANDING THAT THE MEN PLANT CORN! WE'LL BE SCRAPIN' HIDES AN' DOIN' THE COOKING BEFORE WE KNOW WHERE WE ARE!
WE'VE GOT TO ASK OURSELVES A VERY SERIOUS QUESTION! WHICH IS WORSE? HAVIN' THE WHITE MAN AROUND—OR LIVIN' THE SORT OF LIFE WAN-DA'S GOING TO INFLICT ON US?
DECISIONS! DECISIONS!

AND TO THINK—I ONLY JOINED THE ARMY TO ESCAPE FROM MY WIFE'S MOTHER!
REAL THOROUGHBRED BARBARIANS, PUSSCAKE!
I COULD DO WITH A FEW OF 'EM IN THE PUSSFORCE!

THE SWISS MERCENARY, COLONEL HENRI BOUQUET AND THE 42ND HIGHLANDERS ARE AT THIS MOMENT MARCHING TO THE RELIEF OF FORT PITT! IF WE STOP HIM FORT PITT WILL FALL!
ALL THE FRONTIER FORTS WILL BE DESTROYED! WE CAN DRIVE THE WHITE MAN INTO THE SEA!
WE HAVE A CHANCE TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY! WE SHALL UNITE THE INDIAN NATIONS UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF US WOMEN! WE SHALL LAY THE FOUNDATIONS OF A TRULY GREAT NATION!
NOW—I WANT YOUR BEST PAINT JOB! WE MARCH AT DAWN!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL SHE'S TALKING ABOUT—BUT AFTER SOME OF THE GAMES SHE'S TAUGHT ME—I'D FOLLOW HER ANYWHERE!
SQUAW LIB!
SQUAW POWER!
SQUAWS RULE!

BUSHY RUN, AUGUST 5TH, 1763
COLONEL, SORRR! D'YE KEN WHA' AH KEN DOON IN THA GLEN? AH SEE A GAGGLE O' BONNIE WEE LASSIES THA COLOUR O' THE PLAID O' MACLEAN O' DUART!
VAS IN DER NAME OFF GOTT IN HIMMEL VOS DER DUMMELKOPF IS SAYINK, LIEUTENANT?

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SCHLOSS.....
WHAT'S TAKIN' YOU SO LONG?
SHHHHH!
WELL? HAVE YOU LOCATED THEM?
QUIET! I'M CONCENTRATING! YES... I'M HOMING IN ON THE SIGNAL NOW....THEY SEEM TO BE IN NORTH AMERICA.....
IT'S COMING THROUGH AS CLEAR AS A BELL!
WELL GET 'EM OUT OF THERE QUICKLY— BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE GOES WRONG!
IF THIS DOESN'T WORK WE'RE ALL OUT OF A JOB!
THIS IS IT, PUSS-CAKE! A MOMENT THAT IS DESTINED TO SET THE SEAL ON AMERICAN HISTORY!
IF WE WIN THIS FIGHT THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WILL BE A WOMAN!
THERE'S THE COLUMN!
CHAAA??
?
?

MOSTRESS! YOU'RE BACK! IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU!
I DO HOPE THE LITTLE TECHNICAL HITCH DIDN'T INCONVENIENCE YOU?

YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT EVERYTHING'S WORKING OKAY NOW, ILLUSTRIOUS ONE!

ER... ARE YOU DISPLEASED, MOSTRESS?
HAVE I INCURRED YOUR DISPLEASURE IN SOME SMALL WAY?
I... ER....

AHHGHH!!
THANK HEAVEN WE'VE REACHED THE END OF THE INSTALMENT - BECAUSE THIS IS GONNA BE VERY MESSY! I JUST HOPE WE CAN GET IT ALL CLEANED UP BY NEXT MONTH!

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

dry lubricant. If you're bald down there, your man won't slide in and out quite as easily as he did before you shaved. From your letter it's obvious that this small drawback is not enough to make you give up on the razor.

BALL IN THE FAMILY

I had been having an affair with Chuck, my stepson, which lasted for some 15 years, until he finally got married, thank goodness.

When Chuck was 18, I happened to walk into his bedroom and caught him "fucking" an old-fashioned milk bottle. Wherever he found it, I'll never know. The problem was that his cock was stuck inside of it, and the tip was turning blue. My catching him had him both scared and embarrassed, and he couldn't get his cock out of the bottle because the head was swollen too much. It was really somewhat of a ludicrous sight for me, and yet I kept my cool and just told him to try and relax. In the meantime I got several ice cubes and held them against the bottle to cool it down, hoping that he wouldn't injure his beautifully circumcised cock by trying to get it out too soon.

I told him that this was to be a secret between us, because I certainly didn't want to embarrass him. I told him that it was perfectly normal for a young individual to occasionally jerk off if necessary to relieve tensions. Several days later I noticed that he seemed a little touchy or tense and asked him if he would like to talk about anything. He said that he didn't especially but that he had been wondering whether he should jerk off more often than once a week. I hesitated in answering that question and changed the subject while I was trying to do some thinking. The more I thought about the size of his cock and how beautiful, if inexperienced, it was . . . Then I sort of blurted out that what he really needed was to have an understanding woman really teach him some of the finer aspects and pleasures of life. After all, he was big enough; so he was old enough.

I knew that he would be embarrassed if I made him undress or did the same myself. I closed all the drapes in the bedroom, and we lay on the bed together while I unzipped his fly and played with his cock. The more I felt it, the more I knew that I was going to have him fuck me, either then or later. The minute I pulled him over on top of me, I knew it would be then. I was very pleasantly surprised that he lasted as long as he did, and I really received a better fucking than I thought I would.

The following day Chuck was home from school by midday because of a teachers' meeting or something. It was raining out, and I had gotten all of my

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housework done early. I suggested that he should take a shower so that he would feel better. It was one of the things I nearly always told him to do, and yet this day I knew as soon as I said it that things were going to be different. Normally, I always hung his robe in the bathroom, but this day I told him while he was in the shower to just go into his room. Several minutes later he walked into his bedroom without a stitch of clothing on—he was really going to be a beautiful man when he got a little older. I was resting on his bed with my housecoat on and motioned him over to the bed. He lay down beside me, and when I opened my robe he was very interested in giving me a good looking over. I guess as a stepmother I had an advantage over regular mothers—stepsons often think of fucking stepmothers because of the difference in status. I began kissing him and guiding his hands to those special parts of me. He especially loved kissing and sucking on my tits, and so did I, because he also kept one of his hands fingering his newfound enchantment, my cunt. I told him just to think of me as his favorite bottle. He grinned as he began shoving his now beautifully hard cock inside of me, and we had our first really good fucking session together.

My husband works in a store six days a week, and Chuck and I made love every afternoon, six days a week, except when my monthly put me out of commission as Chuck's willing step-lover.

Even after Chuck graduated from high school and got a job, we continued our sessions (until he began going to college locally). I really thought that some of those college girls would give him more service than he could handle, but evidently not, because he very rarely missed being home for an afternoon "snatch." Of course, by this time I had introduced him to the extra pleasure of oral sex, and I was pleased that he loved it as much as I did.

Chuck was over 30 when he got married to a really cute girl, and apparently his sexual needs are being well taken care of. And just in time, too, because my husband now works only three days a week and is doing a pretty good job of keeping me from being too tense. He agrees that sex is not only a wonderful exercise but that it is so calming to one's nerves.—J.S.L.

I'm glad to see that the sex life of America's youth is in good hands. Your stepson's wife should thank you for it.

ORGASM AFTER FORTY

I am a 40-year-old woman, five feet six inches tall, with 38-25-40 measurements. I have been married for 20 years and until recently had never had an orgasm. My husband and I decided we would try the swinging scene to see if I could reach orgasm with another man. We wrote to two couples and a single man through a swinger's ad in a magazine. The only reply we got was from the single man. My interest in him came through his ad—stating that he was 27 years old and six feet four inches tall, with a nine-inch cock.

My husband called him and after a short conversation gave me the phone. I made plans to meet him at a beauty shop that I run and to travel with him about 40 miles to another city, where we would spend the night. I did not care whether what I was about to do was right or wrong. I could only think of what it was going to be like to be alone in bed with this man, to have him position himself between my legs and thrust his nine-inch cock up me. My husband has only six inches—I knew it was going to be different.

On the day of the night I was to meet this man, my husband called and said he was going to work late and would see me the next day. That left me free to dress and apply my makeup as I wished. I selected a low-cut silk blouse. The neckline was far more daring than anything I had ever worn before. The skirt of soft material clung to me, showing every line of my wide hips and thighs, and ended just at the knees with a split up the front. I chose three-inch spike heels to show off my legs and to match me up with his height. I

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painted my full, sensual lips with a dark shade of red lipstick that matched the color of my inch-long nails.

I was at the meeting place only a few minutes when he arrived. Upon my first glimpse of him, I was speechless. He was so tall and handsome and full of sex appeal! We drove without touching and arrived at the motel after dark. Inside the room we had a couple of drinks, and I thought I would go out of my mind if he did not touch me soon. I needed loving bad, and right now I wanted this man to give it to me. He finally stopped talking and looked at me in a way no man had ever done before. He asked me to come to him. I got up from the chair and walked toward him, conscious of his eyes on me. I could see his cock getting stiff under his slacks. His arms encircled me, and he pulled me tight against his swelling cock. I felt a wave of desire surge through my body. I pushed back harder against his stiffness. He murmured, "Patience, beautiful. Let's not rush things."

Then, with a gentleness I had not expected, I felt his mouth shaping itself against my parted lips. Without hesitation, I surrendered to his kiss. He kissed me until I thought I would go out of my mind. When we were finally undressed, I heard my own soft whimperings of anticipation. I was trembling with increased excitement as he drew me close. His cock was trapped by our bodies, its head pressed just below the valley of my breast. I felt the back of my knees strike the bed and then sank with him to the bed.

His nakedness was against me, and I felt him guide my hand to his cock. I gasped. I could not reach around it. "Rick, I had known the length, but how thick!" I whispered, with my voice trembling. "About the same thickness of a Pepsi bottle," he answered. "Rick, please make love to me," I moaned. With that, he was over me, and I felt his weight descend on me. I closed my eyes and lifted my hips to help him mount me. Then, suddenly, he was inside me and plunging deep. "Oh, God," I moaned, not from pain but from the sheer surprise of so large an organ entering me. My pussy was alive with his thrusting. His cock seemed to be everywhere at once in my belly.

He began with long, deep, in-and-out strokes as my pussy was stretched, bulging with his length. "It's perfect," I groaned, writhing and twisting beneath him. The springs of the bed groaned and squeaked under the fierce rise and fall of our lunging hips. The room was filled with sounds of heavy breathing and my gasping and moans as I took his cock to the core of my being. He began to pound his cock into me at a breathtaking speed. I felt my hips borne upward. "Now! Now!" My fingers, out of control, raked his back. I was coming, coming with a man for the first time. He grabbed my hips, pulling me up tight against him, forcing his swelling cock to the deepest point yet. I felt his cock explode in my belly, causing me to scream loud enough to wake up everybody in the motel. And I had thought I was the quiet type!

"Rick, you made a woman out of me tonight," I whispered. We did it two more times, once during the night, once the next morning, and each time I achieved a climax.

Another wonderful thing that has happened since that night is that I have climaxed with my husband. Our marriage has taken on new meaning. Is it because Rick brought me to the first climax that I have since had one with my husband?—R.J.

Sounds that way to me. A woman's orgasm has a lot to do with what's going on in the head, your own and your man's. For some reason—the size of his cock, the skill of his lovemaking, the eroticism of sex with a stranger—Rick was able to break through, to push past some sexual barrier your husband was unable to get beyond. It opened up your erogenous zones, so to speak, and made you receptive to your husband's lovemaking. Beyond that I will not analyze. Good sex between good partners always involves some mystery.

THAR THEY BLOW!

I am a 26-year-old woman with a good figure and a pretty face (so I've been told) and until recently have been happily married (for three years). My husband is built on the slight side (he's about five feet six inches tall) and is rather skinny, weighing about 120 pounds, but he is a kind, considerate person, and I care for him a lot. We had a fair sex life, making love about three or four times a week, but our love life was of a fairly conventional sort, the wildest experience being our performing mutual oral sex with one another one night when he got into a sexier than normal mood. Curiously enough, this was after watching the film Moby Dick *on television, which is not what you'd call a particularly sexy movie.*

My problems began about three months ago, when I brought a single friend home with me after work for dinner. I consider Robin a good friend, but she is not what you'd call sexually inspiring by any stretch of the imagination. She's about five feet nine inches, heavy-boned, and weighs about 200 pounds, with large, pendulous breasts that hang down to her tummy; so the last thing I thought was that I'd be jealous when she met my husband. How wrong I was! George (my husband) seemed to pay her an extraordinary amount of attention, hovering over her and brushing up against her oversized rear every chance he got.

I also work as a volunteer helper at a local hospital, and since it was my night to work, at about 7:30 P.M. I offered to drive Robin home on my way there. Much to my surprise, George wouldn't hear of it, as he and Robin were mutually engaged in a deep discussion of old sailing ships, especially the old nineteenth-century whaling ships that used to sail out of New England. He was delighted to discover that Robin had a similar interest. (I have no interest in these things.) I left, promising to be back in about three hours, and left them to their discussion.

As it turned out, there was very little to do at the hospital that night, and the volunteer supervisor let us go home an hour and a half early. Since our garage is detached from our house, I made no noise parking the car, but walking to the house, I noticed that all the lights were out, save for a roaring fire in the fireplace. Thinking this unusual and being curious as to what was going on, I snuck up to a rear window (which was open), parted the curtains a bit, and looked in—to get the shock of my life. There was Robin kneeling on the rug before the fire, stark naked, a thick film of sweat covering her huge body, while my equally naked husband was pumping his prick furiously into her from behind, making loud, slopping noises every time his stomach hit her flabby rear, making her quiver down to her huge, hanging breasts like a large tub of Jell-O. To top it all off, he was wearing a sailor's cap and was tickling her re-

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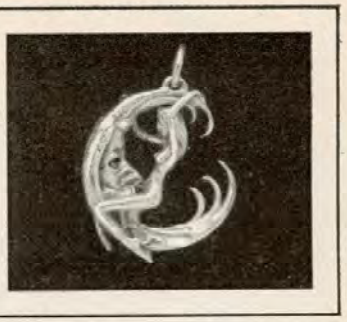

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peatedly in the ribs with a small, rubber-tipped spear (the kind you buy for children at a circus) as he kept shouting, "Thar she blows!" and "Whale ho!" Suddenly, Robin pulled her dripping ass away from him, giggling furiously and squeaking, "Not yet you don't! Now it's the whale's turn!" Then she started to chase him gleefully around the room, while he kept shouting, "Avast! Avast! All hands fall to!" or something like that. With her enormous arms, she caught him from behind in a bear hug, threw him down on his back on the rug, and, spreading her huge, flabby thighs, impaled herself on his straining erection, pumping up and down on it furiously. She tittered insanely as she grabbed her enormous breasts in her hands and slapped him repeatedly across the face with them while he grunted in delight! I had never seen such a disgusting display of perverted joy before and was almost physically sick, especially when Robin got off his prick and sat right on his face—completely enveloping him with her dripping cunt and thighs so that I thought he would suffocate—while reaching behind her, grabbing his throbbing erection, and masturbating him furiously until he shot about a quart of come into the air, which she scooped up and began rubbing all over her face, breasts, and stomach as if it were cold cream. Satiated, Robin rolled off George and lay on her back, pulling George's head between her huge tits and wrapping them around his head, while he whispered, "Oh God, Robin, I love you. I love you so much, my beautiful whale."

I followed him—them—on two separate occasions after that, once to a cheap motel outside of town and once to the marina (where our small cabin cruiser is docked), where I was able to observe equally disgusting displays. (He even went so far as to allow himself to be tied to the mast.) I'm sure there were many more occasions than those two, as George has started "going out with the boys" two and three times a week, coming home around 2:00 A.M. smelling of sweat. Needless to say, our sex life has greatly diminished since then.

My problem is that, despite this affair, I still love George dearly and am afraid that if I confront him with his affair I'll lose him for good. I'm also afraid of suggesting that we go to a marriage counselor or psychiatrist, as he is a proud man. Is there any way that he can be helped or that I can regain his interest?—D.K.L.

You sound like a voyeur wife to me. Over the past year I've received many, many letters from voyeur husbands. Before then I hadn't known how much some husbands enjoy seeing their wives screw with other men. Reason told me that women must enjoy seeing their husbands screw other women. Are you sure you haven't enjoyed this blubbery little affair of your husband's? Just a little?

I think you should tell your husband you know of his escapades. Don't *confront* him with the facts; just tell him, nicely and sweetly. Then why don't you suggest you join him in a three-way with Robin? It might be just the thing you need to spark up a little new interest in the old boy.

In the meantime, read *Moby Dick*. The movie cut out a lot of good stuff. At least it will give you some new vocabulary to use with your new threesome.

LOOK BUT DON'T TOUCH

From some of your recent letters on voyeur husbands, it seems many guys enjoy turning on their wives to other men, and I would like to add another female viewpoint. I am petite but have long, dark hair and extremely large breasts, which have always attracted guys. Shortly after we were married, my husband got on the exhibitionism kick by buying me sexy outfits that showed off my breasts to the hilt. More to please him, I consented to wear these clothes around the house. Soon he was snapping Polaroid shots of me in halter dresses, short-shorts, and bikinis. Gradually, he induced me to pose in filmy negligees and in panties. The next step was sexy poses: caressing my breasts, using a vibrator, and masturbating. As I

got more used to this, I began to enjoy this as a prelude to sex until I found he was sharing these pictures with male business associates who gathered at our house once a week to talk shop.

One night, upon returning home to find my pictures spread on the card table before his cronies' eyes, I furiously bent down to gather them up, forgetting I was dressed in one of hubby's favorite party dresses that allowed ample view of my breasts. Setting down his drink, my husband laughingly pulled me onto his lap and felt up my nipples before the bulging eyes of his friends. He raved about how oversexed I was. Reduced to tears, I struggled to free myself only to see how amused this made everyone. My husband tugged down the front zipper, and my breasts spilled free. With a shove I jumped up and flew out of the room. Afterward, when I calmed down, he explained how proud of my beauty he was and said my pictures evoked envy, not disgust, from his friends. His glib tongue soon convinced me not to be ashamed of my body. Subsequent evenings found me serving drinks to the group while I wiggled around the room, enjoying the effect my body had on the guys. My husband made it clear I was only to tease and never sleep with them.

One evening months later, I was running around in a bra and bikini pants when my husband suggested a striptease. I agreed and threw off my bra while they gasped. I admit this was beginning to be a real turn-on for me, and seeing my pants get wet, he invited each one to take turns feeling me. Just the touch of their fingers had me moaning. Soon they caressed my breasts, but that was all my husband permitted.

As my husband made love to me later, I began to fantasize I was making it with all these men. I knew I had to experiment. So one night I sneaked off with one of the guys, and he took me standing up against the closed bathroom door. It was fantastic! I made plans to meet the others, and we would sneak in sex wherever convenient but usually at some motel. The group stimulation made me want more; so I agreed to dance for a group of male acquaintances for a stag party. I dressed in a transparent blouse and went into a torrid dance before 20 guys. Dancing with them I arranged sessions involving four of them later.

I went with my husband on business trips and played the game of dressing up as a hooker while they ogled me at the table. Afterward he told me to stay in the hotel room until he concluded business. Instead, I would sneak down to the bar and pick up a few guys for group sex in their rooms. Lately, I satisfy my urges at a tennis and recreation club, where I can attract guys in my tennis dress and then go off with as many as I want. I have become well-known in the club bar, where they all clamber like rabbits to get into my pants.

I am happy now and could never be satisfied with just my husband. Like many men, he is not liberated enough to accept anything more than showing me off. Yet, if he hadn't started me on this kick in the first place, I'd just be another boring wife, as are many women I know. I think innocent little sex games can turn into much more, but I wonder how many men really could accept a wife who sleeps around without feeling it was a blow to their egos. What do you think?—A.B.

Depends on the man, dear. Some men would find your fucking around a real turn-on; others would definitely find it a blow to their egos. Mediterranean men, particularly, don't want their women fucking around on them. As I said, it depends on the man. And you know your husband better than I do.

My advice to women who want to be open with their husbands and also have their free sex is to experiment with three-ways. If your husband rejects the idea, you can be pretty sure he won't want you screwing around behind his back. If he goes for three-ways, though, chances are you can educate him to see your point of view on more varied and more enterprising forms of sexual arrangements.

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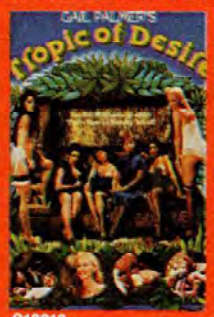

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

to dilate and relax my cunt enough to take this battering ram without tearing the delicate tissues within. At each thrust of the black piston, glistening with my love juice, I shuddered and cried out.

Like a hydraulic jack-off, I spun off into a heaven of unending orgasms. The black snorkel reminded me of an old fantasy I had of sex with a huge, well-hung Negro. The thought of this fantasy sent a torrent of love juices up the black rubber pipe to Michael's insatiable mouth. I then screamed, "Fuck meeeeee! Fuck meeeeee!" several times as the ebony hose ravaged my feminine orifice. As if drawing on a soda straw, Michael sucked and vacuumed all my love juices through the snorkel mouthpiece.

Michael then rolled me over and proceeded to stab my tender anus with the licorice shaft. Michael had complete control over me and my sensations. I had no idea where I was or even who I was. My ass felt plugged with pain and pleasure. Michael abruptly took the mouthpiece and blew a gust of wind through my bowels, bringing me to a white-hot orgasm that rendered me almost unconscious.

I later revived to find him nibbling on my boat-shaped breasts. My mouth found his salty shaft, and my cheeks ballooned with his scalding seed as I blew him to a tropical orgasm. After our "meal," we packed up and left our island paradise for another adventure.

I will always remember Michael, the black snorkel, and the day I became Michael's helpless mermaid.—*Name and address withheld*

Tied and true

One of my husband's great joys is reading the letters in *Penthouse* magazine (the "Penthouse Forum"), and I know that he, like many of your readers, constantly wonders aloud whether they are really put-ons by the editors.

He is basically a leg and ass man and has made requests on scattered occasions that I indulge his wishes by going the high-heels, black-stocking, and garter-belt route, although I have never really catered to his interests in this area. Of late, he has commented more often on the letters involving bondage and seems to get most turned on at this thought. He has attempted to gauge my interest in this area with the thought of tying me up, and I have always expressed reluctance, although secretly the thought of having him totally under my control has always been extremely exciting. We have had a few episodes when we bound each other to the bed on separate occasions, and these were always more stimulating for me when he was immobile. Unfortunately, those sessions were never very imaginative and did not last very long. In between, our sex life was routine, with only rare high points—when we were stoned.

One day, after a particularly long dry spell, I got to talking with some of the girls about the various types of window dressing they had thrown in to liven up their sex lives, and I found, to my amazement, that many of my so-called traditional friends were dabbling in areas that I considered somewhat kinky. Since my husband's birthday was coming up, and since my courage was bolstered by the knowledge that I was not alone, I decided to make the occasion more memorable than merely buying him a pair of slippers.

I suggested that he take a few days off from work so that we could stretch a long weekend into a trip with the kids. Then, unbeknownst to him, I arranged for my mom to watch the kids for the week we would be away. I then planned out a birthday that I knew he would remember.

When he came home from work on Friday, he asked where the kids were and seemed satisfied with the explanation that they were at a friend's house. I then nervously began to execute what would be the most critical moment of my surprise. I told him to close his eyes and stand with his hands on the chair behind him as I was going to get his birthday

present. He had no reason to suspect any bondage, as we hadn't done anything like this in a year, and so he was quite surprised when I deftly snapped the handcuffs simultaneously on both wrists without giving away what was happening until the job was done. I realized that, even though he is much bigger and stronger than I, this would really be all the control I would need to make him completely mine for the next few days. When I told him I intended to possess him, control him, use him, humiliate him, spank him, dominate him, abuse him, and play games with him at my whim, he seemed excited but not fearful, as he probably did not yet feel any real loss of control. It wasn't until I blindfolded him, with his hands still cuffed behind his back, that he began to sense the fearful tinge of loss of control. He now seemed to realize that although he might like some of the things that were going to happen to him, those things would not necessarily be of his choosing and he might not be able to stop the game at his wish.

As if to reinforce my newfound sense of power, I spun him around until he was properly disoriented and then walked him into the living room, where I proceeded to unbuckle his belt and drop his pants and shorts, leaving everything else on. In this position, disoriented, with his pants at his ankles, and unable to walk, he had this beautiful erection, which motivated me to take some Polaroid shots. I know he is too conservative to do this—he would be afraid to have them lying around. And so the sound of what I was doing only served to reinforce his acute feeling of helplessness.

This newfound feeling of power was so satisfying to me that I had to quench my sexual thirst. I masturbated myself with my vibrator while lying on the couch with my husband's erect penis only a few inches away. He knew what I was doing, but I would not answer his questions, and he stopped asking them after a light squeeze of his balls hinted that I didn't want to be disturbed or distracted. I had a great orgasm and basked in the thought of knowing there would be more to come in the next few days.

For the next few hours, I tormented my husband while he was still blindfolded by stroking his inner thighs and balls, being careful to "accidentally" brush his penis only intermittently so he could not come. He begged me to bring him off but quickly learned the rules: that there would be no talking or brushing against anything in an attempt to come unless I gave the okay. After a few more hours of teasing him, I decided to bring him off with my feet. He was still blindfolded but now completely naked. I had to cut off his shirt, and I laid him on the floor. It didn't take long at all. For me, the most stimulating part of the session was lightly touching his penis after he came. Normally, he never lets me do this, because it drives him crazy. He seemed to think that the game was over after he came, and again I reveled in telling him that things were just beginning.

That night I made him lick my cunt and bring me to orgasm twice while he was tied down to the bed. I also made him come three times. After each time, he begged me to leave him alone and told me he had had enough (but I touched him till he went wild).

The next morning was time for the full master-slave game: I would begin by making him lick my toes and suck on each one. I knew he would find this distasteful and decided to show him what a spanking was like with a little paddle before the toe subjugation, just in case he felt independent of spirit. I pulled him out of bed by his pubic hairs, not telling him what was in store, and tied his legs and torso to a chair so that he was bottoms up. With a vibrator I gave him a rectal in this position just to further demean him and then proceeded to redden his bottom, admonishing him not to yell or there would be more. After this had proved my superior bargaining position, I once more lightly squeezed his balls so there would be no doubt how any future disagreement would be resolved. The mixed look of titillation, rage, embarrassment, and fear in his face was my biggest turn-on

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yet. I then suggested he do my toes, and he responded like the good, obedient boy that he was fast becoming.

The next stage in his humiliation followed a meek request to urinate. In all the years of our marriage, I had never seen him pee, and he was quite shy about this. Naturally, the only way I would let him pee was with me holding his penis, which was embarrassingly erect. I also put some fear in his head by telling him I would have to help him with his next bowel movement, as I had no intention of removing the cuffs.

The day passed in leisurely relaxation, with him licking me anywhere I wanted for as long as I wanted and with me teasing him all day but not letting him ejaculate. He must have had a restless evening after I tied him down and told him the action would escalate in the morning. I buzzed off with my vibrator and slept soundly.

The next day was bright and sunny. I dressed him up in lace see-through panties with a hole cut out for his balls and cock, a garter belt, sheer nylons, and high heels. I guess there's some transvestite in all guys, because when I took off his blindfold and showed him how he looked in the mirror, his flaccid penis immediately became engorged. This particular moment was most amusing for me, as I greatly enjoyed the sight of having him costumed in the way that he had always wanted to see me. I allowed the blindfold to remain off and let him watch as I got some oil and worked myself up to several orgasms. I thought he was going to explode.

The afternoon was another special treat. I attached a leash to his balls and cock and led him around for a while, nearly naked, in his girlie outfit, in our relatively private backyard. He didn't like this at all, but another paddling earlier, at noon, had reinforced his submissive nature. The afternoon passed quickly. I had a few drinks and read a few magazines on the chaise while he was intermittently commanded to lick my feet and perform cunnilingus. I was beginning to like this life-style.

The peak moment of excitement for the evening was to follow: spread-eagling him (standing) between two chairs (there are all kinds of creative ways to tie lovers to furniture) and giving him a rectal with a vibrator simultaneously with a handjob. We both enjoyed this, but his pure happiness faded when I told him to be prepared for more surprises in the morning. By now he didn't think there could be much left. Wrong!

I woke him bright and early, sponged him off, and tied him in the family room. After I made a few phone calls (out of his earshot), he began to ask what was going on. The nice part of this game was that it kept taking less and less to remind him of

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the rules not to ask questions or speak unless spoken to. What I had done was to invite two of my girl friends over for a day that would break the monotony of housework and car-pooling.

When they rang the bell, I went outside and told them not to speak until we got to the back of the house and to take off their shoes so no one could hear them enter. Before they could ask questions, I told them I would explain all. (My husband, being tied and blindfolded, did not call out upon hearing women's voices for fear that his embarrassing predicament would be discovered; and when the door closed, I imagine he suspected they had gone.) I quietly explained to them that I was engaged in a mini-vacation—sexually subjugating my husband—and that they could have some fun with him without my minding or without fear of discovery. After some moments of disbelief and giggling, they agreed to participate and to approach the game with childlike glee. We agreed on a plan but allowed for improvisation if the mood so struck us.

Then we all tiptoed in to confront the subject. The looks on their faces were hard to believe when they saw him naked and helpless and responding eagerly to my every question with a "yes, mistress" reply. I told him that I had invited some strangers over to size him up, but at this point I think he still didn't believe I would carry the game this far. I then began to circle his nipples with my two hands. The look on his face when he felt two other hands on his calves was indescribable and surpassed only when two additional hands began to rub his buttocks. His penis became as erect as I had ever seen it, but my biggest thrill was the conditioned response, wherein he would not speak unless instructed to do so.

At this point, I told him that there were a number of women present and that they would be allowed to enjoy his plight and play with him as they saw fit. He was directed to perform cunnilingus to keep the whole "large group" satisfied. At first Carol requested she have him in private session, as she was shy about doing this in front of us. But Gail broke the ice by letting him lick her while the others watched. Then we all went around twice with no embarrassment while the other two girls looked on. My husband must have thought he would have to bring off the whole women's auxiliary, and the height of his passion, accompanied by the fact that he was unable to relieve his prominently erect situation, served to keep us girls at our peak.

Following another miniconference (my husband was not allowed to hear the women's voices lest he recognize them), we agreed it would be fun to give him a total body shave. And so the three of us began to work on him simultaneously, saving his pubic area for last and brushing his cock titillatingly as we shaved him. It took a while, as he had significant chest and leg hair, and once finished, we all marveled at a job well done. It's really quite a difference, especially in the cock and balls area, which look quite fuller without all that hair present.

I then told my husband that we would like to make some home movies of him coming off but that since none of us wanted to be in the picture with him, we would like him to cooperate as we directed him. I then placed a vibrating cock ring around his penis and told him I would like him to keep singing "Jingle Bells" and not to stop, if he knew what was good for him. The movie was fantastic. We turned the vibrating ring off and on to drive him to distraction, and all the while he was afraid to stop singing. When he finally ejaculated, it was an explosive moment of song that is forever recorded on film and in the minds of my two girl friends and me. The scene actually got us so excited that we proceeded to masturbate each other with my vibrator. This was the first bisexual activity any of us had indulged in.

In the constantly escalating control over my husband, body and spirit, I again heightened his humiliation by reminding him that his birthday vacation was coming to an end and that he had not yet had a bowel movement. I thought that this would make my party complete, and so I whispered in his ear the question "How

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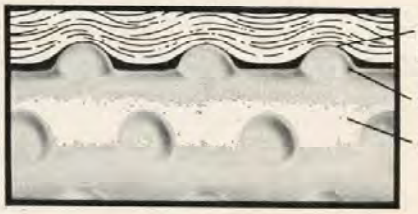

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would you like a little enema?" When he begged me please not to, I told him I thought it would be even better if this were done in front of the women. His lack of even token resistance at this point signified I had achieved the desired level of domination—almost a *Story of O* in reverse.

When the enema tip was inserted into his rectum, with him positioned on all fours, I reminded him that the others were present by having all six hands massage his legs, back, belly, balls, and cock. After filling him up to a respectable level of fullness, I asked him to hold it in for a while. The stereophonic applause following the thunderous release of the enema into a little potty reminded him that he would forever be remembered in this compromising position by others whom he might see every day but would not know. My friends left, thanking me for a day they would never forget, and there seemed to be a new bond between us now. The night passed quickly. I was exhausted, and my husband was resignedly and obediently still. Only one more thing remained to be done.

There was this young guy of 22 in one of my classes whom I had fantasized making love to and teaching the subtleties of sexual stimulation. I had expressed this on one occasion to my husband, and he had replied, jokingly, "Gee, I'd like to watch." Well, this would be his chance! After appropriately fastening him where he could see the sofa bed in the family room, I made it explicit to him that he was not to make a sound or my young partner and I might do things to his shaven body that he would not appreciate. Knowing my range of control at this point, I realized it wouldn't take much to convince him.

I then invited the young man over on the pretense of getting some notes and proceeded to seduce him and make slow, languorous, passionate love that must have driven my husband crazy. I debated bringing in my husband to give Kevin a blowjob, but not being sure how Kevin would react, I opted to pass that up.

It really was not as difficult to untie my husband as I first thought it would be. The deed was done, and from his point of view much of the neighborhood had witnessed his debasement. Also, I had Polaroids and movie pictures hidden away should he ever try to get even. The most interesting part is that I have refused to tell him which of my friends and how many he went down on. And so when we have anybody over, he gets all excited thinking she may be one whose cunt he licked while he was bound and naked.

The most surprising effect of this short episode is that I now have legitimately assumed the role of boss and that I probably could tie him up anytime I wish.

I would thoroughly recommend this type of surprise to rejuvenate a stale sex life. Remember, it's quite easy to get control. Once his hands are tied behind his back, girls, you're the boss!—*D.P., Madison, Conn.*

Cruising right along

While I have had many good screws in my life, none could ever match my ex-girl friend, Sylvia. She has a beautiful round ass and nice firm tits. She is horny all the time, and, as a randy 28-year-old, I am more than willing to fill her needs.

Once, while I was driving her van to Toronto, she became very hot and started squirming her ass on the seat. As we drove along the highway, I could smell her clit.

I pulled out my cock and started to jerk off. While jacking myself with one hand, I was steering the van with the other. By then Sylvia had stripped down to the skin and climbed on the engine cover. It is an older van; so the lid is always hot as hell. "Let me help you drive," she said and began jerking me off. I almost came and had to pull over.

We both jumped in the back, and I took off my clothes. The sound of other cars driving past was turning us on. As the back windows were not covered, we could see out. She took my cock and began to suck it. The sweat poured down

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us, and the truck filled with the smell of our bodies.

"Eat me," she said. I stuck my tongue up her cunt and sucked. Soon we were rolling and sucking our brains out. We changed around, and I sucked her tits and stuck my finger up her ass. Suddenly I had to fuck this girl; so I took her and laid her facedown on the hot engine. I took my cock and stuck it up her cunt. She clawed at the dashboard, and we both stared wildly out the windows at the passing cars.

She started to come and scream at the same time. I came seconds later, pulling it out in time to spurt all over her back. Sticking it back up her cunt, I massaged the sperm into her skin. Afterward we did another round of 69 and then proceeded on our way. Ah, what a trip!—*Name and address withheld*

Black-and-blue-balls

My sex life has been so boring that if anyone had told me I would be writing to "Forum," I would have kicked him in the balls.

I work in a lab at a factory, where I perform various tests. One day I had just finished a series of tests when my boss asked for the results. Seeing that the results were not very good, my boss pretended to knee me in the groin. Unfortunately, I was not paying much attention, and my boss miscalculated, leaving the full thrust of his "mock" kick in my balls! I doubled over in agony.

When I got to the nurse's office, the only one there was a young student nurse, Jill, who was doing some on-the-job training. Jill asked me what the problem was, and I meekly told her that I had just been kicked in the balls and wanted to know if there was any serious damage. She gave me a sexy smile and said, "Come with me!" As she led me to the back room, I finally noticed what a gorgeous piece of ass was hiding beneath that nurse's uniform.

Jill told me to lie down and pull down my pants and underwear. My balls still ached and appeared somewhat bruised. She began examining them and my limp penis, asking where the pain was. I had to tell her that my balls throbbed, but they were feeling better and better all the time.

Suddenly I felt the warm, wet feeling of Jill's mouth devouring my engorged member. When she took my whole cock completely into her mouth, the intense combination of throbbing pain and orgasmic ecstasy was too much, and I shot my load deep into her throat while she swallowed every drop. I told her that with healing powers like that, she didn't need any more training!

We fucked for a half hour until she realized another patient was waiting out in the office. I went back to my boss and reported that though my voice seemed higher, my family heritage was all right.

Now Jill and I see each other quite often. We get into a lot of interesting sex-

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Tales of the Mossad—The Israeli Secret Service, the Mossad, is by all accounts the best spy agency in the world. It has to be—the very existence of the state of Israel depends on it. And one of the reasons why the Mossad is the best is that no one knows very much about it. No Mossad agent has quit in disgust and then written a book, and there are no Mossad public-relations men to tell the press "no comment." "No comment" is a comment. Reporter Craig S. Karpel traveled to Israel for *Penthouse* to find out as much as possible about the legendary Mossad. In the first of an exclusive series of articles, he recounts espionage stories of incredible heroism—any one of which could be the plot of a spy thriller.

Innovative Cancer Treatments—After surgery and radiation were found to be ineffective treatments for most cancers, chemotherapy emerged as the great hope of the fifties and sixties. Today, 20 years later, chemotherapy has not improved the low remission rate that exists with conventional therapies; in fact, as many as 25 percent of cancer patients treated with chemotherapy will develop additional cancer as a result of the treatment. Gary Null and Ann Pitrone continue the *Penthouse* series on cancer with an article about an innovative drug called hydrazine sulfate—a drug that could be helping cancer patients to face their disease with dignity if it were not on the American Cancer Society's Unproven Methods List.

Sunken Treasure—In 1622 a savage hurricane slammed the Spanish treasure ship *Nuestra Señora de Atocha* against a coral shoal. Two hundred fifty lives were lost along with one of the richest cargoes in maritime history—47 tons of silver and gold. Three hundred forty-nine years later Mel Fisher recovered $18 million worth of treasure from the *Atocha*—only to lose it again, not to the high seas, but to the even more treacherous agents of the state of Florida. Reporter Carl Hiaasen describes Fisher's ongoing war against government bureaucracy for the right to the treasure he discovered.

Teenage Sexuality—Based on his interviews with more than 600 boys and girls, *Teenage Sexuality* (Macmillan), by Dr. Aaron Hass, is the first study in which teenagers speak for themselves regarding their sexual expectations, the age of their first experience, how many different partners they've had, and how and where they learned about sex. Sure to receive wide and controversial attention, Dr. Hass's study is an adolescent *Hite Report*.

The Devil's Alternative—A group of radical Ukrainians hijack the Dutch supertanker *Freya* on the North Sea and threaten to kill her crew and release the 1 million tons of crude oil she carries if their demands are not met within 30 hours. A desperate countdown begins as two heads of state negotiate to save the crew and ship. In this exclusive *Penthouse* excerpt, Frederick Forsyth, the best-selling author of *The Day of The Jackal* and *The Odessa File*, brings us a riveting tale of international terrorism on the high seas.

ual adventures when she practices her "nurse's techniques" with me. But the one that turns us both on the most is this: she kicks me in the balls and then brings me "back to life." Try it sometime; you just might like it.—*Name and address withheld*

Tingling triangle

My name is Naomi, and I am five feet even, 110 pounds in very good shape: 36-24-34.

One particular night many years ago, my husband, Frank, and I were having a very hot and exotic lovemaking session. During our lovemaking Frank suggested we should try a threesome, as he wanted to see me being made love to by a woman. I said I didn't know.

A couple of months later we went to a hotel for a getaway weekend.

After two bottles of great champagne and a lot of touching, feeling, finger-fucking, sucking, and dildo action, I gave Frank a blowjob as he made love to my cunt like a seven-course meal. We then had more champagne, and Frank got out of bed to put the glasses and empty bottles out into the hall. The lights were out as he got back into bed. He immediately started to eat me.

Suddenly, it happened. I felt a pair of soft, tender hands on my now firm and pleasantly aching breasts and warm, sexy-smelling lips planted on mine. I stiffened and was startled.

Instantly, Frank was whispering in my ear, "I love you and will not harm you. Jenny and I are going to give you a sense of ecstasy you have never experienced."

Jenny is five feet two inches and 120 pounds of a beautiful (I'm almost envious) body, with firm 38-inch tits and long red hair. She and Frank work in the same factory.

Frank gently kissed me and got out of bed. Jenny asked me if I was afraid and said that if I were she would leave. Before I could answer, her warm mouth was gently kissing my cunt and her soft fingers massaging my nipples. I found myself completely at ease.

My mouth was quivering and dry and in need of something. So I asked, or maybe demanded, that Jenny give me her cunt. I surprised myself with that request because I had had sex only with Frank from the day I lost my virginity. Her cunt was wet from her love juices and smelled like a rose garden. I found myself licking, kissing, and sucking up all her juices. I ate her all night long.

Now I love my Frank more than ever, but being made love to by another woman who is warm and sensitive is something special.—*M.R., Princeton, N.J.*

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